

That Joke (a haiku)

I did not laugh at
that misogynist joke you
told the other day.

My armour rose up
in muted defiance. I
burned my bra, fist clenched

I protested with
vagina-themed signs while
tolerating you.

French Immersion

Sometimes French is a
much
better
word.

Pain au chocolat
wouldn't taste as good
as chocolate bread.
It's not bread;
it's pastry,
which tastes
so
much
better
when you call it
pâtisserie.

Walking in the woods
after a big storm
pine needles are everywhere underfoot.
Needles is so clinical and painful.
Aiguilles is a
much
better
word.
It doesn't hurt.
It is soft and squishy
Like pine needles in mud.

The tea pot is
so
much
better as
théière.
Saying it out loud
—théière—
calms the nerves.
Not only do I want to drink that tea,
I imagine it warming the insides of the
most
beautiful
pot.