

## **Diva Doll**

Baby doll. Barbie doll. Mama was a Diva. Mama's baby was a doll. Mama collected dolls. Pretty pink, fluffy glamorous porcelain dolls. Mama dressed dolls, dressed me like I was her doll. Fluffy, pretty powder pink show and tell baby doll/baby girl/mama's baby's girl. Mama loved how dolls looked. Pretty porcelain faces. Ruby lips/ Ebony eyeliner/cinnamon blush. Perfect. Exteriors look pretty/ pink/ shiny/glossy. Cameras loved mama as much as she loved cameras. Mama shared legacy. Diva doll. Baby doll. Mama's living doll. "Smile real pretty for the camera baby" "Walk down the runway baby girl" Follow mama, follow footsteps, follow Diva. Mama didn't see her baby. Mama saw pink ruffled ponytails. Mama dressed me pretty like her dolls. Everything plastic/coated/covered/perfect show and tell. Mama loved things she could show and tell. Shiny surfaces. Exteriors. Kept dolls wrapped in plastic boxes. Trophies. Show and tell. Mama took pictures/mama loved studio shots/mama's baby had to sit for studio shots. "Smile pretty baby. Smile like mama. You look like a living doll." Pictures don't lie. Mama didn't see eyes. Peering out. Sad. Empty eyes peering out behind porcelain. Mama hung pictures of baby girl/baby doll/Diva doll all around the house. Mama hung pictures of herself around the house. Living dolls. Pretty pictures filled shelves/walls/empty spaces. Mama's baby doll. Mama's mirror. Mama didn't touch. Taffeta ruffles, bubble gum pink clothes filled closets. Mama covered her baby girl with layers of ruffles, bows, powder pink fluff. Mama didn't touch. Kept

her in the plastic box.