

## Gynaecium

From this angle the black cake of her mascara hangs --a sleeping bat, skylined and dreaming of all the fruit flies clamoring in it's stomach.

Wings ripped and tattered. The lace fringe of her bra. Ribbed metallic bodies, melting together like plastic-wrapped lipstick tubes, glistening in halogen storefronts,

She's built towers of pomegranate and plum. Swirled in dust bowls of blushing coppers, pinks. Swam in moats of cream, as if lost at sea, lost in the Crème de la Mer. But my mother definitely didn't come from the ocean.

She came from her 401k and rubs her retirement all over her face. Retinol gels like sea foam. White goeey clumps too soothe the lip lines. Obscene enough for any amateur web cam. It's as advertised: *Perfect for all those sensitive places.*

She could easily be Countess Bathory. Crème de la girl. Red and clotting. Gynaecium-tested. FDA-approved. When she rubs it around her pinned-back eye-lines, the screams of a thousand dead eggs clamor. But hell if she can hear them.

She blinks her Venus flytrap lashes and asks me to hand her a towel. The black wiry vortexes of her pupils dilate. Eyes that turned green after her hair silvered and her tits filled with sand. She cut herself over that.

And I suddenly realize that could be my blood.

