**Black Nail Polish**

Jet black polish,

locked away in a glossy cylinder fish tank,

its black handle rigid.

Teeth marks tried to open it.

I bang it on the counter:

*knock, knock, knock.*

The lamp light hits the top at the perfect angle,

and the carved brand name is revealed, OPI.

I brush my fingertips across the name

and feel the textures of the lettering

as smooth as freshly sanded wood.

Finally, it cracks,

and slowly, it opens, and hisses like sneaking open a pop bottle.

I pull the handle out

and along with it comes the beautiful black polish,

stringy like floss,

ready to brush the beds of my fingernails

the way Michelangelo stroked his paint brush across the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

The inside, dark and seemingly endless,

like a black hole, the polish forms the shape of a heart,

a damaged one,

difficult to open,

strung out and barely used,

but beautiful.

With long slow strokes,

I start to paint my fingernails.