

7-24 September 2011

Escape

Izzy Roberts-Orr

He painted his nails bright red,
Just the tips,
And left them to cool on the windowsill.

Glamorous, fire-engine nails
Nails of pride
That would make the office ladies weep.

They sat on the sill, dripping,
Or oozing,
With untold promise and power.

The nails were the way, the nails
Were the change,
His chameleonic shift to betterment.

In the middle of the night,
He woke
To a scratching sound above his head.