

Girls
 playing house
 with their dolls.
 Perfect vision.
 Perfect Life.
 A decade later
 I 'm under
 that
 knife.
 Waist
 so slim you can fist it,
 fingers clenching, unclenching
 like the dips of a heartbeat
 Knife turns to paint.
 Swathed in swatches
 of pink. Pink nails.
 Pink lips. Pink
 toes. Pink tits.
 No nipples
 nor vagina,
 handling femininity
 like porcelain china.
 Be dainty. Be pretty. Be
 picture – fucking – perfect.
 Girls' power diminished and
 confidence wrecked.
 I am the model, the
 scapegoat for past
 mistakes. Dressed in
 delectable dresses, I.
 watch the innocence
 in youthful eyes break.
 Get yourself a Ken, I
 teach. Wear killer heels
 and burn your hair with
 chemicals, white- bleach.
 Remain ignorant.
 Remain naïve
 I sermonize. Be the
 accessory. Be the
 bauble. My message
 plastic- wrapped;
 immortalised and still
 I stand, feet
 broken, preaching
 the material lifestyle.

I damage. I destroy. I smile.