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Poetry — Laura Dame

the female obscenity
captures, climbs,
creeps my body like a thousand
toy soldiers come to life with knives
punching and pinching and prying
me open—a flimsy can kind of day
where half my body seems
to leech away like crimson
acid from a crumpled old battery

i'm down to 2-D: merely
a sticker with the image of a stranger
flat and floppy my muscles
no longer my own to move
is to scrape myself off in a process
of agonized peeling always
pretending I am not shriveling
a nursery out from inside of me

my emotions a hijacked flight
and me trapped on board
don't fault the passengers
blame the self-appointed crew
you wouldn't be laughing if
your hands were tied too

fancy wrappings
soft and fuzzy things
heat, gratitude, sweets
all placations perpetually lacking—
pitiful attempts to paint
the pain into a pretty one I just
can't see the rose
for all the thorns

9 years
of rousing speeches have
yet to do the trick
in making this predestined
companion seem cool or even hip
every month the same conclusion:
turns out she's just a bitch