

The Nail Salon

for an hour she sat across from me
heavy laden with the burden
of my chewed-up fingernails
like a queen from a dry, desert land
she painstakingly prepares
for her final curtain-call
a blue flower here
soft as sapphire eyes
a green, juicy leaf
like that of my garden
it smells of paint and glue
somehow soothing to me
as she finishes with a spray
of sunshine on my glowing tips