

DISCO

She shifts her perfect pole
in a thrall of blue light,
technically never alone.

Only before the men arrive
does she dance alone,
the particular friend
of no girl. The learned bopper
lusts from afar, proper
in the fluorescent realm
of dandruff and pearl,
sure among adequate talent
where kiss or cold shoulder.

Technically never alone,
serves her mould, sculpts each smile,
sworn to the shape of things.

Men shout whispers, they get
a whiff as she passes
like a zoo-thing, don't touch,
arena-bound through the crowd.
She moves to the music,
never technically alone:
red light, green light, yellow
blink and stare, never
an inch of silence.

She is beauty's carrier.
The gunning strobe open her up:
just for a second it all shows.

— *Nigel Jenkins*