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## Croissant // Barbie's Confrontation Dreamhouse

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ANDREA SPRINGER

# Croissant<sup>1</sup>

You say *worldly*  
and *well traveled*.<sup>2</sup>

I blanch, don't  
admit my word:<sup>3</sup>

blistered. You  
must've left

layers of yourself in  
every posh cafe<sup>4</sup>

you graced. You  
shaved your soles

to blanc, mewling  
skin, exorcising callus<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> As Seen Undergoing Flocculation

<sup>2</sup> to the same seventeen  
cocktail dresses and dismissive  
*how lovelys*

<sup>3</sup> for the you  
who presented yourself  
to me from Paris  
and who kissed me  
on two cheeks instead of one mouth  
and who complained about the wonder  
bread the next morning

<sup>4</sup> draped in garish chiffon, and smelling  
like desperation: the odor of emulsification  
agents expiring

<sup>5</sup> in the interest of self  
rasterization, discarding  
dimensions so your scarf lies  
flat.

# Barbie's Confrontation Dreamhouse

i.

Inhabiting a space of sandpaper-  
pissed off would be a nice change. I can't  
fathom how to grow tiny daggerstones

into my countenance, but I make mean  
mental comebacks. My dearest hypothetical  
is jackhammer sound ripping

ribbons through concrete. Larynx  
charged with battery—enough volts  
to damage trachea and sparring partner.

ii.

Amygdala Override—file under: renegade reactions—take hydrochloric responses & shove  
them so far into subconscious that they chafe against superego. De-purse Pepto Bismol pink lip.  
Fill pliable head with thoughts of being sexy doctor & sexy astronaut & sexy Susan B Anthony  
to forcibly squeeze out irritants. Meld four surrounding digits into springloaded middle finger  
& ensure that feet are too small, too soft, too stiletto-ready, to kick any ass. Keep composed.

iii.

I eye Skipper,  
but contempt is hard  
to manage with joy-painted  
eyes. Through gapless  
teeth, I cuss her

out, but my argument,  
like my molded pink  
plastic oven, or Fuchsia Summer  
Fun Party Jacuzzi, lacks real

heat. I move to chuck my ultra-  
violet vase at her, but the base  
stuck: melded to my vanity.  
Unopposable thumbs struggle to pluck

day-glo-green pansies, sharp  
enough to puncture rubbery  
face flesh, but this entire god  
damned mansion is baby proofed.