

Cellophane Blinders

By Tonn Pastore

The sound explodes from the kitchen
like a wood chipper eating a tree.
She smiles and says, "Sorry."
Green smoothies she calls them.
Green, like the mat at a driving range.

A prepared pile of pills await each day.
Smoothies, supplements surge in her system
a twenty-first century communion of hosts.
No tan (now a taboo), she's tight, toned, turns men's
heads like a twist top on a bottle of beer.

She always looked straight ahead
wore designer blinders to avoid the eyes.
The boys have been looking since junior high
the women wait until she passes
then their heads do the sign of the cross.

Blonde mane still long not shorn into
an appropriate bob. A bit of botox,
bottle of Clairol, rumba and spinning
because she is no longer mistaken
for the sister of her daughter.

She wonders now, Are they still looking?
Today her blinders made of cellophane.
She peeks over her shoulder, hips wiggle more,
the jeans worn tight over legs
as long as an Obama speech.

Smiles at what she sees in her man's eyes.
"Want me to make you a smoothie?" She asks.
"Sure," he says watching her bend over
to reach the blender,
"Sure."

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