

JON MOOALLEM

*Fanny Meow-Meow's, "A Place For Beverage and Breasts"*

We are men of varied lives and ages  
huddled into velvet booths for luck.  
We laud their entrance: sprung like rubber woodchucks  
from holes, buoys bounding in deluges.

What remains unuttered in the canon  
of their praise? We praise their tips, the facts  
of girth and movement. Bending parceled sacks:  
millet hung inside a country barn.

Nothing can eclipse our wonderment.  
For even one would have been a miracle.  
But two aligned, commensurately spherical!—  
less feasible a scheme than all the firmament.

Yet still no stickling skeptic among us requires  
an explanation. So many questions come  
to mind, but even from across the room  
they plug our crooked mouths like pacifiers.

Breasts are our antitheses of Rorschachs,  
heavy banners under which we lock  
our faithful phalanx and then set out to walk.  
Let's sing as we go! Let's scale these grassless hillocks.