

THE QUARRY

Ann-Maree Irvine

Luggage

There's the bag by her side

Tan leather,

Two straps,

The simplest design she could find.

Bursting at the seams

With miscellaneous papers and files,

The importance of which is duly debatable.

Though her determined grip

Would have you believe they hold the meaning of

Life.

I suppose for her

They do.

They represent the

Constant refrain she strives to attain.

Through the

Forty hour weeks

School lunches and

Sleepless nights,

She can have it all.

There are bags under her eyes.

Permanent like a tattoo,

You mightn't recognise her

If they were to one day

Disappear.

Etched beneath her mascara laden lashes

They hollow her out.

Providing the zombie chic look

Only she is capable of.

Drained.

Their fixity reveals more

Than her concealer can mask.

A half-hearted smile or

Furrowed brow unveils

Newly formed lines,

Resembling those of

Ageing leather.

A weary realisation,

She's got it all.