

## MARRIAGE

Barbie wonders if it's cheating  
when she dreams of fashion doll boyfriends  
Mattel never made for her to play with.  
One with rastafarian dreadlocks—  
spun with fuzz, not stiff  
like the arcs of a plastic Jello mold.  
Another chubby and balding  
with John Lennon glasses.  
And a third with a big sexy nose  
like Gerard Depardieu.  
Still, she supposes, Ken is harmless enough.  
His pecs kept at bay by her stiff unyielding breasts.  
And there's nothing he can force on her  
when she's not in the mood.  
She remembers discontinued Midge's last words:  
"Hey, Barbie, it's a marriage, don't knock it."  
From the stack of boys' toys across the aisle,  
GI Joe occasionally gives Barbie the eye,  
though he's not exactly what she has in mind.  
In her box, elastic bands hold back her arms  
and the plastic overlay she peers through  
distorts her view of the world.  
It's not only a romantic fling she desires:  
there are hot air balloon rides,  
night school classes, charity work.  
Barbie comforts herself  
knowing she's not much different  
from the rest of us, juggling gratitude,  
ambition, passivity, and guilt.