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August Carrigan

The Met Gala Goes to Rafah

the met gala is beautiful tonight
is wearing armani, is wearing gucci
is wearing some other brand you've probably heard of
but could never afford to even touch

met gala's hair took three hours
is perfection
and don't get me started on met galas make up
this look is serving
is eating
is the definition of cunt
we are all so envious
we want to be met gala
we want to live there
inside perfection

met gala stands in front of a mass grave
you can tell it used to be a hospital
by the broken sign half hidden under the rubble
in the background

the bodies each get a sequin on their foreheads
it makes them more photo ready
met gala dusts white phosphorous
on their cheeks
it makes a great highlighter you see
grabs a bit of soot from a nearby fire
for the perfect smokey eye

met gala twirls in slow motion
like a mother tucking her baby to her breast
hoping her flesh and blood will become armour
under bullet fire

met gala smiles for the cameras
flashes burst like tiny bombs
which have been drowned out by the paparazzi



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The Met Gala Goes to Rafah

look here met gala look here!

met gala walks the red carpet
which has been laid over the tiny bodies of children
who never made it home in time
(no one in Rafah made it home in time)

met gala thinks about their home, their bed
their feet are so sore in these shoes
they can't wait to take them off

BIOGRAPHY

August Carrigan is a spoken-word poet, playwright, and workshop facilitator from St. John's NL. They have work published in Ink & Marrow, Riddle Fence, Acta Victoriana, and Blank Spaces Magazine among others. August co-runs Spoken Word St. John's Poetry Open Mic once a month which is one of the many events where they've performed their own work. Their self-published chapbook is available for sale on their Instagram @windblowpoet.