

SOFT FOCUS

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**WINNER OF THE
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MENARCHE

I was born
Small and slime-covered

I found a wolf to lick me clean
Raise me wild
Enough to get me out of the woods

Nightly I pressed wheat into flat circles
Watched it bristle seedful
Potential made the best bedding

I arrived winded at the altar
Warbling my past death
My future life

I languished on a broad beach
The lesser animals I sacrificed
Bloodied in my mandibles

My bones warmed before they softened
I fevered as the moon rose

My marrow howled lupine
For an aching
Frenzied hour of what next

My danger

EARLY EVOLUTION

Be a doll now, you say, and I am become one
I pluck a flock raw for its plumage
Strip, I say, and birds strip bare
I stuff myself so full with their stuffing
I bulge with all their lorem ipsum
Poke me and I spill sawdust from featherguts
I fear everything that could happen to this form
The worst would be if you didn't notice my hunger
I could dance seven veils to thrive you
I could drive stakes into highway medians
To campaign for your attention
I would have the edge of an underdog
Underfed and unassuming
Is it beauty when it baffles you?
With the right filter I am half pretty
But mostly very ugly for my habitat
Rank me on a supersmooth bell curve
Numbers evade me so give me images
Be a doll now and bring me my silver charger
Loaded with one Star Ruby and an antique melon-baller
Self-pity is the soul of my wit, you say
But I'm working to extinguish that urge

I burn lovely hairs at my bedside
I steal fresh palms from my neighbors
And swirl these together in a saucepan
To keep the pests from coming in

STRAY BEAST

It slays me the way
You get your fix
And shove off
After I've performed me
I'd like a shower
But all my invisible contaminants
My wide-shining fears
Are stored in my fat cells
I've got so many of these
I could never
Achieve thigh gap
Or any kind of shortage
You'd like to fix
Though I am getting warmer
So bloody in my abdomen
Braying in the bathtub as
I drip hot wax on my skin
To grow younger by
I make a pact with myself
To become so garish
And well-adorned

As to be confused for beauty
As to be mounted
As to be put out to pasture
Some sunlit place
Where I can glut myself
On green things
Go so straight I'll
Only want to fuck myself