

### 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 perparees  
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