

Senior Poetry
First Place – Linda Epstein Belkov Memorial Award
Avery Britt
Norfolk Academy
Mr. Ari Zito

The Dolls

The Barbies

And their bright faces

And their sweet smiles

And their cotton hair

And their lilac eyes

Form a blockade of sameness,

Stretching across mahogany shelves—

Seas and seas of perfectly pink prettiness.

There's a sour comfort in their uniformity.

Can I fit into the fold?

Can I melt into the plastic form

And assume the persona of The Doll?

But, I wonder about them.

They who have their cerulean blues fixed

On me.

How can they track the little girl?

Smiling pearly praises at her triumphs:

Watching as I gain friends,

Watching as I maneuver blithely.

But, hurling those same white daggers

Through my tears,

Through my hurt.

I think about them.

The ones with their eyes as coppery as the Apostles of Notre Dame.

The ones who stare, soulless, through suffering.

The ones who never whimper at agony.

They who see glib gibes,

Malicious taunts,

And meet them with a synthetic smile.

The girls

And their metallic faces

And their celluloid smiles

And their synthetic hair

And their groping eyes

Sit in contented silence

While the little girl in front of them

Winces

Frowns

Cries.

Oh how I long for the moment

When these pawns

Will jolt alive behind their plastic shrouds!

And twitch those mouths to call out words of substance—

Words of aide—

I long to hear their voices raised against the injustice they see.

When will the dolls start to defend?

When will perfectly pink no longer be enough?