



# GLITTER FACTORY

Do you believe in chemistry? Not people but polymers,  
aluminum metalized polyethylene terephthalate—

these syllables stick in the throat like the stuff itself  
clings to fingertips, sifts into parquet, drifts between seams

as the black sky's glitter falls sometimes towards us,  
is lost in bangs or glimmers in toothbrushes. Secrets

abound in the factory: formulas, vapors, obfuscations—  
a millennium of waiting for our sparkle to biodegrade.

We're a very private company, a subtle corporate personhood  
behind the silver's keen refractive sheen. Vague faces

in a foxed mirror, we've vanished when you spin around.

In this Year of Glitter the factory's gained new customers

but we mustn't name them. Suffice it to say we have friends

in the whitest places. We're the brains behind the nation's

most dazzling invitations to the greatest golf courses, hotels,

estates, where our products are found not only on surfaces

but enter the mix of lipsticks, the elements of jet planes,

handguns, limousines. We can put a shine on anything—