

Linda Perhacs "Porcelain Baked Cast Iron Wedding"

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It's a splendid
High waisted
White flavoured day

It's pavlov
With barking
And feathers
And pearls

It's porcelain
Oh so bored
Faces and curls

Buckles and budgets and bell-bottom
Cools
Strutting and strudding and preening by
The rules

Cindarella
For a day
She's a queen in white angel lace
In a dream
That she fabricates
For her last remaining green dollar bill

In a corrugated castle
With so many fossilised remains
Plaster baked in Sachs special powder
And Villafranchian lace

Long shanks
Lean shanks
With mini-skirted brims
It's a harem
In conquest
Oh, with the alabaster skins

"Did I see you in Rome"?
"I wintered abroad"
Silky and creamy, they're a peppered prime cruise

Of gallery flocking

And a rank
Hierarchy
Locking

Arena behaviour
One man to a hill
In turtle neck style
With clean verbal kills
Pass the champagne
Will you please

And let's get on with
The next social squeeze

Female favoured
Custom tailored
The strutting grounds
For the posh
Aggregates
Spilling, dividing and multiplying
In a system of social
Rotating
Mates

It's a splendid
High waisted
White flavoured day

It's pavlov
With barking
And feathers
And pearls

It's porcelain
Oh so bored
Faces and curls

Buckles and budgets and bell-bottom cools
Strutting and strudding and preening by the rules
Ah
To hell with the rules

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