

When I Grow Up; Or, Why Teenagers Shouldn't Listen to Angst-Rock

by Kirsty Logan

my teen dream:

hotel as home, insomniac trips
through halls carpeted with quiet.
pills rainbowed in strangers' coats, keys
to forgetfulness. wardrobe of tutus and tiaras,
bones bruising skin.

the blurb would say:

rockstar, moviestar, literary
supernova — burning out before
all the planets are declassified.
club 27 is for the elderly and nobody will
want an ex-nymphet.

at the climax:

the roof, grit-floored, and wind
blowing my nightdress to silhouette.
toes gripping the ledge, I tilt to the sky
so sure that my wings, muscle-dense and fluffed white,
will open.

