

## Thoughts at 4am

She sits next to me, less a grown woman than a crystallized ghost of a girl.

She thinks through the events of the night with me, step by step, slowly, sped up, in surround sound and kaleidoscope colors. We are one. She does not scold. She does not praise. She just thinks along with the rhythm of the memories. She leads and I follow. I know my excuse will be *I wasn't thinking*. The gray matter within my head swings a hard right hook into the depths of my skull. *Don't blame any of this on me*. It stalks off, shunning me, and tries to curl up to rest for the night.

I turn to her, and she looks at me with the hollow black pits she has for eyes.

I realize there is no argument between an angel and a demon. No agony within yourself before you break imaginary binds. There is only you and your overactive imagination, replaying exactly what you did and who would be hurt by it. You get no answer when you call to explain.

I look to her again, but by this time she has evaporated into the stillness of the room.

under her skirt.

under her skirt  
between the recesses of her thighs  
the crotch of her stockings  
has worked its way  
to that place  
where all she could think about  
was adjusting.

under her skirt  
between the recesses of fabric folds  
the hand of her superior  
has worked its way  
to that place  
where all she could think about  
was keeping her job.

under her blouse  
between the recesses of her abdomen  
the contents of her stomach  
has worked its way  
to that place  
where all she could think about  
was running to the restroom.

under her skin  
between the recesses of her mind  
the events of the day  
has worked its way  
to that place  
where all she could think about  
was rage.

## Ode to the Underdressed Woman at the End of the Bar

Leave something to the imagination  
As if women are only categorized  
By either Naked or  
Naked Under Their Clothes  
And men want you to be covered  
Just so they can entertain themselves  
With creepy thoughts

You are wearing something  
A supposed good parent  
Would tell their teen daughter to  
change out of  
Proud of their parenting skills  
And oblivious to the fact she walked out  
The door  
Smiling  
In a frumpy sweater and baggy jeans  
With the offending outfit underneath

Women Without Clothes  
Those harlots  
Those sluts  
Good women feel sorry for  
Look at them! They cry  
Those desperate darlings trying  
To take anyone home  
Good women with eyes like Hawks  
And hearts like Lead  
Drowning themselves in their goodness  
And overly abundant layering of sweaters

I see you  
I've been you  
And what I can attest

Is you look like you are asking for  
Nothing more  
Than a goddamn drink

## Bisexual Woman Tries Online Dating

Sign up for account  
Debate for a solid hour on what to put  
In the orientation blank  
Browse

COUPLE LOOKING FOR THREESOME  
MY HUSBAND AND I WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN  
WINKING FACE  
LOOKING FOR A SPECIAL LADY TO FIT MY BOYFRIEND'S FANTASY  
WINKING FACE  
COUPLE LOOKING FOR THREESOME  
WINKING FUCKING FACE  
THREESOME  
THREESOME  
THREESOME  
THREESOME  
THREESOME  
THREESOME  
THREESOME  
THREESOME  
WINKING FACE  
LOOKING FOR SOME FUN  
LOOKING FOR A SPECIAL LADY TO JOIN US  
THREESOME  
THREESOME  
THREESOME  
FUCKING WINKING FACE

Find a pretty girl  
exchange messages  
After a few days of banter  
She says  
So my husband has always wanted to have a thr....  
Sign off  
Delete account

Pretend to be straight until it kills you

White Girls Wearing Bindis

White Girls Wearing Bindis  
A foreign structure  
On mundane landscape  
Like their average Midwestern foreheads  
Are the site of a goddamn World's Fair

White Girls Wearing Headdresses  
Like every feather in their  
Manufactured crown  
Was bought with the blood of natives  
Just for them to put on Instagram

White Girls Wearing Cornrows  
Bandu knots  
Dreadlocks  
Drive through the ghetto  
Roll up the windows  
Lock the doors  
Take fashion tips  
Claim they've never been seen before

White girls sitting in waiting rooms  
Waiting to be injected  
Cut open  
Whittled and prodded  
Pointing at images of body parts  
And saying I want that one  
Children picking out candy  
at the dime store  
Wondering if they will still be able  
To hit the tanning bed  
While they heal

Walk boldly into the museum

Broad day light  
Open the case  
Take their pick  
Pretend the Crown Jewels  
have been theirs all along  
Get angry when the guards stop them on the way out

Why get a tattoo of a Celtic Cross  
When a dream catcher will do

And when they pose for the selfie  
And wait for the likes  
They do not hear the screams  
Of millions  
They instead hear a man's voice whisper

You will never  
be good enough