
Bruises

by Taylor Kinsley

She stands captive
On one pointed toe
Forming a dainty, miniature pirouette.
She stands voiceless,
Destined to a statuesque ballet for all eternity.
Her box once held
A collection of beautiful things
Like fairy wings and flowers
And promises.
Now all that's left is dust,
And it stains her porcelain arms like
Bruises.
She plays her part, spinning and spinning
To that ceaseless melody
At the whim of the key,
And hides behind a plastic smile
Like the one she wears to garden parties,
Along with winter sleeves.