

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.

