

## MASK-A-SCARE

Unnatural locks picket  
against bottled-bronze skin  
darker than my Cherokee  
great-grandmother,  
or is she the orange  
underbelly of a mango, petite  
as a ten-year-old boy. The face,  
taut pigskin or latex used  
in mass produced horror:  
a pinup with scarred temples,  
whose hazel eyes prowl  
in hollowed sockets for mascara  
and a compact's mirror.  
Tainted red, pouts the collagen—  
lips a protruded requiem.  
I'm haunted by how  
a monster ended her face;  
what curse a surgeon cast  
to craft this permanent  
Halloween.