

striptease

A POEM BY ABIGAIL MILAM

blonde curls, shiny nails.
heels as high as she could stand.

skin was smooth, tight.
perfect for everyone in sight.

her smile was controlled,
desperate for someone to behold.

skimpy, flimsy.
barely gripping her whiskey.

sliding into the limousine,
she fell straight into one grand scheme.

