

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Black Sequined Bustier

by Anita Beckman

EXTRACT

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Black sequined bustier

Tonight I wore sequins
 I looked down and saw
 2 breasts looming
 white and ripe
 they have never loomed like that before
 Tonight I donned a sequined bustier
 in the space of a moment went from shapeless to pear
 tonight I am far from shy adolescence
 If I say so myself - these breasts have presence

So here we are and here I am - all black and glitter
 hoping that these breathless curves do not leave me deformed and bitter

Sally sallies forth - a kiss- she winks, "You're looking hot!"
 At which I fluster, bluster, protest "Oh no I'm not!"
 I want to ask, without being petty-
 "Do you mean steamy, slinky hot or just plain hot 'n sweaty?"

But she's moved on leaving me smiling gladly
 Smile! I'm wearing sequins
 Smile! Though I need the toilet badly
 Smile, dammit, chin up, I will be glamorous
 though this bustier's slipping and no one has yet proven amorous
 But I'm not here to pick up
 I'm here to smile, sip champagne
 to laugh at things inane
 to glance with disdain
 at others lined up against the wall
 not standing quite so tall
 nor so sumptuously attired in sequins
 recently acquired

I'm suddenly aware that my body has a beat
 each time my heart pumps my sweat glands secrete
 I'm really pleased they function, I'm sure they have a use
 I'd love to call it perspiration or natural body juice
 but sweat is sweat
 and how you tell
 unfortunately is by the smell
 (though I'll bet Sally's perspiration could be inspiration for Chanel)