

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.

