

Out Chasing Boys
Amanda Huggins

We spent summer on the seafront,
two stranded mermaids
killing time.
We rolled up our jeans,
carried our shoes,
blew kisses at the camera
in the photo booth.
Always out, chasing boys,
as if we had forever.

In the clamour and haze
of O'Reilly's arcade,
we revered those rake-limbed lads
on the slot machines
as though they were gods,
not fishermen's lads.
And our laughter cascaded
over penny falls,
as we pouted, hands on hips,
all flirt and glance,
eyes half-closed with the want
of something we didn't understand.