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Botox

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Botox

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"we hunt the things that we let out of the cage.

call it sport, but the bite marks leave a promise.

we bought the things they swore would camouflage our age.

call it botox, but our smiles are set in granite."

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ELIAS VANSON

BOTOX

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true love got lost somewhere in between the sheets and mattress. thirty-second clips are what we saw; a single sip of what went on. the decor: a fake set. the scripted lines of a true romantic. at least pretend the sunset turns you on. we'd be convincing with a little practice. we sold ourselves in movies; pink death on the silver screen. can't feel a thing, but don't stop moving. you're so natural. so natural. cut through red tape. pan out to a parking lot. unroll the welcome mat and kiss the hand that's taking your snapshot. paint on a plastic face: synthetic beauty that i can't erase. come sit with me: a perfect portrait for my limousine. the only thing that all the pretty girls wanted was 20 minutes in a broadway production. you'll be the cover of this week's heartthrob. you don't have to like it, baby, it's your job.

tonight?

tonight, staccato skeletons stumble out of my closet, marching one by one like dripping drops from a faucet.

tonight, electric lights meet stage fright and bend at the knees as the disco ball throbs like the moon spreading seeds.

tonight, these arms will swell into barbed-wire dolphin fins; helium laughter spat through glass toothless grins.

we sold ourselves in movies; pink death on the silver screen. i hope you know that you're the reason i left the city smiling.