



“The creation of Plastic: Parody of Billy Collins’
‘Forgetfulness’”

by: Lauren Hatch

The name of the augments is the first to go,
followed obediently by the time, the place,
the heartbreaking conclusion, the entire surgery,
which suddenly becomes one you have negated really, never
even heard of,

as if, one by one, the moles you used to have
decided to run towards the slicing hand of the surgeon,
to a little fantasy village where there are no flaws.

Long ago you kissed the nose of the new Muses good-bye
and watched the quickening elation pack its bag,
and even now as you memorize the order of the plastic surgeries,

something else is slipping away, a simple facial feature perhaps,
the acuteness of your uniqueness, the creation of plastic.

Whatever it is you are searching to revive
it is not promised on the transformation of your body,
not even lurking in some obscure corner of your soul.

It has fled away down a dark mindless rationality
where nothing begins with an actual flaw as you can recall,
well on your own way to obscurity where you will join those
who have even forgotten how to smile and how to recognize
beauty!

No wonder you research in the middle of the night
looking up the details of a famous surgery in a book on change.
No wonder the person in the mirror seems to have drifted
out of love with the person you used to know by heart.