

# 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.

