

# FASHION

## I Want To Be A Model

Have you ever been asked the question: "Are you a model?" Or, has a complete stranger walked up to you and said -- are you a model?" You probably said, "no," with a silly smile on your face and asked yourself "how can I be a model?" Well, I am about to answer all of the questions that are going through your mind about modeling.

First, you must be sure that this is what you want to do. Modeling, disregarding all the rumors, will not be easy. In fact, if you qualify it is one of the most demanding jobs out there. Well, how do you qualify? First, you have to be the right height which means 6'0" to 6'4" for men and 5'9" or more for women. Now, you are probably saying, "I have a pretty face, but I am too short. What can I do?" Regardless of what people have told you, a 5'2" model will not work much because of their height. But, do not cry, there is work. You will just have to search very, very hard to find the right jobs since the demand now is for very tall, slim girls with long necks, to give that swan affect.

If you meet these qualifications, you are off to a good start. Now, you have to get some professional pictures taken. Pictures that show movement -- not the kind you take for a year-book. In order to get a good photographer, he should show you some of his subjects before he photographs you. If not, he will probably charge you quite a large sum of money for bad pictures. How much do these photographs cost? If you want a very good look, about \$1,000.00 is the going rate for a professional look in New York. However, you can get a starter's look which should run about \$300.00 by a reputable photographer, but please understand that \$1,000.00 is total cost for several photographers. Do not use the same one for your entire look because different photographers have different ideas. The more different looks you present, the better your chances. Also, remember that \$1,000.00 or \$300.00 might seem like a large sum of money but "it takes money to make money."

Now once you have your look together, you are ready to go to agencies to show them how you look in print. After that, you are on your own, just remember these tips:

1. Never take no for an answer.
2. Be strong, because there are going to be difficult times.
3. Tomorrow's success begins today.



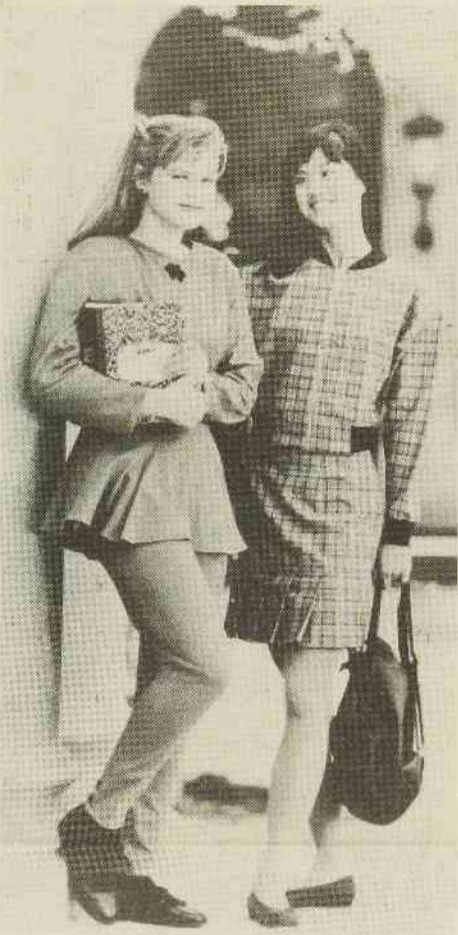
4. True happiness comes when you look at yourself and like what you see.

5. Always look your best, because you never now who is watching you.

6. Experience is the best teacher.

7. Just because you are not picked does not mean you did not look good; you just were not right for the part.

8. Be sure, be confident, and always, no matter what, be yourself!



### Tonight, I Kill My Love

Tonight, I will kill my love.  
I lie waiting for the sounds  
of her nails as she scales down  
the bricks to my window. So silent  
now, I can hear her cold breath  
make mist upon the pane. I feel  
her eyes. Now comes the scratching  
of nails on glass, her yearning  
of entry. For three nights  
she has entered and pierced my neck  
with fans. She has sucked blood  
from me, taking a part of my soul  
with every drop.  
The window opens slowly. The sound  
of tongue over teeth clicks  
in the darkness. I try to calm  
my shaking body. Though my eyes  
are closed, I feel she nears  
by the sudden Autumn chill  
and smell of rotting things.  
I want to scream.  
Her hair falls against my chest  
like dirt tossed upon a casket.  
I jerk bolt-right with pistol aimed  
and confront her disarming eyes -  
her Bloody Mary eyes - that make me gasp  
and yet willfully bare my throat.  
I can feel the cells of my skin  
wanting to flee the wrath of her fangs  
as she slowly descends upon my neck.  
I want to scream.  
I want seduction.  
She hesitates with her fangs an inch  
from my neck. I can feel the ivory  
cold and the issue of dead breath.  
I want to feel the bite of lust.  
I want to scream.  
Fangs indenting my flesh. Piercing.  
Hot blood emptying into the cold black  
heart of winter -- into the souls of bats  
flying in the winds of red passion.  
I am awakened by screams and morning light.

I am alone, stiff necked, nearly drained  
of blood and soul. The pistol lies  
on the floor.  
Tonight, I must kill my love  
before she kills me.

### A Rose For Emily

After the eulogy  
and everyone left,  
a hand dug out of  
the grave and snatched  
a flower.

## Poetry Corner

### Skeletal Songs

Through the earth we can hear  
the jangle of the groundkeeper's keys  
as he locks the gate.

We crawl along the myriad of tunnels  
to the edge of the graveyard.  
With our brittle phalanges  
we dig holes wide enough  
for our skulls to push through  
the freshly mowed grass.

There is no song sweeter  
than the wolfish wind blowing  
through our mandibles.

Though our vocal chords  
have long since withered,  
we use morse code  
by the clatter of our teeth.

We sing love songs  
to our women skeletal  
and give them fresh flowers  
from the new graves.

When it comes to love,  
we make no bones about it.

### Haunted House of Haymount

I am the edifice of dark emotion.  
Listen to the whispers in the vestibule.  
Let the stained sheers sway  
your heart  
as you descend  
into the foyer for your epiphany  
of horror.  
Come see the skeletons  
in my closets.  
Squeeze the grave dirt  
between your toes in the basement.  
Inhale the sweet corruption  
from my rat infested heart.  
Stand by the oculus window  
and let the moonlight fill your face  
with the spirit of ghosts.  
Taste the copper memories dripping  
from the heat of passions  
of those that died before.  
Scream and shake my mortar joints  
and become the marrows of my wood.  
I am the mausoleum of spirits undying.  
I am the phonograph of the dead  
with the wind as my needle  
against the eaves.  
I play DREAD in PM stereo.

Even with windows bare  
no light penetrates my black heart.  
If you are evil,  
you are at home.

And everyone is welcome to my house.  
What is light without darkness?