

Barbara Anderson

Over Easy

From zoom to pause & I in the vacant mirrored door
am almost the PUBLIC VOICE, like not quite there. To be

everybody at ONCE is hard work and nobody loves you.
In media res in the long unfolding dream

of yesternight evening it's THE DREAM ACTRESS again playing
me
this time planted somewhere NORTH on the DNA double twist

of California Highway #1. Yes, she's fine when the SILVER
PORSCHE
SPYDER pulls up alongside. THE LITTLE BASTARD, it's my
(our)

old boyfriend who struts majestically out wearing James Dean's
FAMOUS horned-rimmed glasses. And when he gets out she

(impersonating me) gets one of those DREAMY DREAM HUGS
putting her definitely outside HER BODY MAP. Exactly

like him ANOTHER in the passenger seat bangs his hand
to the music of the 50's against the dash. AM I jealous.

DO I NEED 2 hugs. DO I THINK that James Dean is everybody's
old boyfriend and am I JEALOUS if they sell his LIFE-sized
poster

in every store so as anybody who wants one can have him
and dance with him and KISS him when NECESSARY. Or is
there a pill

that FEELS like a hug? I want to know IN OTHER WORDS if say
 one morning standing behind the RED VINYL LIGHT of the
 shower curtain

can I touch some secret inconspicuous spot and get a hit of that
 old ubiquitous RAZZMATAZZ. THAT and the POWER to will

the litheness of my well-vacationed form skidding down
 the most ordinary of unprecedented a.m.'s. And on the mirrored

restaurant wall, my spyder mouth opens wider, my LIFE screened
 again,
 BEHIND, ABOVE, BELOW. The waitress tagged "NICEY" brings
 me my coffee

and over-easy, "TOMORROW — unless they've changed it —
 supposed to be REAL bad again."