**Title: “Taught from infancy that beauty is a woman’s scepter, the mind shapes itself to the body, and roaming round its gilt cage, only seeks to adorn its prison.” –Mary Wollstonecraft**

To the navel exposure,

On a time table loader.

Peel back the page of perfume and you’ll know her

Every crevice is Couture or Coach. Don’t ‘cha know?

All the pores in your skin are a sin. Just for show.

The insignia of your name is fame for the masses,

Don’t tell ‘em its plastic.

Jimmy Choo is scholastic.

Since the 9th grade she reads the parade.

Panties and purses, ladies. It’s like charades.

The lines between subtle and sensual, lost.

Sophisticated and sumptuous, crossed—

Glossed covers, glazed eyes,

A masquerade you can’t see behind.

Her new OPI’s caress Olay skin.

Slim and sleek, like a model again.

Analyze that scene again.

Her body, an activated time-ticker, tempts the city slicker,

And his embrace holds her fast.

Fast like a friend of the opposite sex.

Fast, like think now and I’m keepin’ it fresh—

The impression of these images

Rest in your gray matter. No matter,

You won’t remember.

Your pocket change turns back the clock.

Two-tone time block. Stop.

The insanities encircling your head,

Were fed to you.

But you don’t feed yourself.

1 in 5 with an eating disorder. Re-order,

The edition on diets and health.

So when you look in the mirror,

See sex. Subconsciously sold,

Since the 1800s.

It’s just “costuming for destruction”

Halloween construction

Obstructing your daily life

Objectifying the dismembered bodies. Models,

Size 2; bust, waist, hips.

Respectively; 34, 23, 34. Legit,

5 percent of women have it.

Get it,

Got it,

Good. **-Mitzi Eppley**