

On “Doll Parts” by Hole

Jennifer Wilson

orphans watch from the stands
with ribbons tied, hands open,
fingers working the knots
like plastic.

babies take the shape of us,

they hold up the whole room;
caryatids cast from grace
& naked, glass-eyed

& staring. dolls imperfect
in their colours collect
upon the shelves, jostling
dead poets for their places.

they sit uncomfortably in dust
& it troubles you to look at them.

martyrs to their make, they're saintly
bodies incorrupt of feeling
& they're mine, a thousand
frozen pieces of something
broken & they know

your eyes are only closed when you're lying,

when you let your liquids escape
as you harden, hydrophobic
to the point of solids with a sheen
that, should you touch them,
it would take only minutes
to desiccate and hollow,
becoming only air & ache.

and babies become us, crying
from their made in china faces,
their mouths made in smiles
meaning 'i want this
or i don't'
fat-limbed and hardened,
keeping the roof afloat.



Hole

“Doll Parts”

Live Through This

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DGC