



*Bad Girl Gone Badder*  
by Michael Allen Turner  
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**Origami Poetry Project**

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*Please recycle to a friend.*

**Little Red Goes In For Elective Surgery**

We can never kiss.  
You with a blue square  
that covers your mouth,  
and me, just anatomy.  
The sky is held with four  
strings and this turns my knees  
inside out. I wouldn't be able  
to understand your coffee breath,  
the way you leave  
incisions on the table,  
tiny yawns which need to be pinned.  
You have the drip, and I the beep,  
and there I go—another representation.  
What have you done with the crowd's  
chorus, that small cloud of outliers  
that I still haven't gotten over?  
Can you, for once, bring the dirt  
to me?

**Little Red Embraces Militant Feminism**

It gave up its water to hold water.  
This basket of dried reeds held  
to her head as she travels the well-worn  
path trodden by many women.  
This is the greatest palimpsest effect,  
a sentence laid out from their doors  
to the seeped-in well. One woman's footprints  
alone would not be enough to bevel  
and harden the earth, she would know,  
too well, the stomped out story.  
On the path there's a cacophony  
of sentences spliced together and just one  
woman hoping her basket springs a leak  
one that rages with the memory of its birth,  
the scent locked away for some season  
to come and release it. She will not boil  
the water this time, she will come home  
as all things come home, with the desire  
to create or destroy.

**Little Red Tethered to the Bed**

She makes the raft to handle the to and fro.  
There are padlocks in her brain: if you bring your eye  
to the keyhole you will see sparkling water,  
industrial blue, women in bikinis who dip  
their legs in and rub lotion on their arms  
to reveal the secret. She remembers what it was  
to love herself, to piss in the pot, her leg tethered  
to her husband's bed post. She wiped so gingerly,  
so tenderly and ignored the tugs as she beckoned  
the disease closer and closer waving some wand in the air.

**Little Red Considers Symmetry**

Birds flit forth,  
one-half coursing with little color  
the other white as Little Red's  
dream bubble where they pass  
presenting stiff plumage,  
asking for horse hair to nest.  
Only one eye is needed  
for flight, but the birds expose  
their white-halves and draw  
the violence towards the head—  
pencil circling for symmetry,  
where the other eye should be.