

ELIZABETH MACKENZIE

Approval

Enraged
Indignant,
In front
Of the television:
I am what's wrong with the world.

I know the earth needs fixing,
But I tell you, I must fix my hair.

I see that people starve in other worlds, while I
Long for the discipline to do so, trapped in
mine.

I have read everything Marx ever wrote,
But I shop to cheer myself up.

"Retail therapy."

We've even coined a phrase.
Our apathy is cute.
I'm pretty.
That's important.

I could speak of Afghanistan.
I am a woman.
I do nothing.

(I think I signed my name to something once).

I know of politics and the world
To sound smart at cocktail parties.

I mustn't be left out of the conversation.

I must recognize the references,
Know who is dying and where,
Know the proper side to take

In an argument.
In cashmere and tweed.

In between sips
Of single malt or sherry.

Flirting, hoping, my efforts will save
Me, in a successful man's eye.

While my life's a commercial
For the American Dream.

My insecurities make money,
Me complicit, and the world
Irrelevant.

*All my allies,
I'd fuck over
For fame;*

*For one
Single
Fan.*

Approval.

Elizabeth Mackenzie is a poet, writer, editor and restaurant critic living in St. John's, Newfoundland. Her poetry has been published in Queen's Feminist Review and Ultra Violet. She is currently working on a coauthored novel, Live Notes, with Sandra Cowan.