

Plastic Extravagance

By Nicole E. Turiano

I thought I might have imagined you
Again, pursuant of your gaze
not blank
By truth as distant of swelling space
Stretched by scarcer blinks
and heard,
echoes of you
Huddled sea by cackles & notorious shrills
Ebbing only for strings of cynical
muff-drop pearls
Scattered & frozen then

I made out patterns between "spoiled", & "little bitches",
traveling like a parade of satire shots
through an anonymous valley
scaling unforgivable
And framing an old memory
of being too small for hollow posh of some
catastrophic concrete walls
Linear crypts of porcelain wells where shit is made
to be something sweet
Or made up
By plastic dolls in jet liner heels

From always your attention navigates
away from mirrors
Surrounded but not overcome
And I
Would be green again with nude fear
reflecting scars
You also made into more art for
Someone as real
As you can never decide
To be, why I am not

Between those hollow steps
Making love to your contradictions & crusted pupils
For days they permeate & trip
Like once ago when
Your favorite shoes
Were tall & loud as jet liners, taking in hollow corners
Erased by plastic noise & exaggerated

Flushes
Often, spoiled
by little bitches of
mimicked peace

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