

Who Cares, The Tour Guide Just Makes It Up as She Goes Along

Nance Van Winckel

Here we have a woman known to us only
as Lady X. She worked most of the last century
to rid the world of high heels, fearlessly
venturing forth among the little dancing-in-circles
dogs. She sent back the diamond-studded dildos
that arrive in the mail. Once, a big track (claiming
it could ride up over the fog) wanted her
to want it back. But she said No. No to
bug zappers and elixirs to make us ageless.
No to the late era spousal directives
that started *taller*, rewarded *slimmer*.
The dot of the darling husband faded
in the future. And so she's come to be called
what we call her now—the last of her wastrel
species. We believe she wanted unto death
what she'd wanted in life: the ravishing
rapids, the wet suit, and the end
the tree with the huge white birds.