

A Door Marked Femininity

I wake up feeling groggy,
Head pounding. I can't remember anything.

I catch a glimpse of myself,
A reflection in a window,

Except, it's not me.
A *Barbie* stares back.

The shiny girl in the reflection
Is tall and her stomach looks hollow,

Wearing a smile that seems
Cemented on her porcelain face.

She has makeup caked on her skin,
Long lashes and a bold red lip.

I manage to sit down before I collapse.
My vision blurs and I keel over.

I remember a door. A door marked:
Femininity.

I recall opening it,
But I can't remember what waited on the other side.

I feel like crying, but the hideous eyeliner
Has sealed my tear ducts shut.

I'm missing something very important,

But I can't put a finger on it.

Then there's the sound of a TV,
Playing a generic makeup commercial.

It says: *Feeling lost? Apply the Perfect Foundation.*
And then it hits me.

I lost myself,
Somewhere in the horrible place

That lay beyond that
Pretty pink door.