

"In another country"

There are those who would say that no such place exists,
where Felicia, Alexandra and Theresa
glide among the congregation in a church of their own choosing.
Their religion was to hurt, by looks alone.
Then they exercised their power of pleasure and of pain.
What is it real or merely just a game?
Now they strut their private cat-walks, devoid of passions.
But dressed to kill in last season's fashions.

Even the cleverest men were not so clever,
leaving written traces of their desire.
Even Abelard in his Betjeman-moments
Never saw the folly of his ways.
All the wise books and hours of contemplation
Are no match for a knowing smile or longing gaze.
The girls may well be practised in their art:
But dressed to kill in last season's fashions

And the sweet and silly ones
Who changed their names as often as their hair-styles,
Tracey becoming Tanya, Jill becoming Jade.
Where are they now? As forgotten as the trendy jargon
They once used, on the razzle and off to bops
To display their new cleavages and lace stocking tops.
Somewhere still maybe they party and parade.
But dressed to kill in last season's fashions.

My friend, do not ask the meaning of it all.
The lost ladies will return, if only to knit and sow,
They know they were pretty once. And still are?
But dressed to kill in last season's fashions.

by Willis Harcourt