

Paper Girls

The women slosh
the girls in vats the women spin
the fibers. The women dry

and press the sheets.
The women stack the women
and gather them in reams.

The women do this work
to their past selves
they are happy to bleach

clean, pulp, and soak
in a vat. Slurry stings
the skin, an act

of preparation.
It separates the girls
from the women.

The women are hunters
after a fashion.
They hunt

Themselves and fashion
the tools
they are made of.

Craft Day

Scissors cut
through the snowflaked

morning. Dolly
sharpens her edges.

Trims herself, gives herself
fringe. Makes more like her.

Sisters, clones. She scissors
their slick

magazines, girlskins
sleek as blades.

She hones her scissors
On sandpaper. She will marry

that abrasion. Make it
scrape her. She'll

feel it. She'll unfold
garlands.

Miss Paper

She is thin
and white her
torn bits ruffle

she transcribed she
blown about has
caught ink she

blacks out
erasures
thin her further

she traces after
masters fondly poorly
she prints her

secret names she
leaves crumpled an
old coupon a

two-for-one
she makes a
dress a cat

of herself she
wears herself thin
she pets it

The first fold she ever learned

She accordioned
her sisters' hands.

Garland of reverb
purple and dusty as the old

mimeograph.
The mapping fold,

the touching
of fingerless

palms at the crease,
the kinship.

Thigh on
thigh, symmetry

redoubling
each rib and clavicle

to its equal on the next
girl in line

and the next.
What we were all

cut out for.
To be splayed

over the entry.

The fragment thinks nothing of former incarnations

Still am an arm.

Miss not my sisters.

Holding posies wrapped in a blue bow,
My five individual fingers.

Miss not my body
Of sisters.

Scraps wheeling past

In the wind.

I am slender deckled. I have

these flowers.