

Claptrap

*She's no doubt a flop, but she insists on
being the pleasure of every eye that stares.*

*After bathing for an hour with
mercuriated soaps and iso-propyl solutions,
she sits before the mirror and
makes herself an **object d'farce**:*

*First, she lays the foundation with
exotic creams containing foetal protein.
Then she lashes her scanty brows with black kohl;
her weather-beaten face is overhauled with
crushed and fragranc'd carbide lumps
highjacked from industrial coaches.*

*For hair, she has only spiky wires;
but she labours her hands to weave some
cheap wigs onto her balding scalp.*

*She then forces her upper torso
into an inelastic bodice so that
her flaccid breasts might be forged out
in some outlandish contours.*

*She looks up and bares her teeth
into the mirror, and gets up.*

*But she's made aware instantly that if
the Pygmies of Equatorial Africa be dwarfs,
then she's still half an inch too short to be as tall
as one.*

*So she puts on her bespoke stiletto heels
in order to complement her highfalutin costumes.*

*Then out she goes on the streets,
gait awkwardly poised, each perverted
catwalk step carefully measured for
its power to provoke some applause from
men who may stare in lust.*

But she's passed scarcely noticed.

*So she clangs her trinkets in desperation
to charm men, but they only glance in brief
and soonest move on – for all her efforts strike not
even their eyes, let alone their hearts at all.*

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