



One Girl
after Helen Frame

Her skin is butterscotch Angel Delight
And her hair a nest of spun burnt sugar
And her eyes espresso shots and her *best feature*
And she's free as a gull in the sky
And she's seventeen like festivals in Cornwall
And smoke-filled tents and mud and *Es*
And she's sad like George Michael on the radio
at Christmas and Snoopy's ears and her mum's eyes
And she's come through adolescence like a big dipper
And she's tired like old slippers
and scared like Freddy Krueger's fingers
And she loves like her heart's made of steel
And her face is a harvest moon in a navy sky
And she's wild like gorse on the moors
And delicate as spider-webs at dawn
Her hands want other hands to hold them
And her lips are big like goldfish
And her legs are lumps of clay
And nothing like a model's
And her belly's soft like kisses
And her heart is blue blown glass

And one man
like a black-eyed starling
digging for worms in the dawn

From How to Wear a Skin by Louisa Adjoa Parker

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