

The **curve**
of my Pluto sister's back
is **crooked**

as are her smiles
which are inter**woven** with **cigarette** smoke
& glitter dust powder

Her **perfume** is the bathwater of **faded** party girls with broken heels

& hearts

to match

& their once **seductive** dances are now comic poses
& toothless smiles lie underneath cheap,

loose,

lipsticked
mouths

& their once **glittering** gowns are **shabby** dresses

The **curve** of my Pluto sister's back is due to **benzedrine**

and young boys that holler obscenities

& the alcohol content

in a **glass**

of **gin**

& the **VOICES** in her head that **Scream,**

“**KILL
YOURSELF!**”

& my sister,

She heeds this call

& **sprawls**

with broken cocktail glass in hand

dismembered

rather like

a **shattered,**

painted

baby doll