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If Miley Cyrus Were a Country // Un-Objected

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ASHLEY OLIN

If Miley Cyrus Were a Country

*If Miley's viewers were a country, they would be the fifth
largest population in the world—just ahead of Brazil.
—Daily Dispatch*

She licks me clean after I rowboat
her lime green fishnet arteries—
still hoarse

& sliming from the trek
under a tattooed tributary: reads *love*
never dies. She's a series of detailed lists—

I forefinger how many while performing
acupuncture on the shellacked skin
beneath her breasts, often

forgotten—. A giant matrix
of hiding places: take refuge
in the crevices of her hip-bones, swamps

of her cheeks for you will be
unfound; if her mouth floods I try
to pinch her so she swallows. Her earrings

are park swings, double
as captain chairs when we travel. I
think she loves

me—sees everything
as overstretched dreamcatchers, covers
what she doesn't like

with post-its. We are imperfect; I
patchwork her when she tears
using dampened skin fragments

from her lower lip insides.
We are an island—I, her only
inhabitant—. Her fingernails:

straws—thankfully I know
she will suckle me back in if
she sees I'm sliding out.

ASHLEY OLIN

Un-Objected

You are only allowed to chart your pressurized melancholy
for three episodes of Netflix at a time. You might be
alone: stop being harassed by your cuticles. Build up
an immunity to dandelions—parasitic, derogatory—pull them
from between patio bricks and if you so choose not
to press them in vodka, throw them in the sea. Collect
pieces of seashells in prescription bottles. Give everything away—
one-egg frying pan (a few eggs), cat slippers for sick days,
your eyelashes—. These are the things you may keep.
Barbecue on the porch: allow your friend and her husband's toddler
to cling to the side of your sundress. If in eleven years he
and his friends find you attractive (watch your legs
in Jimmy Choo)—don't let your face turn. Sing
alone in your kitchen once everyone leaves, soak delicates in the sink.
You wake: raindrops kamikaze into Monday. You will hate
the way you sign your name on the rent check—will want to scatter
your ex's floors with crescent finger nail clippings and watch him walk
barefoot. People will tell you to *breathe* and *just smile*
which will make you more furious than mold—if they ask you
your plans to *settle down*, say you have none: regardless

of how your knees might buckle
when you see him in a suit. Not a

ceiling—he is the sheetrock cut out of it
to make space for a chandelier.