

Like This

I am a fucking feminist
Our words bright
And bellies full
With toast and pancakes.
We watch TV in a fluffy bed,
Our feet touching,
And bodies bent.
This is our privilege.
This is not our dream.
We can go all day like this
Being nobody and hurting nothing and making nothing.
We can go all day like this.

Brick Wall

I will write an email about them.

And when I am finished, I will re-read my email and I
will remember: *They are beautiful little girls.*

And they are not so little; they are sixteen and seventeen and eighteen.
And they have made adult decisions and have adult dreams.
And they wait until class is over to ask a question, and ride buses
alone, and stay up working with low light in the kitchen.
Their parents are proud.

They will sometimes lie about texting.

They are good at lying; they forget truths
so easily that it is as though my reality is the falsehood.
They are easily offended, so deeply hurt by the accusation
that they lodge themselves behind a wall of protection.

Sometimes I take down a brick, refined and intentional. I am
both a builder and a breaker.

I will hit "send".

They will see what I am blind to, observations of each other
that can be gained only by knowing, really knowing
the other. They seek my approval but they belong to each other.
Six shoulders. Six arms. Six hands.
They are beautiful little girls.

Their backpacks are too big, but they carry them everyday.

To Tense and To Tend

Tension: it floats in bubbles between us, before us
Black Swan, black theater
Nobody is touching; we are all waiting
Breaths caught.

Tension: it sits like a weight within our elbows, our knees
The points where we would bend, but are stiff
Blood on the screen is not from our bodies
But we recognize it.

Tension: it is private films in every head, of dancing
and drumming and drilling and dieting, dangling our feet over the edge.
Entropy means the world is oriented toward disorder.
I will fall.

Tenderness: it is red eyes that see, red eyes that see back
Cold bright bathroom light pain
The sound vacuum leaving loud the pulsing of blood in my ears.
Blink, blink, blink.

Tenderness : it is chattering nonsense and glittery motion
Solid colorful goodness, we are together again
We are touching and bending our limbs.
We wash our hands.

Tenderness: it is laughing in unison at
Sneaking into a dark blue theater.
The warmth of shared accomplishment radiating from us.
We hold each other.