EVE AS A SHIRLEY TEMPLE LOOK-ALIKE

1. Sausage Curls

it's plain Mum tears Mum winds "how will
Evie's a sheet and winds i sleep
baby curls in strips long white on all
are gone "hold until this?"
for good. this end Evie's head "just say
Mum tries no, hold a prayer.
every TIGHT!" looks like goodnight."
which way Eviethinks a bunch next morning
spit-spit herthumb of sore off come
twist-twist will poke fingers the rags
spit-spit through grows and in
t to her it a jiff
w brains shake-shake
i inside bounce
s bounce
Evie

grow out of it. Evie

2. Miss Tindale's School of Dance

Not for nothing does Evie have Shirley Temple curls.
And not for nothing does she have shoes with taps.
Not for nothing does Mum pay one-and-six a lesson.
Practise, practise, she nags, and claps her hands.

Every afternoon Evie's taps
go rat-a-tat-tat
on the hard scullery floor,
rat-a-tat-tat.
Without a piano Mum goes
tum-de-dum-dum, dum, de-tum-tum,
tra-la-la-la-, la-la-la, laaaaa.

At Miss Tindale's School of Dance, Evie's curls
bob along with all the others: a line of dazzle-
red, glitter-yellow, gleaming brown and black.
YouShouldSeeMeDanceThePolkaOnTheGoodShipLollipop
bob-bob in time to the piano's beat to the bar.
3. The Concert

All the mothers begin to sew.
Ruchings and ruffles of taffeta,
layers of tulle, ribbons in
pink and lemon, mauve and blue.
So many little Dutch Girls
so many Rower Fairies.
And Tin Soldiers and Drunken Sailors.
And now
the Tindale's shed is a theatre.
Mrs Tindale at the piano
Mr Tindale behind the curtain
Bob Tindale at the lights.
The mothers? Are they ready?
And the twenty little girls
and Billy Brewster, are they?
Miss Tindale can do no more:
everything goes q-u-i-e-t.
Then the piano
the curtain
the lights.
Twenty pairs of feet in unison.
Tap-tap-tappety-tap
Evie is dancing!
Mum in the wings
willing every step-
Shine, Evie, shine!

Yve Louis
Armidale