

Nails

Poetry

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when we unzipped the Bag

and saw Her for the First Time

I didn't notice

Her hair.

Her face.

Her eyes.

no –

what struck me

were her Nails.

painted fiery,

sunset

Orange.

I wondered

if that was her Favorite Color.

or if she'd

gone to the Nail salon

and asked

for pastel Orange

but they were out.

so she decided to say

“Fuck it.

I want

the bright

highlighter

Orange.”

maybe she actually Hated that Color

but she Lost a Bet with a friend

and whoever won

got to pick a Matching Color

for them

at the Nail salon.

and her friend chose

cheeto

Orange.

because they knew

it would make her laugh.

or maybe

she didn't think about it too hard.

and it was a just a Forgotten Bottle

of old

Orange

Nail polish

that she found

while cleaning out her bathroom.

maybe it was in an Overfilled Cabinet

or a Random Drawer she never opened—

just one of those Random Places

people find Stuff when cleaning.

in any case,


her Orange Nail polish

was the first thing I noticed.

I don't really wear That Color...

but for Whatever Reason

I have a Bottle of it at Home too.



a b o u t • p o e t

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