

The Last Cigarette Girl

In ever lower décolleté,
I work the tables with my tray.

If in my “Cigarettes, cigars”
There is no mention of their tars,

And though my manner hints at tips,
“Filter” does not cross my lips,

I’m finding out, as fewer smoke,
It is tradition I invoke,

Tradition being what lives on
When any need for it is gone.

Why is it “hatcheck girl” we say
Of one who puts no hats away,

Hats having followed Windsor knots
Toward Limbo after slow fox-trots.

A cry of “Acapulco Gold”
Might sell me out but see me fold,

The ringside tables being narcs,
D.A.’s, and vice squad. Needle parks

Have moved indoors? Hot pink hot pants
And Lucky Strikes are my one chance

At lasting till what goes around
Finds out I'm still around, a found

Sob story. Better, can I make
The talk show circuit if I fake

My sex? Transgendered trademark, morph
Into the Philip Morris dwarf?