

## His Washed Up Piece of A\*\*

By Diana Ferguson

You look better up on stilts  
Than you do on the ground  
You look better in a tailored fit  
Than you do in the Lost and Found  
I saw you at this year's party  
And heard the conversation you so pensively rehearsed  
Your words so cliché and readily immersed  
Dressed flashy like a bloated queen in black and gold  
I knew you were hiding the fact  
That your insolence was out of fashion and old  
I watched you tap your extended ash  
Into some unknowing glass  
You laughed  
in exhaust

And really  
You were already  
Last year's holocaust

© 2011 Diana Ferguson