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.