

# Marianne's Lens

Zena Edwards

'For punks who want to stick together'  
Band leader. Instigator  
identity crisis icon wrapped in nylon  
Self-stitched myth-maker, fashionista

Her Gaelic and Somaliland blood  
raged against Thatcher's laws  
whose iron fist was no match  
for the uppercut punch of punk folklore

Marianne wrote a vortex of a plastic world  
so flagrantly shallow  
Project X-Ray Spex looking into the rotten bones  
of the system, at its cancerous marrow,

Philosopher logic  
more attuned to the minor key  
Vocal cords trained by opera  
bust its chains to sing lullabies to anarchy

Brocades on her shoulders, she heads  
the Brigade of Women into the mosh pits  
of middle fingers to society  
that loves the state hand that feeds it

Consumerist placebos  
to scrub away the grime  
urban city's plastic heart  
that beats her pen to rhyme

Satirist, anti-evangelist,  
her tongue bored and brooding  
Oh Bondage! Up Yours!  
White working-class lungs needed soothing

So they breathe her in  
Cigarette-stained fingers, beer breath, sweat,  
coarse maleness squeezed to grab a kiss  
From her soft scream, their death

She never sung much about love  
though her eyes consumed us all  
she lived in irony and stayed away  
from Silly Billy's love less than ideal

gritty crash pads, rolling tour bus  
changing costume near the men's urinals  
sticky stages, distorted mics  
and stalkers made it final

Inner world bound  
When the growling got too loud  
Internal word and sound  
The right to quiet found

When odes to Day-Glo became invitations  
for fans to consume her too  
Marianne crossed the front line  
from her reflection to her truth

Mother and poet, the recording industry's  
Disposable Poly Styrene  
Rejects a life consumerist infected  
for Krishnahood, a life Germ-free