

ANDREA SPRINGER

Croissant¹

You say *worldly*
and *well traveled*.²

I blanch, don't
admit my word:³

blistered. You
must've left

layers of yourself in
every posh cafe⁴

you graced. You
shaved your soles

to blanc, mewling
skin, exorcising callus⁵

¹ As Seen Undergoing Flocculation

² to the same seventeen
cocktail dresses and dismissive
how lovelys

³ for the you
who presented yourself
to me from Paris
and who kissed me
on two cheeks instead of one mouth
and who complained about the wonder
bread the next morning

⁴ draped in garish chiffon, and smelling
like desperation: the odor of emulsification
agents expiring

⁵ in the interest of self
rasterization, discarding
dimensions so your scarf lies
flat.

Barbie's Confrontation Dreamhouse

i.

Inhabiting a space of sandpaper-
pissed off would be a nice change. I can't
fathom how to grow tiny daggerstones

into my countenance, but I make mean
mental comebacks. My dearest hypothetical
is jackhammer sound ripping

ribbons through concrete. Larynx
charged with battery—enough volts
to damage trachea and sparring partner.

ii.

Amygdala Override—file under: renegade reactions—take hydrochloric responses & shove
them so far into subconscious that they chafe against superego. De-purse Pepto Bismol pink lip.
Fill pliable head with thoughts of being sexy doctor & sexy astronaut & sexy Susan B Anthony
to forcibly squeeze out irritants. Meld four surrounding digits into springloaded middle finger
& ensure that feet are too small, too soft, too stiletto-ready, to kick any ass. Keep composed.

iii.

I eye Skipper,
but contempt is hard
to manage with joy-painted
eyes. Through gapless
teeth, I cuss her

out, but my argument,
like my molded pink
plastic oven, or Fuchsia Summer
Fun Party Jacuzzi, lacks real

heat. I move to chuck my ultra-
violet vase at her, but the base
stuck: melded to my vanity.
Unopposable thumbs struggle to pluck

day-glo-green pansies, sharp
enough to puncture rubbery
face flesh, but this entire god
damned mansion is baby proofed.