

Lady
Power-Dresser

POWER-DRESSER, take the floor!
Ease your shoulders through the door!
Doing everything you can –
God help us all! – to be a man,
You're the one who so enjoys
Holding forth among the boys.

Among the boys, you are the star,
Armani-suited, going far,
While all the time you do not fail
To show how you despise the male,
The species whom you cannot wait
To copy, match and emulate –
Except, that is, when tailored curve
Can ever so discreetly serve
To add the weight of female guile
To your steely man-trap smile.

Power-dresser, try to hide –
Unless she helps – the girl inside.
Spurn all sweet affinity
With your femininity.

And then go home – and weep, no doubt –
Because, my dear, you're missing out.
