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## Act II

Angie Hogan

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## Hogan: Act II

### ACT II

Angie Hogan

#### Chocolate/Spanish Dance

My love sits beside me.

My lover is miles away.

I can't put this back together,

sucking sugar off a raspberry

truffle, watching a bullfight.

I never learned the language . . .

that year a boy stood between me

and the rest of my life.

#### Tea/Chinese Dance

This is my black teapot,

heavier than the mahogany

shellacked nightstand with eagle feet

it sits on. A gold dragon-bird

carries one merlot candle

across the chest of drawers.

But that has no point.

What I wanted to say was

this is my goddamn teapot.

And *my* china green tips

floating in just-whistled water.

And my morning to sit like a butterfly

over opened poems. Touch any one

and I'll spring up like Rumpelstiltskin,

click my feet together

and turn this tea to fire.

#### Coffee/Arabian Dance

It's funny how hearts break themselves

over mundane things like morning coffee.

I have thought about Serguei's griddled stomach

for months, his arms stirring  
Elena between his legs, around his shoulders,  
above his head. How they mirror each other,  
us. I would be a ballerina if I could.  
I would wake to yogurt and a caffeine rush,  
spin my hair tight as perfect piques.  
I would wake to you and make  
poems with my whole body,  
not just these solitary, leaping hands.

**Trepak/Russian Dance**

Red, red lips. A great white  
hat that might float like a sailboat,  
cup the wind. Pearly jumping bean,  
popcorn in a pot. *I have never felt  
so light before.* Staccato ghost.

**Waltz of the Flowers**

Easter lilies, albino petals  
we may as well  
pluck and wish upon.  
Short-lived promises,  
pale against the deep bramble  
of blackberry winter—  
unlike cicadas, quiet  
in their passing.  
Mother's favorite, a field  
of them waving,  
tiptoeing one-legged  
in the valley  
breeze. I hate them  
for dying.  
*Bring out the tropical  
giant, tinged with yellow,  
tie it around my wrist.  
The tough green middle*

*damp, perfect  
in its fragrance:  
human sweat.*

**Grand Pas de Deux**

The lights come up thick  
and sickening. I am not Masha.  
There is no prince.  
It's almost Christmas again.