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Cara Mia

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CARA MIA

At ten I want to be Morticia Addams—
lingering in the tub, hair smoothed of all
its frizzled ringlets, hanging like vines,
tickling soapy water as *mon sauvage*
Bubula—Gomez—swims titillated
in tadpole form beside me.

How lissome
I'd become—the sunny days I'd spend—
my limbs as pale as Marie Antoinette—
lithely stretching atop the dungeon's rack,
my milky vapors emanating, proof
that even I—despite ridiculing
my crater-face on locker doors
and overbite we can't afford to fix—
am sylphlike, flawless, in the dark.

I let the water droplets dangle from
my fingertips like nails precisely pruned
for feeding Cleopatra zebra burgers
in shadowed rooms. Adorned in black, I serve
a casserole of spleen—a *dash of hemlock*, *Dear*—
cheekbones glinting a baking-soda-blush,
reciting as thunder roars approvingly,
We gladly feast on those who would subdue us.