

Dot

BY ROB COOK

- I. 1920s Montgomery
was a bastion of
antebellum gentility
that took pride
in its plodding
pace meandering
like its logy river
through the days
making all the
more improbable
the flurry that
was the one
the only
Dot

- II. Teenage
runaway to Broadway
Zeigfeld follying
prancing and dancing
and always romancing
a nonstop whirlwind
of effervescent energy
Bam! Knocked up
flung back south with
a baby and a husband
then another with occasional
seductions in between
no tail between her legs
but wag it all the more

- III. she taught plié and ballerina dreams to princesses in tutus who were bedazzled like their mothers by the glow of her starlight which filled every day chock full of cheeky whirl-you-'round kisses and greetings like sugar toots hon sweetums but never plain hello even sitting was a form of motion with hummingbird arms buzzing in search of any dab of color that might hold a drop of nectar while walking was a form of flirtatious waltzing with eyes not merely looking but always batting as if seducing life itself while playing every card it dealt with a flourish and a wink in a frenzy of defiant fun flying in the face of complacent conformity boogying to the beat of a flapper-hat ragtime soundtrack accessorized with jewels galore ritzy glitzy knickknacks cadillacs silver-rimmed cocktail glasses want-a-cracker parakeets lavish smackeroos blown to children and chihuahuas and always leaving in her wake a world where the sun shown shinier and burned brighter with pixie dust flying and toe tips tap dancing as if life were a game of musical chairs that would leave you stranded on the sidelines if the singing ever stopped spinning those woes into goes in the relentless pursuit of sparklier sparkliness supercharged by dolled up dollops of caffeinated energy desperate to make every scene extra specially special in the never-ending performance show that was Dot