

Madalena's Fan

Opens like a flick-knife, as much Saturday night
as killer heels and twin peaked falsies:

“Could charm a Jehovah's Witness that one”
all Seduct-Me lipstick and Shangri-La,

Madalena at the Glad Rags Cabaret, fan dance legend,
part flamenco, part high-step Korean;

everyone loves her contralto laugh, spliff-toasted,
the voice that launched a thousand drams

and nobody messes with Madalena.
They play *Purple Rain* at her request,

sink shots and shed tears at lock-in
the night she lies alone, perfected by panstick

that fan unfolded on her chest
speckled and spine-broken, but still glorious

remembrance of a small boy who crept to his mam
to steal the one thing his heart desired.