

Wide-Eyed Oblivion

Paper dolls strewn
Upon the beige shag
Carpeting
Their opaque gazes
Dissecting her physical form
Into scrutinized segments.
Turning the page brings
No solace
Even as she switches
To and fro from one
Cultural manifestation
To its neighbor,
Its partner in conspiracy.
There is no reflection
Only an aspiration
To be glossy
And heralded as the
Representation of something
That is unachievable.
Next week the idea of
The paradigm
Will shift
Perhaps even more so
Toward an emaciated shade
Of death by design.
And she shall remain
Transfixed,
Youth stolen yet
Still enthralled with
Paper cut-out images
And their weight
In our sphere of
Expectations.