



Poems about the Flapper

The Flapper *By Dorothy Parker*

The Playful flapper here we
see,
The fairest of the fair.
She's not what Grandma used
to be, --
You might say, au contraire.
Her girlish ways may make a
stir,
Her manners cause a scene,
But there is no more harm in
her
Than in a submarine.



She nightly knocks for many
a goal
The usual dancing men.
Her speed is great, but her
control
Is something else again.
All spotlights focus on her
pranks.
All tongues her prowess
herald.
For which she well may
render thanks
To God and Scott Fitzgerald.

Her golden rule is plain
enough -
Just get them young and treat
them
Rough.