

**LETTERS TO MY WOULD BE ON DOLLS AND REPEATING**

*Dear \_\_\_\_\_,*

Girl Scout for 2 years, then I quit. I can tie 37 types of knots. I can untie none of them.

*Dear \_\_\_\_\_,*

I don't understand when you wrote, "I am full of shit, imbalanced and you can't stand me." I don't want to be presumptuous, so I'll just wait to hear back from you. I have a tendency to read into things.

*Dear \_\_\_\_\_,*

Things are a language. I read that in a horribly written book, once. Whenever my mother neglected me, she'd buy me a doll. I hate dolls. Yet, there was something oddly comforting in getting the thing I didn't want.

I'd opt for a Barbie, of course. I'd get home and pile her into her pink Barbie Dream House with the others. I didn't even pry the box tethers off her neck. I liked them. They reminded me of a noose.

*Dear \_\_\_\_\_,*

A faith healer told me I could raise dead things. I don't know what that means exactly. Seems selfish to waking those from eternal slumber because I'm sleepwalking.

*Dear \_\_\_\_\_,*

Same as yours.

Father was a moody bastard genius, and I don't know if it was the drugs or schizophrenia. I do know I worry. Lunacy is genetic, I'm told.

Anyway, I'm off to pick up some Shiraz and my prescriptions. Nothing serious: one to stay awake, one to fall asleep, one to feel normal, one to feel nothing.

*Dear \_\_\_\_\_,*

My therapist suggested purchasing a pet. So, I leased a death row pit-bull from the humane society! I've named him Ken.

PS-I'm allergic to dogs.

*Dear \_\_\_\_\_,*

Eleven. Lost it to a Ken doll. Don't tell anyone. It was one of those secrets shared between childhood friends. Whenever she slept over, we would take our hard Kens and rub their smooth plastic heads against our pussies. Heard her moan. I feigned sighing. My fingers knew me better. I needed something more from Ken. I took him into me, up to the shoulders. When I pulled him out, blood from his head dripped down his torso. Ken had that same picket smile, pinkish though, none worse for the wear. And I swear I felt him, breathing.

*Dear \_\_\_\_\_,*

Not much to tell. I stockpiled that one with all the Barbies. Once I had him he was no use to me anymore.

*Dear \_\_\_\_\_,*

I realize I won't know your name.  
May I call you Lazarus?

