

berlin

I met a model
who still believes
she is in the fifties

with the great big
tits
and done-up
black hair
red lipstick
polka dot
mini skirts
and garter belts

but the tragedy is
they don't realize
that women in the fifties
never dressed
that way

maybe their memories
fade to just
Betty Page
or some other
hoax whore
who died
in a
California rest home

"What's your name?"
I ask

"Berlin."
she replies

"One of my favorite albums." I tell her

"Albums?"

"Lou Reed made an album called Berlin in 1973."

"Oh." she says unaware of who he is.

I think about
all the people
who dress a certain way

or
juxtapose
themselves
next to a genre of music
closing themselves off
to artists as revolutionary
and brilliant as Lou Reed

and I think
of what a drag
it has to be
getting up
and putting
on a costume
every morning

because that's
what it is

the make-up
the clothing
the shoes

it's all one big
masquerade ball
and I seem to be
the only one whose
forgotten their mask-

I soon lose interest
in talking with her
for she may have
the tits
that have spanned
60 years

but she sure
as shit

doesn't have
the ears.