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Empty Forms in an Iron Lace City

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FIRST PLACE: POETRY

EMPTY FORMS IN AN IRON LACE CITY

by Deborah Conner

"The best cure for love is a love affair.
All these girls are saying,
'Marry me, marry me, and let me have your baby.'
When they should be saying,
'Screw me, screw me, and then leave me, please! "
Then she wiped the bar.
You could see the energy bouncing around
In her short, slight body, as she philosophized on love,
Making the lonely businessmen laugh.
And joining them with short, gasping laughter,
As if she had been in deep water too long.
I wanted to speak softly to her, but was afraid she wouldn't
understand.
Fear prevents so much . . .

We left the bar.
I had come to the city with a guy.
And had been alone ever since.
Oh, my eyes saw him. And my ears heard his voice.
I was even grateful for the smell of cheese on his beard.
It told another sense he was near.
But my heart called my senses liars.

It was a good place for a love to fade,
In the city of iron lace.