

MELISSA HUSEMAN

## Lorna Locks the Bathroom Door

Lorna, thirteen, lays the soft brown eyeliner man  
in her palm. Sharp, lonely, her chosen shade,  
he bares his mahogany soul.

She holds him in her hand like a cross.  
She holds him like a preacher holds his book.

She wants to kneel before him  
like a woman might, but she can't.  
He's too small.  
He stretches from her eyebrows to chin,  
afraid of her mouth. Small toy;  
if she cries, he might drown.

Still, he is making love.  
To the pink dress she was born in.  
To the radish and olive leaf of cyc and lid,  
pulling her hair the way she likes,  
caressing the grooves of her fingerprints.

He leans his dusty elbows  
deep into her lifeline.  
His handprints bleed mud,  
sculptor, map-maker, he leaves  
his dull tracks.

He pulses in her palm  
like something dying  
or coming to life.  
He's bright, so she rocks him  
like the sea rocks salt.