

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Queen of the Dance

by Lauren Holstein

I am Queen of the Winds
Plastic bags in my hair
I wear a mane like a mustang
Arching through the dunes

Knotted with bubblegum
Sticky hairy pink things
Bouncing like Great Tits
Riding on thin air

There is a herd of plastic beings
Galloping towards the sea
With bubble wrap gowns and medicinal eyes
Coiffures of green fishing net and legs of old meat
Moving like a web
 catch catch catch
 my dancing limbs

trapped in old diapers and rubber duckies

I am Queen of the Mustangs
Galloping like the tides
Slamming fiercely into sticky walls
Oh, look, there goes a bladder of some animal corpse
 Pop pop pop
 go all the bubbles everywhere
 my hair my hair

Tombé, pas de bourrée, glissade, jeté
 up and up
 follow that plastic bag
 towards that effervescent
 freedom of a soap bubble or
 a victorious balloon

I am Queen of The Dance
Goddess of Chicken Carcass with Leg and Rib Meat
Remaining
This land of living death where dreams are made of
twirling debris
 shimmering synthetic fairies on the waves
 treasure in the dunes
 emerald eyes on white horses
 washing themselves to shore

Oh, manufactured glee, I wear you in my hair
Pearls of tiny cheated fingers
Pearls of plundered seas
 Bridled or Free
 I adorn myself in clashing (im)possibilities