

*Lady*  
*Floaty Frocks*

PAUSE awhile and mourn with me  
The flight of femininity,  
Now a hard-nosed era mocks  
The memories of party frocks.

Fresh-faced girls had not thus far  
Remotely thought of cone-shaped bra.  
Nor did any English rose  
Put a press-stud in her nose,  
Spike her hair and find a place  
For garish patterns on her face.

She did not think to wear a skirt  
So minuscule she could convert  
What was meant for pelmet use  
To be so tight that she looked loose.

Lovely creature, she was not  
Ensnared behind a large pint pot;  
Squawking, raucous, graceless, lewd,  
Encouraging the crass and crude.  
She was grateful, what is more,  
For gentlemanly opened door.

Who will join me to regret  
The burgeoning brain-dead oafette?  
Something nice went on the rocks,  
When summer days lost floaty frocks.

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