

5-1-2005

makeover

Molly Boyce

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Recommended Citation

Boyce, Molly (2005) "makeover," *Forces*: Vol. 2005 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2005/iss1/18>

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let's call it even

I'm sorry that my head is sick
and you spend your life
fixing it.

I have reduced you to servitude.
You are my indentured servant.
I don't

know what to say when I know that
You'd be better off with
someone else.

My selfish heart will not allow it.
I want you trapped in
my broken

thoughts dancing in madness.
I jumped off a cliff
to see

where I'd land. The blood from my
cracked skull stains your canvas
and my

broken thoughts are to your benefit.
So, I beg you to wrap me
in your

silencing arms
once again.

Heather Millican

makeover

what if I turn the
contours of this life
caddy-corner or parallel?
stretch the palette of my eye
by a wild splash of red,
or edge bouclé fabric
with lace and satin?

what yearning would
those broken rules,
neatly bound by time
and nature, yield?

what basic hunger
feed, or fantasy cure?
for I need to change,

form a different shape,
to satisfy the hidden me
who dreams of being
what the mystic sees
beyond beamed corners
and mortared red brick,
curious about my meaning.

Molly Boyce

Art by Brian Cave