Nikki Franklin

Ecstasies

Poet
Accordion
Voice
Tap Dancer
List of Works

i. Afterlife @ Aftershock

ii. Buzzing Affy

iii. Connoisseur at a Fetish Club

iv. Fruit

v. Vada That

Duration: ca. 30 minutes

2 Lowe, Adam, ‘Buzzing Affy’, ibid
3 Lowe, Adam ‘Connoisseur in a Fetish Club’ is from the stage show Ecstasies (director: Gerry Potter, 2014), first performed at Contact, Leeds, 2014
AFTERLIFE @ AFTERSHOCK

Pass the dry-ice strobe-stare of the three-headed bouncer there, pass the hellhound with six black shoulders. Descend with me into a bruise-lit underworld. Anna Phylactic, our Queen Ishtar, rules with eye-patch, hoop-skirt, wig. Cyclopean giver of asphodel foams at his grinning mouth, collects payment from all to lift them, high spirits, to heaven; and the DJ, hand cutting tunes like a scythe, ferries us to the shore of the next blue dawn. Bass rumbles, the displeasure of life against ecstasy; then the drop comes and we're wing-swept to rapture as one.
I.
Sister, on your precious throne of metal bling,
funking daughter of jagged skies and lightning,
domme* of odes, listen close now, come on. Sister,
I’m woman calling.

Listen how you listen, catch my morning buzz,
my voice carried over wire and horizon,
just come, as you came before. Sister, leave your
strobe-light happening.

II.
Your arrival is the tide-ripple of doves,
ecstasy’s muscle-rhythm through the club.
You lift high over skies, glow stick bright, throw down
heavens to hip-wind.

The haters still come. And you—my avatar,
cover girl, superstar—wait while I sulk! Quick,
blow kisses when you text back. Spit me a rap, girl,
I need your reply.

III.
You will say: *Who has dissed you this time, sister?*
*Who stole your pissed off heart? Can you take it back?*
They’ll soon give all that you gave, then give you more.
They always return.

Tell me who to petition, who to burn out,
who to placard—you promised me this, sister.
Come now. Keep your vow. This world could soon be ours.
Be my damn lover.

*a dominant female in a BDSM relationship*
CONNOISSEUR IN A FETISH CLUB

He strides over as I take a leak.  
He reaches out a plastic cup  
and catches my yellow streak.

With a wink and a nod, he toasts me,  
and gulps down golden rain:  
*Mmm! Sweet homemade lemonade!*

And as I turn to get lost,  
among the leather and vinyl,  
among the bears and the dross,

I think: Next time, I should offer him  
a champagne flute. Serve it sparkling  
like Veuve reserve 42, by the bottle  
rather than by the glass. And I would ask  
if it quenches his thirst, or if he's testing me for diabetes.  
But it's good to know there's value

even in piss, so casually discarded.  
It's like water to sluicing wine:  
in the right hands, it changes—become sublime.
FRUIT

You call me a fruit,
and I agree,
say

a fruit is ripe,
promising seeds,
bursting with juice.

You call me a fruit,
as though a vegetable
while I recite a litany
of fresh attributes:

a fruit is rich,
remembers its roots,
nourishes, quenches,
makes a display of any table.

I say,
I am the apple
that announces the gravity
of a given situation;
I am the pomegranate
whose gemstones teach
of the burden of possession;
I am the fig
our ancestors couldn't resist.

You call me a fruit
and I agree:
soft, round and sweet.
Peel back my layers,
take a look at my pips.
Full as a melon,
sharp as a lime,
come over here
and bite me.
VADA THAT

Aunt nell the patter flash and gardy loo! Bijou, she trolls, bold, on lallies slick as stripes down the Dilly.

She minces past the brandy latch to vada dolly dish for trade, silly with oomph and taste to park.

She'll reef you on her vagaries—should you be so lucky. She plans to gam a steamer and tip the brandy,

but give her starters and she'll be happy to give up for the harva. Mais oui, she's got your number, duckie.

She'll cruise an omi with fabulosa bod, regard the scotches, the thews, the rod—charpering a carsey for the trick.

Slick, she bamboozles the ogles of old Lilly Law. She swishes through town, 'alf meshigener, and blows lamors through the oxy at all the passing trade. She'll sass a drink of aqua da vida, wallop with vera in claw.

Nellyarda her voche's chant till the nochy with panache becomes journo, till the sparkle laus the munge out of guard.

But sharda she's got nada, she aches for an affaire, and dreams of pogey through years of nix. The game nanti works—not for her. She prefers a head or back slum to the meat rack. Fact is, she'll end up in the charpering carsey of Jennifer Justice. What is this queer ken she's in? Give her an auntie or a mama. The bones isn't needed just yet.

Though she's a bimbo bit of hard, she's royal and tart. And girl, you know vadaing her eek is always bona.
VADA THAT – GLOSSARY

Aunt nell – ear, listen (also: nellyarda)
Patter flash – gossip, chat, ostentatious or pretentious speech
Gardy loo – 'Look out!'
Troll – walk, provoke (as in online)
Lallies – legs
The Dilly – Piccadilly (London, but perhaps also Manchester), a high street or similar
Brandy – bottom (from Cockney rhyming slang: 'brandy and rum')
Brandy latch – toilet
Vada – see, spy, look
Dolly – pretty
Trade, trick – a sexual partner, not always but usually a prostitute’s ‘john’
Reef – to feel, to grope (especially the bulge or crotch)
Harva – anal sex
Omi – man
Scotches – legs
Thews – thighs, sinews
Charpering – finding
Vera – gin
Nochy – night
Journo – day
Laus – chases
Munge – darkness
Sharda – though
Affaire – a lover, a serious partner as opposed to a fling
Pogey – money
Head – bed
Back slum – public lavatory
Meat rack – brothel, a parade of rent boys lined up for punters
Charpering carsey – police cell
Auntie – older gay man, role model
Mama – mentor
The bones – a boyfriend or husband
Eek – face
Bona – good