

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

Jennifer Lagier

Camille Behind the Wheel

She slips into a leather halter top,
pair of cut offs, strappy stilettos.
Slides into her Jaguar convertible,
ready to travel, hit the road
for today's Big Sur adventure.
Lady Gaga at high decibel
her choice of sound track.
Accelerates down Highway One
toward Nepenthe for blinis,
a juicy Ambrosia burger.
Tailgates pokey tourists.
Flips off an obnoxious trucker.
Streaky hair tousled by wind,
her mascaraed cat eyes hidden
behind Versace glasses.
Hungry and on the prowl
for a bohemian afternoon
with a throw-away lover.

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Camille at the Creekside Café

Camille considers the
diner's bill of fare
culinary foreplay.
Lets Ramon's recitation
of daily specials
tempt and arouse her.
Appetite piqued,
she savors his smile,
undivided attention.
Asks for something
satisfying and hot,
not necessarily a dish
on the regular menu.
Can tell he is eager to please,
will efficiently serve her.
Purrs at the salsa.
Praises his signature
breakfast burrito.
Eats every bite.
Knocks back a mimosa.
Is a generous tipper.

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A Meal With Camille

She uncorks an icy
bottle of Mumm's.
Sets out the raw oysters.
Slips out of her underwear.
Slides on a silk tunic.
Dabs a bit of perfume
on wrists and shoulders.
Lights the fireplace,
a stick of incense,
vanilla candles.
Starts Ravel on the stereo.
Puts beef bourguignon
on the back burner.
Lets the hollandaise cool.
Arranges asparagus
on her best platter.
Dips dessert strawberries
in melted chocolate.
Pulls back the bed covers.
Licks her lips, touches
Ralph, imagines
the coming feast,
hunger sated before
night is over.