

**SARAH BLACKMAN**

**Local Politics**

On the cover of a comic book, two girls bemoan their virginity.

“Hinkeys! Everyone else has found love!”  
says the girl who is colored cappuccino. She’s the kind of cup  
with chocolate shavings, a cap of foam  
dipsy-doodling over the edge of the oversized artisan mug.  
“Not everything is only a thing,” say her very tan arms and her breasts,  
high and succulent.

Her friend is a peach frappe. There’s some ice  
in that complexion, some granulation.

“Willikers!” she sorrows. “Do you think there’s something  
*wrong* with us?”

The girls are on a bench. The girls have identical, improbable  
bosoms—heaving—and identical legs.

The kind of legs you’d see drawn on anthropomorphized  
salt shakers or oil cans. Legs just made for pumps  
and garters. Let’s-Face-It legs, meant to be hyperextended.  
The blue hollow of the tendon as the hip pops.

In the background, happy couples are staking out the bushes.  
Everyone is hail fellow, well met. A jock with a jock,  
nerds prisms the world through duo-lenses. Even the red-  
headed boy—so pale, his freckles like liver spots  
betraying a deeper unhealth—has paired up  
with the sock in his pocket,  
a picture of the oil can clipped from the coupon  
circular and pinned to the inside of his shirt.

In a moment, there will be a tremendous dystopia.  
The girls are about to be surrounded.

The world is a moist place, busy, undercurrented.  
The world swirls algae in the shallows,  
buries the small bones under layers of last year’s leaves.

But these girls are singular.  
They go it alone on the bench, knee to knee,  
wrists bent like royalty, love-lashed eyes (two blue,  
two hazelnut-cream) swooning the horizon line.

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Just off scene, someone is cocking  
his arm for the punch. Someone else is pushing  
her super-do—a Jackie-O, fresh hairspray beading  
like rainbow spiderlets—a little lower, a little lower, almost there.