

Legenda

"The Talent Contest"

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She sit before the mirror, hanging mirrors on her
Ears and spreads the spraypaint on the haystack that
She calls her hair. She fills a crack, prepares her
Nails like blood-dipped spears (they're dripping!)
Smears the lipstick, licks her lips and slips inside
Her leopard skin--a plunging 'v' from neck to knees,
But nothing's seen, it's just suggested. Tonight she'll
Make a plea for starving whales and heart disease
In trees. She's on T.V., she's longing for a 10 from
Presentation, application, lubrication; she'd do any-
Thing . . . anything to win. And Yang and Yin, the
Juggling twins, come spinning past her door to mild
Applause and 5.4s and cleaning floors 'til lights
Out. Funny Murray taps his worry beads and reads
The Tarot. She looks around and sneers. No com-
Petition, superstition. Blind ambition. She'd do any-
Thing to win. And 834's her lucky number . . .

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