

Advice to a Teenage Daughter

You have found a new war-game
called Love.

Here on your dressing-table
stand arrayed
brave ranks of lipsticks
brandishing
swords of cherry pink and flame.

Behold the miniature armies
of little jars
packed with the scented
dynamite of flowers.

See the dreaded tweezers;
tiny pots
of manufactured moonlight,
stick-on stars.

Beware my sweet;
conquest may seem easy
but you can't compete with football,
motor cycles, cars,
cricket, computer-games,
or a plate of chips.

By Isobel Thrilling