

Clara Bow

A poem for Short Hot Flush Film Festival

I am going to shine like Clara Bow
I'm going to shine like Jean Harlow
I'm going to shine like Marilyn Monroe
I won't walk scared, my head hung low
I'll toss my hair like Brigitte Bardot
Wink at people I don't know
They'll think "She shines like Clara Bow"

Don't need to ask what life is for, when I can shine like Dorothy Lamour
Not in films or on the telly, but I'll still shine like Grace Kelly
My light is going to blaze and burn while I can shine like Audrey Hepburn
And heads will turn wherever I go to see me shine like Clara Bow
I don't need wealth, I don't need fame and I won't heed the ageist game
Years won't make me hide in shame, I'll shine on brightly all the same
I'm now a Brighton woman so I vow to shine like Clara Bow

Love eludes me, life is tough, but I'm a woman and that's enough
No-one knows the things I've done, that I'm as good as anyone
I'm a star, so are you all, older women should walk tall
So sway those hips, pout those lips
and take a tip from Lauren Bacall
Put them together, wish and blow
Then shine shine shine like Clara Bow

I will sway my hips, I will paint my lips, I'm a woman to my fingertips
It took long years for me to find a life and body to match my mind
So I will treasure this too short time I have to share with womankind
And I want everyone to know
I'm going to shine, I'm going to shine
I am going to shine like Clara Bow

Yes, it took long years for me to find this life, this body to match this mind
And I so treasure this too short time I've left to share with womankind
So before I have to go
To leave this woman's world behind
I want the whole world to know
I'm going to shine, I'm going to shine
I'm going to shine shine shine.
And BLIND.

by Alice Denny