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Dead Girls

Charlotte Edsall

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Charlotte Edsall

Dead Girls Poetry Winner of Christopher McKean Memorial Award

Ophelia lies sinking her placid face ensuring us we should not fret even as her skirts mingle with the silt this is beautiful see how her hair halos the color complimented by the pond weeds and the willow her water-lily skin a precious thing Snow White lies cold in a crystal casket silent and worshiped by her men this is beautiful barely a breath from her cherry lips see how still her sculpted flesh a rosy little Apple ripe for the plucking It is 1882 in Paris a body has just been pulled from the Seine as she lays there on that icy slab her face a mask of relief sure, she has finally escaped the rule of men the coroner wonders at her nubile skin this is beautiful he decides pours hot wax over her lips drowns her twice steals her face away to keep for his own delights or to sell and make a mint