

The Legendary Pink Dots, The Talent Contest

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 anything . . . 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 competition, superstition. Blind ambition. She'd do anything to win. And 834's her lucky number . . .