

The Messenger

Volume 1994

Issue 1 *The Messenger, Spring 1994*

Article 12

Spring 1994

In a London Bar

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Recommended Citation

Meyers, Alexia (1994) "In a London Bar," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1994: Iss. 1, Article 12.

Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1994/iss1/12>

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In a London Bar

In and out of these same-different/same-so-same scenes
i catch glimpses of it
wavering amidst the dragon steam
and the poppers and the lights,
weaving in and out of the hip young things
and the circle of their thighs.

It, too, here to pass the time with a packet of Marlboro's,
on the 24-hour for the transcendent of choice
(boxed and ready to go).

In this false front of pupil-ridden stares from vampiric
eyes,
they shimmerdazzle from behind waving plaits,
mystics hidden beneath dazed cleopatric facades
yet broadcasting mindlessly-yours with their souls.

Well made up knowing-looks pose themselves,
the arch of the brow asserts a precarious knowledge.
Expressionless faces are painted to resemble haunts of
smiles

and to match the decorated jingle-dance of the
bodies.

Arms amalgamating the ages- reeling in the decades
(like so many fish).

And sold, sold, the hopefuls now hopelessly Sold,
into the ultimate brainwave frenzy.

In this London bar,
I am hiding here among them.

Alexia Meyers, '94