

## RUSSIAN DOLL

By Rachel Rooney

All you see is outside me: my painted smile,  
The rosy-posy shell, the fluttery eyes.  
A butter-won't-melt-in-my-mouth-type me

But inside there's another me, bored till playtime.  
The wasting paper, daytime dreamer.  
A can't-be-bothered-sort-of-me.

And inside me there's another me, full of cheek.  
The quick, slick joker with a poking tongue.  
A class-clown-funny-one-of me

And inside there's another me who's smaller, scared.  
The scurrying, worrying, yes miss whisperer.  
A wouldn't-say-boo-to-a-goosey me

And inside there's another me, all cross and bothered.  
The scowling hot-head, stamping feet.  
A didn't-do-it-blameless me

And inside there's another me, forever jealous  
who never gets enough, compared.  
A grass-is-always-greener me

And deepest down, kept secretly  
a tiny, solid skittle doll.  
The girl that hides inside of me.



POEMS