

# Perdita in pieces

*by* James Knight

Perdita's confusing profusion of parts  
makes it impossible to know  
which way up  
she goes.

She flutters beneath  
the camera's shuttered stare,  
butterfly-pretty,  
laid bare.

— —  
Perdita wears a new face  
every day of the week.  
The old ones accumulate  
in her wardrobe,  
curling at the edges  
as they dry out.

— —  
Download Broken Perdita!  
Perdita's foot, in a glass slipper.  
Perdita's hand, in marriage.  
Perdita's head, on a plate.

— —  
Sugared splice of our zeitgeist.

— —  
Perdita loses herself in  
hyperfast drowsy porno vignettes,  
mind stuttering,  
body wired,  
in pieces,  
in and out  
of someone else's  
consciousness

The empty stage.

—

When Perdita steps  
into her wardrobe  
she enters herself.  
Scarlet dresses gape at her,  
fake furs paw her.  
When she exits  
she's stripped bare.

—

One yellow LA morning  
Perdita wakes up  
and realises she's less real  
than the smashed mirror  
by her bed.

