

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.

