

Katia Ulysse

BIRTHDAY SONG

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I thought about Maya as I
Fastened my crimson corset behind the small, lighted bar
“I wouldn’t take anything from my journey now,”
She says. Will I say the same?

I liked being twenty-three so
I stayed twenty-three
For seven spiritless years

Joe, from West Virginia, ordered sex on the beach
Because he guessed I wanted a house with my
Typewriter overlooking the Caribbean,
So that the sea air could soothe my senses
While I wrung masterpieces drop by drop
From dreams drenched with woo woos,
Tequila, and tears

Joe said, “I hope your novels can
Wait ‘til you’ve served screaming orgasms to customers
Who won’t tip you worth a conch shell.”
“Wait?” I said,
“They’re about to sing me the birthday song.”
I really can’t take another damn birthday song