

**Alex Fox**

**Cyclops to Galatea**

***After Ovid***

Galatea,  
eyes brighter than a plasma screen,  
hair as sleek as rare grooved vinyl,  
skin as smooth as the hood of my motor,  
cleavage as deep as my credit limit, your glance  
is the flick of a magazine page.  
You are slender as a model's cigarette,  
sweet as someone else's coke,  
kinder than the deal the whole floor missed,  
immortal as money and  
(if I could only nail the deal)  
easier to spend than my bonus.

Yet, Galatea,  
aloof as Friday night from Monday morning,  
rigid as gridlock,  
dirtier than oil,  
silent as the rising sea,  
slipperier than a cornered cabinet,  
merciless as the gaze of an African orphan,  
and how I'd strip your assets and liquidate you -  
if you weren't as swift as a spark,  
as the chance to make the lost sale,  
as the fading of laughter,  
the change of fashion in a Hoxton bar.