

Laura as Goblin

We licked the sweat from each other like melting Hershey bars, howled if we were left alone too long, sat in a line pinching skin. Plucking at the redhead's firecrotch, disgusted by our curiosity. Lizzie and I were doubles partners and broke our racquets in unison, the plastic strings snapping out of place, wild and looking for purpose. Together we were goblin, tempting innocent girls with the sweet juices of oneness. The tall girl at the lake was also anorexic. We shredded plastic cups and threw them in the river. A thin wooden stick traced our scalps in rows. Lice ducked behind hairs, also anonymous. We walked hand in hand toward a woman-shaped destiny we did not understand. We egged each other closer, yanked a friend to the finish line. The girl in the front of the line pulled chunks of grass from the earth, taking what she didn't want. We covered her in shaving cream until she was a cloud: sightless, unhearing footstool for divinity. Her center was sodium-sweet and sticky, bitter from the foam. We tasted it in pairs.

After Christina Rossetti