

The Plastics

By : Mistress of Word Play

This little piece of fluff was written for my daughter when she was in high school. She encountered the plastics and took an instant dislike to them. This was written to entertain not to hurt.



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Oh no! here they come with their noses in the air.
Skirts cut short, their heels click, click, clicking.
Lipstick in place and the most perfect of hair.
too bad their brain cells arenât tick, tick, ticking.
Clueless bunch of bubble headed young girls
with their cute little hairpins and imported bags
Worrying about the bounce of their dyed curls.
talking down others calling them bitches and hags.
Their only concern seems to be what they wear.
Swallowing the pills, canât get any fat, fat, fatter.
Failing their classes but they really donât care.
Huddling together with that chat, chat, chatter.
Wonder what would happen if Daddy werenât rich,
Would sense and sensibility finally pull the elastic?
Would they tumble off their pedestal and fall in a ditch;
or would they cry and shriek, â I wish I was plastic!â

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