

HELEN MOORE

A Wake to the Kittiwakes during London Fashion Week

A collage poem inspired by two articles juxtaposed in *The Guardian*, 16.9.06

Sprats are out this season
and Lerwick feels absolutely the new Cannes
now the North Sea's turned Mediterranean.
This is how it looks:

gaunt forms,
breast-bones protruding,
they strut and posture against a fabulous cliff-edge location –

and it's a muted palette:
Kittiwake white and grey
jostling Guillemot penguin suits,
with narrow neck-bands and those Cleopatra eyes,
o, and lots of retro ruffles,
feathers decidedly dishevelled.

An avian style of heroin chic,
it turns the spotters' heads
as the chicks lose their grip,
and, like Naomi on platform heels,
totter
and slip –

all
the
way
to double zero,
body-mass stripped,
make a splash where no flash-bulbs ever venture.