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## Bearded Beauty

Up the folding steps  
Into this rolling home.

Bright curtains adorned with lace,  
Through them, colorful lights of a Ferris wheel.

A mountain of festive dresses lie on the floor,  
Casting a smell of sweat and perfume.

In the corner sits a dresser,  
Tiny coarse black hairs scattered about.

Above, a lighted mirror,  
An old straight razor stabbed into shards of broken glass.

MARY ELKIN