

A Traitor of the Better Kind

by Jules Archer

Justification is a chant tattooed
on the inside of my wrist.
The pretty things you say to me when
I will not swallow. Go ahead, boy,
pout like a fool. The braids you put me in will
cut and tear down my nastiness.

Give me,
give me a side of stale satisfaction for I
will be good and get gold, justifying in weathered
and knee-scuffed jeans the lollipop-style I
suck and shear.

The crazy girl is thinking again,
you say. Spouting treacle and chaining her
wrists. But stale limelight is unwanted.
I have my head on a pillow when you leave
and I sigh my loudest.

