**Gold**

**Claire Adler**

Two girls, both thin and blonde

With pale eyes and that (fringed with lace)

Sunk into the cream-pearl of skin hung over bone

(Both laundry suspended on fishing wire swaying from gusts of the sun)

But just to differentiate

Let’s give them each a different name

Let’s call them Gold and Platinum

Gold had a wild mane (mangrove roots in dry river)

That fell over broad shoulders to the dip in her back

Her face (a heroes face) cast from clay broad nose wide mouth

Bright teeth (she had spider hands that danced over buttons)

Platinum’s hair cropped short dyed pale stiff with wax no room for fingers

Slim shoulders slim fingers slim thighs

Her nose porcelain lips round (Cinderella needed rescuing)

Doesn’t smile much. Arms wrap loosely around waist.

Gold wears band t-shirts high socks long hair wide grin

Says life is easy says (with her eyes)

Too much too far

Platinum is. Worry.

(folds into origami swans the chiaroscuro of white paper(skin) on black)

just enough

There was another girl.

Name: Silver.

Dark hair dark eyes ringed in feathers

(Birdlike) pecks things apart leaves the pieces of her nets discarded twigs after hurricane.

Silver met Gold on cobblestone reached cold fingers beneath cotton pulled up and

Under there was a shirt advertising despair and beneath that there was a shirt of four men’s faces and beneath that there was a blouse cast of white lace and –

And beneath that another and finally.

Silver pulled off a shirt for a doll (sparrow-bird) made of ice and it melted in her too-hot hands and Gold dripped onto asphalt and there was nothing, nothing, nothing.

But Silver met Platinum and she stopped to lift the fabric of her plain black t-shirt but instead she was caught in a web of iron thread (armor) and she looked closer and there were galaxies swimming in the netting and thousands of stars that were spiders and.

(Cinderella was a knight)

So Platinum sat down.