

## “Barbie's Little Sister”

How terrible it would be  
to be Barbie's little sister,  
suspended in perpetual pre-adolescence  
while Barbie, hair flying behind her  
in a tousled blonde mane, dashed  
from adventure to adventure,  
ready for space travel or calf roping  
or roller disco in campy, flashy clothes  
that defied good taste and reason.  
Stuck with the awful nickname Skipper,  
Barbie's little sis never got out much,  
a mere boarder in Barbie's three-story  
hot-pink Dream House, too young  
to wear the thousands of outfits  
stashed in the bedroom closets:  
purple beaded Armani evening gowns,  
knit sweater dresses by Donna Karan,  
specially commissioned tennis togs  
sewn personally by Oleg Cassini.  
Skipper had to buy stuff off the rack  
at K-Mart, condemned to wear  
floral sunsuits with Peter Pan collars.  
Unlike her bosomy sister,  
Skipper had no chest  
for the boys to ogle,  
until some bright toy maker  
gave us Growing Up Skipper:  
with a twist of her right arm,  
she grew taller, breasts sprouting  
where there once were none,  
a thick rubber band inside her

pushing her chest up and out  
until the band snapped  
and Skipper was stuck at age fifteen,  
never the same again.  
For consolation, she turned to  
Barbie's black friend Christie-  
who was just figuring out  
all the fuss about equal rights-  
and Barbie's best pal Midge,  
who was tired of hearing  
about spats with Ken, knowing  
he was cheating on America's sweetheart  
with every new celebrity doll on the market-  
Brooke Shields, Cher, Dorothy Hamill.  
Together, those three decided  
they'd had enough of Toyland-  
so they pooled their cash,  
swiped Barbie's camper,  
and tore out of California  
for Las Vegas, where they bought  
a little establishment not too far  
from the gaming houses,  
a restaurant for all of us  
without thick manes of hair  
or upturned noses, without  
impossibly slender ankles  
and tiny feet, without  
perfectly molded breasts.