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| Poem about the Flapper |
|  | 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 goalThe 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 themRough. |   |
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