

## Self-Portrait as Treatise on Beauty

Facial attractiveness is all  
about bilateral symmetry.

Chanel No. 5's most crucial  
ingredient is a pheromone.

The legs can be lengthened  
by raising the waist.

Your figure shares a silhouette  
with a dagger. Mine's like an anvil.

Beauty, only when there's doubt.  
Beauty, when a wound

tries to heal  
around a thorn. I love

what is animal and you  
love fur. What could go wrong.

On certain collarbones,  
a chain calls attention

to delicacy. You often go  
36 hours without eating.

You keep your thermostat up  
so your blood doesn't stop.

You glance over, all casual. Beauty, so long  
as I don't look back.

## The End

After the doctor explains  
the couple is still She stares  
at him staring at the tile  
earth tones made to look  
like speckled stone Her eyes  
crater Will his love  
die out with no future  
child to sing to They visit  
their nieces They shriek  
with laughter his arm the tongue  
of a beast they dreamed  
At meals they inch their chairs closer  
At bedtime they show him  
a wind-up woodpecker  
ask him *Why is he kissing*  
*the floor* Before he can answer  
*Make him do it again*  
On the way home  
she wonders He wants  
a meteor to strike  
ending everything  
but them He wants her to see  
he doesn't care humanity  
will die out How fine he is  
kissing the ground  
where she sleeps