

“Mid-yoga thoughts of a Nice Girl”

I’m so nice, aren’t I? Just the nicest.

Poisonous voices never run through my head, listing off in perfect harmony what I hate about each and every one of you.

I never smile as I seethe,

*Get that inner smile going...*

never bite back opinions that should have bitten you.

The bile that surges through me never finds an escape. I never breathe out the acid that curls in my throat

*Moving on the breath into baby cobra—*

like a belligerent snake.

I never speak my hatred into existence. Instead, it freezes at the base of my spine.

I walk like a person who is whole, but in truth I am paralyzed by

*Feet to plank pose!*

vitriol.

The innocence, the lightness, the niceness. I hold them all delicately in my palm,

*hands to the sky. Gooooood. Now breathe*

considering them as a collector considers antiques.

I hold up these foreign objects for all to see. The daylight catches them. They are beautiful, if a bit brittle.

I hide my face behind them.

*Lovely, aren't they?*

Rage could never speak so articulately.

And it doesn't fit anywhere I do.