

## The Talent Contest

### The Legendary Pink Dots

she sit before the mirror, hanging mirrors on her  
ears and spreads the spraypaint on the haystack that  
she calls her hair. She fills a crack, prepares her  
nails like blood-dipped spears (they're dripping!)  
Smears the lipstick, licks her lips and slips inside  
her leopard skin--a plunging 'v' from neck to knees,  
but nothing's seen, it's just suggested. Tonight she'll  
make a plea for starving whales and heart disease  
in trees. She's on T.V., she's longing for a 10 from  
presentation, application, lubrication; she'd do any-  
thing . . . anything to win. And Yang and Yin, the  
juggling twins, come spinning past her door to mild  
applause and 5.4s and cleaning floors 'til lights  
out. Funny Murray taps his worry beads and reads  
the Tarot. She looks around and sneers. No com-  
petition, superstition. Blind ambition. She'd do any-  
thing to win. And 834's her lucky number . . .