

Snow White Takes South Beach

It's not sin. No boy could love the ghosted
moon-pale skin I'm in, but I've got new flesh
under this. I strip to bra & slip
& let the noon sun touch me any way
it wants. It's the better burn I'm after,
my shins & thighs shocked pink & slick as a hog

roasting on a spit. I want hands on me.
I've been an out-of-favor princess
long enough to learn that anyone's will do.
The sun-stroked skin blanches white beneath my palms,
heat-sick and spent. I'd be a fool to hope
my long-lost prince could see the beauty

blooming beneath my rosy blistered skin.
That's fine. I'll make the world again myself.