

Claudia Cortese

Lucy tells the boy to suck

till her arm pockmarks, that if he stops she'll expose what happens at playground's edge. Back home, Lucy decks the tree in Barbie heads, watches snow cut the landscape, all those little white knives. She leaves a hill of Jujubes where her mother's ant traps should be. Lucy loves the carmine glory of her arm, the blood-medals of a champion! She calls Franky to her arms, bites his fur till the roots let go. His yelps shine like sequins, the way snow is sequins, and her arms. Lucy demands Santa stitch her a skin of bees, that her screams be not sound but solid: a stinger that stings and stings.