

vi.

it is the smile across a generation
as big as the flowers being pinned to the
breasts of a former golden age.
She never looked happier.

vii.

i admire the strength,
no. the pride
You kept when collapsed on a
questionably used,
might i add?
slate grey couch
friends surrounding Your wounds
i admire Your love

viii.

did i mention the situation was the stuff of dime store
true crime novels?
and SEVERLY less. not. funny. at all.

ix.

exploring the nick i stumble head first into a hole of laminated tile
and land at the feet of a
friendly faced male.
i silently refuse his kind-looking, outstretched hand
and walk away without any utterance or a
backwards look.
isn't that what You are supposed to do?

x.

i'd rather not feel hairy and saggy. I'd rather feel like a strong independent Woman.