

Elizabeth Holmes: Margaret Keane Eyes

Those unblinking, semi-psychotic, Margaret Keane eyes.
Those darling-philtrumed Cupid's-bow lips, perfect by any cosmic measure.
Those diminutive tits that put the "tits" in "tits," literally incarnate
the term – the sound of! – "tits": listen and hear *tits, tits* as she walks.
That ubiquitous black turtleneck shirt hides an ambrosial neck, for sure.

That slightly goofy gait and goofier, strandy hair – yet placid geisha regality.
That robotic, enigmatic, eerie, elfin look – and those cartoonish ears!
When she speaks with that dorky, masculine voice the erotic spell is complete.

All fraud, all half-truths, all deception, delusion and illegality *must* be forgiven
for nothing more than her weird beauty, the plinking of *tits, tits, tits, tits, tits*
through the halls, her sleepless, manic, bloodshot mannequin gaze.

Elizabeth Holmes, bloodsucking zealot, anime-eyed/nerd-eared insta-seducer,
the world should be your oyster, and your oyster must be quite a world.
To smell your tongue alone would inspire lifelong favor and absolution;
probing journalists, scientists and supermodels alike wilt beneath your dirty toes;
even the taste of your underarms or your teeth's sound demands immunity.