Breakfast at Tiffany's

There are only diamonds in the whole world, diamonds and perhaps the shabby gift of disillusion. F Scott Fitzgerald

Holly Golightly haunts the streets of New York.
Look into the distance. The girl is gone,
and each diamond is simply a star in the dark

that she followed far from the well-worn track.
Now the stars are her jewels, the night, her gown.
Holly Golightly haunts the streets of New York.

Her reflection was elegant, slender and stark.
She toasted each dawn by strolling downtown
to the diamonds that spilled like tears from the dark.

Her moon river still leaps like a cat over rocks,
her small voice floating its singular tune.
Holly Golightly haunts the streets of New York

slipping on shades to mimic the black
for she knew that the party would be over too soon
and that diamonds are lovely tricks of the dark

in each life, that solitary walk
into a distance that is ours alone.
Holly Golightly haunts the streets of New York,
and each diamond? Just a diamond, lost in the dark.

Tracey Herd

Breakfast at Tiffany's, Tracey Herd, from *Dead Redhead* (Bloodaxe Books, 2001)

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