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## How Do You Do

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## How Do You Do

Emily Smith, esquire, if you please, how do you do. I Was the kind of child who deters perverts, leaving in my pygmy wake

> Oily men hastily seeking less peculiar prey. Fleeing my large spectacles.

> > Tortoise shell! Why, I picked them out myself!

O, I was round. Beating heart in a beach ball Hoarding ideas in my jolly girth. Give it a pat.

Monkey brother makes a mess, Monkey sister see.

Watch out!

Large Honduran nanny! Meaty forearm fortress! I Quiver Fatly. My

> braces, Left in while presidential terms expired, Absorbed feelings. You invade my soul!

Born

Year of the rabbit In The Golden Age of Shoulder Pads

The eighties really continued

until about nineteen ninety-four.

- Emily Smith