

Bone China

Other girls with painted faces,
calling cards for testosterone.
Boys and men handle their bone
china dolls, beautiful and coveted.
Displayed in glass cases, these toys--
trophies lusted after and won.

I turned my face to darkest porcelain:
fragile, pure, and treasured.
I wanted my own china cabinet,
exhibited as an exotic prize
shipped from the shore opposite
of eagles crowned in gold.

Other girls are packed and sold;
foam protects their frail facades.
Ceramic airheads hollowed out,
they think themselves precious.

I fell out of the box, head dashed
open. Apple blossom cheeks crack
with a soft *ping* and release a
golden eagle.