

# Miss Snipsnap

*by* Reva Zerkalo

Hair spirals from Miss Snipsnap's head,  
dizzy corkscrew ringlets  
glinting blizzard-whites to molten-golds;  
a spectrum of chemical colour under fluorescent light.  
Synthesized Satie tiptoes from corners. I glimpse  
pornography in Miss Snipsnap's sullen roots.

'Would you like to slip this on, sir?'  
Unisex salon wench swishes a slinky  
protective covering as a candy-pink  
tongue-tip flickers over glissgloss  
lips, slickly serpentine.

Clips and scissors jangle and jostle  
as she ushers me into the cloak.  
Breasts burnish my goose bumps,  
nudging through Miss Snipsnap's  
menstrual-red tee-shirt-ette  
and I wonder whether she's  
perfectly plastic or plastically perfect.  
Ammoniac vapours blur my fears  
as I sneak a peek at her navel  
in search of a blow-up valve.

Miss Snipsnap escorts me  
to a suicide-yellow leatherette swivel chair  
which sighs  
as I collapse my trembling limbs.  
She interrogates my hair  
with impossibly long, abused-purple nails.  
Pivoting round, I shoot glances  
at chitchattering coiffeuses

who pirouette around clientele  
in covert choreography with the muzak.

A comb surfs my tempestuous waves,  
tugging at tangles as I try not to be  
ensnared in that oval glassy glare.  
Miss Snipsnap looks in the mirror at me  
not looking at myself in the mirror...  
'What is it you have in mind, sir?'  
Looking at her, looking in the mirror, chewing gum.

