

Woman at the Gallery

gorgeous
face of disdain
an embossed ensemble
over well-heeled knees
hair twisted for today's
performance in the
members'
lounge
this is an outrage
for taking her seats
never heard of such a thing
her two window seats
never so insulted
she has a friend
just off the plane
they're here for lunch
these were OUR seats
retrieves her *New Yorker*
it's plain to anyone, you know
a magazine lounging on a chair?
where are your eyes?
ignoring her
I reserved this table
we sit and seethe
never so insulted
as we agreed later
we were never so insulted

party girl – submarine class

electric skin on the night watch, alert
her wrist watch, guaranteed to 500 metres
and when she works a room, she's a periscope on legs
submerged for effect in a little black number
rivetingly tight, camouflaged danger, oceanic-black
she's held together by codes for action under pressure
takes instruction from manuals on men and their movements
predictably slim, she'll maintain position while convoys
steam through the target door to her dream – a ship
in the shape of a man, unescorted; this is no war

her exercise a friendly engagement, the reality of love
she knows he's out there among her friends, friends
of friends, friends of enemies, even enemies of friends
you can never have too many of each – her mantra
designed for friction and fire, man-waste minimal
let them talk and I'll know their position in the world
their position on women, they give themselves away
she's not one to hide in the depths of a crowd, a circle's
her scene, three-sixty-degrees, freedom to sightline
that stranger who'll focus her eye, seek her, surfacing

Bloggerella

the one whose words always fit the space
perfectly petite glass slipper phrases
cutting through custom almost brunette

humour to match pumpkin outrageous
her blog a capsule opened daily
fit for greater things than slippers

sisters thrash and circle try to invade
held back by her backstory escapades
brought up in a kitchen of no-regrets

the scullery of life head down each day
knife your soul you don't get a say
she learnt to read from shopping lists

and daytime TV pip of a wage
employer leaves a password name
computer on she's heard of blogs

creates her space starts typing *Hey*
I know I'm just another slave
but don't you want to know about

mansions, what really happens? waits
a day for any response some angel
longs for a little dirt tempts Bloggerella

with disbelief 'bet nothing happened today'
well, the cat scratched her fingernails
the dog had lipstick on his overnight collar

year on a publisher sees her literary pain
as profit buys the blog breathtaking
book release in June ball of a launch

Model Misbehaviour

some day I'll cut the cat-walk model out of the photo
and paste her into some morbid part-time position
where she'll be required by order of management
to shoehorn herself into a two-foot box roughly
prop behind job title, counters, bars with no stool
or else default on conditions of employment

and one day, by chance, long after she's rediscovered
as Miss Yes and creams her face into a cosmetic career
she'll remember her muscle rage and multiple corns, the toe
crimp and dropped bridge, her convalescence in poverty
for an ankle restoration and post *why do women pain for beauty*
wear impossible shoes and drown their night away in foot spas?

and someone – not a friend – will reply after drying her feet
and indulging in a sarcastic pseudonym, *it's people like you*

coastal

she bobs across the city
on the morning rush tide
like cork on water

always on a high bounce
oxygen-fresh
muscles to go

if you asked her
how she was feeling
she'd shout you champagne

orange juice and ice
with compassion like this
her enemies dissolve

she's fizz, flotsam
head above the surges
of water-mad workers

jealous of her freedom
waves of strangers
confront her future

if she's wise
she'll duck-dive
why waste explanations

on signs and billboards
female nudes fish for her
dollars – she won't buy it

dipping a toe
outside at lunch
she tests the temperature

hot end-of-month sales
hot-for-her offers
it's hard to stay cool

in a moving waterway
of exceptionally-today
young

she's up to her pecs
cool coastal
picking off the predators