

## Not a Real Girl

Her lips are imitation ruby red,  
her skin smooth as plastic  
unmarred, unscratched, doll like.  
She's a eugenist's dream.

So dreamlike you're tempted to whisper  
pleased to meet you, Mary Sue,  
but there's a hint of something real  
in the way her eyes skitter away from yours

Like she's playing at innocence  
but just can't quite kid herself anymore.  
So you lean in close and she smells like nothing.  
In return she gravitates towards you, mirroring attraction.

Fingertips to skin and it yields, to your surprise,  
smooths and rolls under your touch.  
So you grip harder, just short of bruising,  
but she won't say a word, or show any surprise.

Gentle, you remind yourself, pulling closer still,  
eyes on lips, eyes on eyes, waiting for permission  
or condemnation or for the moment  
to stretch past even this sad semblance of spontaneity.

"Well?" she asks at last, not a demand, only a question.  
It comes out practiced and pretty, nothing raw about it,  
and maybe that's what drives you to close the distance:  
some naive belief that you can breathe life into this empty vessel.

But when it's over her lonely eyes don't shine any brighter,  
and her smile is as real as a clown's, painted masterfully,  
but still a cruel joke. You can't even ask her how she got her scars.  
There are none left to see, she's hidden them all so well.

Walk away, you tell yourself, clinging to the idea of freedom,  
because there's no fixing cracks smoothed over with plaster.  
She hides in plain sight by not being a plain sight.  
She's everything you want to see but nothing you want to know.

Just a picture perfect mirage, beyond the reach of mortal men.  
Just your own unrealistic expectations reflected, magnified in all their ugliness.  
A facsimile of the ideal, a statue, the realization of the golden ratio  
in body and spirit, exactly what you'd always said you'd wanted.

But it's just for show, all of it, and you'd take the flaws over this,  
a sad destruction of everything it means to live,  
in favor of what it means to be admired and envied,  
because surely this can not be a real girl.