

## **A Writer's First Book Launch: Helen Lyne**

My nerves are a-tremble,  
I cannot dissemble  
the shaking afflicting my knees.  
This frilly pink dress  
makes me feel like a mess,  
I'm panting and starting to wheeze.  
My heartbeat is tricky,  
my cleavage is sticky,  
unnameable places are wet.  
My speech must be gritty,  
sagacious and witty:  
I need all the sales I can get.

I try not to grovel:  
I squeak, 'Buy my novel,  
a fun book to keep by your bed.'  
The people applaud!  
Three sales I have scored!  
I feel my whole face turning red.  
And in the front row  
there's a poet I know  
who'll show he is pleased for me when,  
in my bedroom tonight,  
an ode he will write  
over me with his honey-filled pen.