

PINK BOXES

BY JENNIFER JONES

I was raised on pink boxes with shiny
glazed plastic coatings & curlicue
fonted words with little plastic windows

tiny feet inside with fluffy companions
skinny legs and microscopic bristle brushes
with little ribboned bows.

I was raised in a pink aisle
in satiny dresses with fuchsia feather
boas and little high heeled slippers

I looked up at the shelves
at the aisles of aisles
of glitter and the sequined crowns

at the boxes and boxes of outfits
at waist length blonde hair

no cuts or bruises or scars
nothing but happiness and
permanently bronzed skin without a blemish
and loving husbands by your side

the teeny tiny kitschy kitchens
the petite waistlines with perky breast bumps
low necklines and pink convertibles.

I was taught to believe that I should believe
what was being sold in pretty pink boxes.

PINK BOXES NO. II

I was raised on two colors
pink and purple—three if you count glitter
painted on contented expressions

full makeup and little coordinating purses
little lipsticks and little feet
that only fit into microscopic high heels
double jointed hips and little ball gowns

pink boxes that showed me all I could be
wifemother, happyperky,
shoppingchefing
in a perfect little box

little pink boxes with glossy
cardboard walls and clear plastic
windows displayed what I
was allowed to want

boxes showed me what I should
look like from the outside
I hated my pink box
because I didn't understand
why I didn't want the things that
the pink box contained

I hated that she didn't transform
into anything. Objectification is for sale
in the pink aisle. It's right there
in the shiny pink box.