Botox

Elias Van Son

St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss2/15

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss2/15 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
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."

Cover Page Footnote
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.

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.