

Anna Nickerson

**[the typist puts her knickers on]**

the typist puts her knickers on  
turns off the record, flickers on

the switch, grabs her car-keys,  
handbag, puts her sneakers on,

downs a double shot of gin  
(needs to get her liquors on)

gets her lighter, gets her gas,  
runs down the hallway, quick as one

intent on small house agents' clerks  
and busted city slickers on

the dole, unshaven merchants, and  
the acne-crustled vicar's son—

the old podiatrist next door,  
'Eternal Footman', snickers on,

dribbles in excitement  
licks his lips and gets his slippers on

as she indulges in a spot  
of thrilling, but too quick, arson—

under the brown fog of a winter noon  
Tiresias the stripper's son

turns to me and says:  
*you should've written The Waste Land first time round Nickerson.*