

The girl, whose hair was red, green and yellow

by Agnes Ezra Arabella

There were trees where I lived
and clean pavement
and pretty houses
that blocked the light from my bedroom window

The room had leftovers from childhood
Pink girly walls
stuffed animals that used to sing to me

They held me suspended
like the water and the beaches that I loved
The ocean I had bled in
lay down
and prayed to God

Like lighting pierces the sky
it pierced me
floating in space
waves
salty water
daydreams

I wanted to smear my pussy all
over the world

The pussy that all the other girls hated
The weird one
that never shuts up

My brother teasing
"We did not land on
Plymouth rock;
Plymouth rock landed on us."
- Malcolm X

I hate shopping malls
dislike boredom
and Chuck E Cheese
and the cultural hole
that suspends Mickey Mouse in outer space

I punch walls in my bedroom
and would like to break glass windows
Wrists on fire
bleeding processed foods
and the TV
My America
The shopping malls
The hairspray can and curling iron
wrapped in the glow of a well manicured lawn
and children playing with every toy
imaginable
eating the sweetest popsicle

The newsman
burns through the TV
blood and legs flying
blood and guts bleeding

But I am in my room
My pussy talking to herself
late at night
alone
under pink lacy covers

My pussy talks to the stars
flashing and sparkling
like I know outer space
My blood comes out in clumps
the imperfection
like American cheese
lays its burnt head
on my pretty pink pillow.

