

“Miss Cued”
by Allison Fradkin
allisonfradkin@aol.com

The first time we kiss, we are
wearing playbill-patterned pajamas,
blaring the soundtrack to *Starlight Express*,
and swearing off guys, all of whom
we’ve never cast an eyeball at in the first place.

We’ve been too busy making eyes at each other:
root beer float-brown
gazing at gumball-green.
Except now we’re looking at each other
just enough but not too much,
like actresses cheating out
to deliver dialogue.
Only we’ve both
gone up on our lines.
Or maybe we just haven’t
learned them yet.

Eventually, we pick up our LGBT-cues
and the distance between us starts to dwindle,
until your sugared grapefruit scent
and piggybank-pink pucker
are kissably close—
closer than a checker on a square.

I just can’t wait to be kinged.
So I don’t.
I lean in and latch on.
When it comes to kissing you,
there’s no business like slow business.
Everything about it is appealing:
the overture
that relevés into the opening number,
with its thoroughly modern melody;
the up-tempo standard
that grapevines into the introspective piece,
rendered with restrained longing.

And when the power ballad pivots
into the emotional climax,
with its harmonically-held high notes,

one singularly sensational
kick line starts inside my heart.

From the stereo, the cast launches into
“A Lotta Locomotion,”
and even though it’s not
the locomotion,
we are definitely doing
a brand new dance now:
experiencing something wonderful,
lovely, and truly scrumptious.

Afterwards, we huddle in a cuddle
of ingénue giggles,
stage whispers,
and bass clef-style smiles.
We share the lyrical sentiments
that inspired our introductory intimacy:
I’m the bravest individual I have ever met,
Sweet Charity contributed.
I’d be surprisingly good for you,
evoked Evita.
I think I’m gonna like it here,
Annie averred.

“We’re gay and thespian,”
you remind me,
threading your fuchsia-frosted fingers
through my theatre curtain-colored ones.
“So what she really warbled was:
I think I’m gonna like it queer.”

I try to reply, but the intermission
between our first kiss
and our second kiss
has ended on a high note.
The skate-shod *Starlight* singers
may be on a roll,
but this lip-locked lesbian is in a role:
your leading lady.