

Grace Lang - XXXI

The broken down doll look is so in right now.
I need to be dented, half collapsed and half held together by barbie
bones: bare breasted and bold.
I'll stick my shoulders forward and pop each socket, till plastic wires
are my only common thread.
Rub vaseline onto thin skin, atop a set of ribs, so symmetrical,
constructed, and well worn.
Then lie back on the bed and suck my tummy in.
Punch through the pouch of yesterday's dinner and seep into the sheets.
Supple, sleepy, and selfishly starving.
Built with sticks and built with stones and playful with spread legs.
Damaged goods in a brittle body on a perfect plate to hold your supper.
So, hold me closer and crack me open and sew my scales up with a
thread of whispercore sniglits.
Shoulder blades can look like wings and your lips can be a spiderweb.
Bless this stale frame, rendered with steel and lacking lung compassion.
Bless the only sanctuary you were ever given and hold it tight like
your thighs on a crowded bus, when the man over there is staring to
closely.
Please take care and think of these hips when your bored, lying face up in bed.
My broken down doll is your hopeful nymphette is the twelve year old
boy that I can't look like cuz now I've got tits.
In this bony threshold of a messy bedroom, I can shorten the strings
that tie up my sockets and move like a cat with real problems.
This play house got invaded by mind tricks and the pores infested with
powder, white like donut sugar, and a rosy-cheeked wench found her way
in side and will not apologize for it.
Vaseline makes me glossy and I'll slip through your clenches like a
porpoise missing the net.