Snoopers Paradise
By Sylvie Jane Lewis

Here we are teenagers again – longing to be Patti Smith
but looking more like Peter Rabbit in a leather jacket.
Here we have planned our poses with care: a smile in
the first frame, then a wink, a kiss, a rebel yell, before our
monochrome faces slip down into the photobooth tray.

Here we have found all possible oddities, accumulated
an archive of our youth, in faux fur, in vintage *Vogue*,
in Jagger's strut and Garbo's stare. It is a cliché to visit
now; some call our taste *too touristy*. But what's a tourist,
anyway? Someone who doesn't quite belong, a camera

around their neck, hesitating, aching to capture it all.
Let us be tourists in this place we've always known.
Let us pore over seashells in glass cabinets and birthday
cards penned by Edwardians. Here we are lured
by eccentricity – that most exquisite siren song –

as the turnstile wheels us in, steady as a wave.