

My father telling me
you can't wear
those clown shoes
with a skirt
that's more like a belt anyhow
you look ridiculous
but I pay no mind
cos I'm air cushioned
I got ox blood in my veins
I bounce comfortable into a Friday night
I got steel tipped kisses
I could wander for miles
I was made for kicking
not for the mean pinch
of some tottering stiletto
I got my feet on the ground
my love is laced all the way up
vivid purple stomping
eighteen holes and counting
my step is laughing
no blister worry
trying to be somebody
I ain't

Aoife Mannix, from *The Elephant in the Corner* published by Tall Lighthouse (www.tall-lighthouse.co.uk)