

# Being a Brownie

by Lindsay Rosen

The whisk whips through me,  
Stirring me up,  
Spinning me round.  
Dizziness runs over me as I cling to the walls  
But I am thrown back into the tornado.

Suddenly the whirling and twirling stops,  
The storm ends.  
I settle down and rest,  
But not for long

I'm picked up  
And poured out on to a cold flat surface  
My body spills out around me,  
A flat faced spatula strikes my back softly.

My massage is cut short,  
Once more I am relocated,  
A special room awaits me,  
I sit alone in the hot sauna and enjoy the paradise.