

2001

# Girlwatching

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# Girl Watching

SUSAN HOLBROOK

Wow lookit her, there's a sun-lit hay bale, there's a key lime pie and a million pixels.

No way, she's a mealy peach, a fourth place finish, an overlong film-clip of Stockwell Day's wet suit.

Get out of here, she's a fresh bingo dabber, a claw-foot tub, cinnamon unwaxed floss.

Sticky kitchen floor, infected piercing, Windsor air quality, another Hollywood lesbian break-up.

Well how about that liquorice all-sort, that upbeat horoscope, roasted pine nut, team momentum, handcrafted inkwell.

Please, rental car insurance, kitty litter dust, oldies station, warm wiener water, tired hams stuck to a hot vinyl car seat.

A puppy hero, a sturdy nest, nicotine patch, Fisherman's Friend, a Mt. St. Helen's floaty pen.

Lower back strain, drum machine, insufficient RAM.

She could be my waterspout, my pink paperclip, my *Hallucinogenic Toreador*.

Ugh, late bus, wet firewood, oaf cat you can't give back, favour without the 'u.'

There goes a winning ticket, slickly spinning bobbin winder.

Hockey parents, Awake pamphlets, fibreglass splinters, laundromat TV.

Sweet au lait, tin chimera, you're hard to pleat.

Yes, for no one is as pre-emptive as you, as spacious and choppy.

Well I'll be a silk-lined swimmer, give me a kiosk, handy rhododendron.