



Sitting Under Cinderella at Mayoral Debate

Annie Lanzillotto a.k.a. Rachele Coraggio (October 15, 2009)





Her glass slipper jumping off her foot. The peasants marveling at the fancy people coming down the curved staircase, one had a hood on like Savonarola. That's how I dress. Like Savonarola gawking at Cenerentola. Here they were. Mike Bloomberg. Bill Thompson, and in the audience John Liu, Freddy Ferrer, Ed Koch. I shook Koch's hand and said, "God Bless You." After so many protests with Act-Up outside his village apartment, why did God Bless You come out of my mouth holding his hand? Is that what peasants say? I know what happened. In the film "Shortbus" he is depicted as an old fag, who gets a kiss from a young man who says, "You look familiar" to which he replies, "I used to be Mayor once."

A kiss from a prince in an old fairy tale.

I sat under Cinderella staring at Secret Service men eyeballing the audience. Reverend Billy jumped up and shouted loud, "Mike! What are you doing here!" He was tossed out a side door in seconds. Bloomberg didn't flinch. "This is New York."

What did I learn? Mike Bloomberg said he never got a manicure. The audience wants John Liu for mayor, and loves to shout his last name like he's a third baseman.

Oh yeah. Thompson said Obama has done enough for gay rights. Bloomberg said an emphatic "No."

I agree that to overturn term limits without voter's say is abominable. Are they our Padrones? The City Council members and il Sindaco? I know that housing is not even an option any more for many of us artists with health issues. I know the sliver of the pie has been reduced to crumbs. I know that I love crumbs. I know I can't vote in this election cause I lost my housing. I know sitting beneath Cinderella stayed with me the whole debate. Next to Bloomberg was Jack in the Beanstalk. I know Cinderella didn't run back up the stairs cause she lost her shoe. She cut her losses. We all cut our losses. We step into royalty for the night shake hands with our liege, but my hood is pulled tight so I don't get Colpo Di Freddo staring at the rich, and I eat my crumbs and make a helluva dish out of them too, and I run out of Manhattan on a late bus back to Yonkers where my mother has stuffed peppers waiting warm for me filled with a risotto with raisins and I'm getting hungry just thinking about last night's dinner

And for one night in my life, I wasn't standing in the cold with the protesters on 5th Avenue. For one night I was inside the room in a seat next to a financier in a pin striped suit whose grandfather owned a bodega and bought their building in Harlem. For one night I shook the old mayor's hand to see what the hand felt like, and it was softer than I imagined all those cold nights shouting outside his house, shouting at buildings, shouting for my dying fags, for one night I said God Bless You. The pumpkin was becoming my carriage. I had to get on the bus. I couldn't afford another meal in the city, and the stuffed peppers in Yonkers where waiting, and my mother, for news of my day at the Prince's Ball

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