

# this you don't hate



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scars publications

# here is me

i have a secret

i have an awful secret

and i can't tell anyone

you see, my life

would fall apart

if anyone knew

everyone thinks

i'm some one different

but here is me

# Barbie

My sister-in-law gave me a Midge doll set when she married my brother. Midge came complete with a wardrobe of designer floor-length dresses, with sequins, and tulle, and three-quarter-length gloves.

But Midge, an older model, had short red hair styled like a housewife, not like Barbie's, long and blond and flowing. And Midge could never sit in a chair because her plastic legs were rigid and couldn't bend.

For my sixth birthday I received a P.J. doll, one of Barbie's friends. P.J.'s hair was blonde, like Barbie's, but it was shorter. And here eyes were brown, like mine. Not eyes to dream of. Eyes like mine.

When I finally got you, Barbie, I treated you like some sort of goddess, you with your disproportionate figure and perpetual smile. When you never eat, you can stay thin. You can always be happy.

I took plastic kitchen shelf liner and caulking glue and lined a shoebox so you could have a bath tub. I taped a straw around the back of the tub so you could have jets and extra bubbles when you soaked.

My father's pool table was your lake; a second shoe box served as your speed boat. You took all your friends for boat rides along the green; Ken, the Donny and Marie dolls, P.J., even Midge.

But I couldn't be like you, I had to eat, and I could only stand on my toes for so long when you stood like a dancer perpetually. I couldn't always smile. I was only a little girl. And I was cursed with brown eyes.

What did you teach me? I pressed you next to Ken under your pink and white bed sheets, but your plastic bodies made a loud noise when you came together. Your legs never intertwined. Your smile never changed.

And now, all grown up, I visit my parent's house, and they tell me I have boxes of toys that could be thrown away. Kitchen accessories for the Barbie camper, beaded dresses I made myself. And I think:

I could give these toys to my niece, so she could play, so she could learn. And then I decide: no, these dolls, these values, these memories, they belong sealed in cardboard boxes, where only time can take its toll.

# issues

you think i'm going to come  
running back to you again, do you,  
you think i need you so desperately  
that all you have to say is that  
you do care about me  
and that you don't want me to  
leave your life and that you  
don't want this to be goodbye,  
well, you told me good-bye once  
before and i took you back  
but now you've done it again  
and you think it's all so easy  
and you think it's all roses and  
candy and i'm not going back to you  
and what you did isn't good for me  
and i know i sound like a psychai-  
trist now but you have some  
issues you need to deal with  
and i can't be your counselor;  
i need someone to counsel me  
and if you need help you can't  
help me, and i've figured that  
much out: you can't help me

# more whiskey sours

i need more

more money, more orgasms

more clothes, more cigarettes

more whiskey sours, more heroin

more love

# loved you the most

I heard last week that you died.  
I called your office to ask you a question  
and the receptionist had to tell me.

Of course I didn't hear it from your family.  
How would they know to call me?  
They, who don't even know my last name  
ans think I was a heathen and no good for you.  
They, tied to you by blood, never knew  
I wished for that tie to you too.  
They never knew I put you on a pedestal.  
They never knew I made you my god.

I went to your funeral today. I wore a veil  
over the brim of my hat and stayed in the back  
while they lowered your casket into the ground.  
When everyone was at your gravesite  
the minister talked about the ones you left behind:  
your parents, your brother, your sister.  
What he didn't know was that you left  
me behind too. The one that loved you the most.

I knew I could never have you in my life.  
But I needed to know you were alive, so I could go on living.  
And the minister spoke of how your family would miss you.  
And I thought, what about me.  
What do I do with nothing to love.

# never did the same

we've put each other through hell, i know  
we've tried each other's patience  
we've goaded each other on  
we've pissed each other off  
we've jerked each other around  
but i've noticed two things, one  
is that whenever you were unhappy  
i turned on the charm, i tried  
to make your day, i tried to  
make you laugh, and the other  
thing that i noticed is that  
you never did the same for me

# run faster

why me

why do I keep doing this to myself

why do I keep coming back

I beg for attention

and I don't know how to stop

and I don't know how to be alone

so I keep giving you

one more chance to make it perfect

one more chance to save the damsel

but I'm not a damsel

and I'm not being rescued

and I'm not feeling any better

because even though I hate you

I'll never let go

so you'll just have to run faster

# russians at a garage sale

at our annual garage sale this year  
all these old couples came walking by

they were from the russian neighborhood  
they could barely speak english

they would pick up an iron. "how much?"  
"four dollars." "fifty cents?" "no."

it was a warm indian summer day  
we were all clad in shorts and sunglasses

they would point at the iron, a toaster,  
a blender. "all for a dollar?" "no."

and all the old couples wore raincoats  
and scarves wrapped around their heads

they would pick up a wine glass. "how much?"  
"twenty-five cents." "how about ten?"

# see you crawl

come on, boy

i want to see you come crawling back

not because i want you here

but because i want to see you crawl

# self-destructiv e

i've been self-destructive before  
and you liked me then

maybe i should go back  
go back to those days  
when it didn't matter who i was with

why would it matter  
unless it was you?

# shame on me

you are stubborn, moody,  
angry and hateful  
you want to hate  
and you want to hate me

and i keep thinking that  
you couldn't even fuck  
your way out of a card-  
board box, you ass-hole

but i still tried, i wanted  
to make it work with us  
and the highs were too high  
but the lows were too low

and i've tried, i've worked  
and i've slaved for you  
and i wanted to know  
this couldn't fail

but once again  
you've proved me wrong

fool me once  
and shame on you,  
fool me twice

and shame on me

# sorry flowers

i bet you think a box of candy is  
all you need to make everything better  
and you'd still say i need to lose  
some weight, sure, feed me candy, okay.

i love "apology candy" as much as i  
love "sorry flowers" and people at the  
office keep saying i must be a great  
girlfriend because i get flowers at the

office but then i tell them that they  
are "sorry flowers" and that the  
worst kind of flowers are "sorry  
flowers" because you'd rather have no

flowers if it meant that you two  
were happy all the time. and no one  
understands what you're talking about.  
and neither do you. so good-bye.

# the men at the construction site

a woman told me  
that scientists did an experiment  
where a woman  
first walked past a construction site  
with her head down

no one bothered her,  
no one noticed her  
everyone at the site left her alone

then, later in the day,  
she walked past again  
in the same outfit, with the same stride  
but this time she walked with  
her head up,  
more confidently

and that's when she got  
the calls, the whistles  
from the men at the construction site

and you tell me it's not deliberate  
and you tell me it's not an effort  
to keep women in their place

# you feel more

it's like this:  
run your hand  
back and forth  
in a line  
parallel to  
the ground  
that's the world  
you see  
it's that line  
now raise  
your hand  
a few inches,  
maybe six  
above that line  
and run your hand  
back and forth  
and that is you  
you're above it all  
you're better  
than them all  
you can do more  
you succeed more  
you feel more  
and then,  
you see, you  
raise your hand

a few inches,  
maybe six more  
above that line  
and run your hand  
back and forth  
and that is  
who you love

and when you feel  
you're above  
them all  
how will you  
find someone  
higher?

# who you tell your dreams to

we were driving down the freeway  
you and me in the pick-up truck  
and your girlfriend inbetween  
where you could move the gear shift  
and it would mean so much to you

and you saw something that you thought  
was beautiful, and you said, "look  
at the lines, look at how it was made"  
and you were inspired by the beauty  
of an everyday object no one else noticed

and your girlfriend, riding in the middle  
said "that's him, people think he's crazy"  
and i thought, "no, it just depends on who  
you tell your dreams to" but i couldn't  
say it in the truck i wouldn't say it

# this halloween

this halloween i got a costume together  
i wore a black page-boy wig,  
a vinyl dress and matching vinyl boots

it was strange for me  
i'm not such an outgoing person

and every time i was left alone at a bar  
someone would hit on me  
usually someone ugly  
but i didn't tell them to leave me alone:

i gave them a fake name, a fake number

and looking back, what made the difference  
was not wearing the revealing clothes  
but wearing a wig, changing my identity

and it's not that i'd do it again  
but i must admit  
i really like being someone else  
just for a little while

# the things warren says

I know about this guy,  
he sucked his eyeball out  
with a shop-vac

he went to the hospital  
brought the shop-vac  
with him

he was okay, but they  
couldn't put his eye  
back in:

it was all mangled, and  
besides, it was covered  
in potato chips

# the measuring scale

Here's an addition for your  
degrading terminology  
of women list. In the  
construction field they  
(men) have devised another  
form of measurement.  
When something is being  
lowered or fitted into place  
they will often refer  
to an inch or so as:  
up or down about a cunt hair.  
They have gone so far  
as to determine that blonde  
pubic hair is the smallest  
increment and at the other  
end of the measuring scale  
is black pubic hair.

Pam, via the internet

why don't you dissect me,  
take every single part of me  
and equate it with power tools,  
sports and violence?  
bang me, screw me, nail me,  
hammer me, bag me, pump  
me. shoot it in me. maybe you  
can even score.

if we're talking about  
measuring scales, what about  
the scale that defines the way  
you treat us:  
on one end is the minor stuff,  
calling us "baby" and "sugar,"  
whistling as we walk by, but  
then move along the scale, get to  
the blonde jokes, yes, they're so  
funny, then how about a pinch  
in the rear at the office,  
well, that's harmless enough  
and while you're at it, porn  
movies and magazines, what harm  
do they do, and hey, women  
have always worked at home,  
so you should have all the jobs  
and get the better pay anyway  
and since we're just your pro-  
perty, fuck us whenever you  
want, i mean, hey, you're doing  
it already in every other aspect  
of our repressed, oppressed lives  
so rape us, smack us around  
knock us down a flight of stairs  
that's what we're here for

god, i don't even know how to  
measure these things any more

# warren stories

i heard this story about this fat woman  
who sat naked on a pork chop bone once

and didn't notice when it lodged itself  
among her folds of fat. years later,

when she felt a sharp pain, and the doctors  
couldn't figure out what it was, opened

her up and found the pork chop, and realized  
that her skin just eventually grew over it.





# This you don't hate.



From the picture window  
the snow drizzling down  
fell effortlessly, silently:  
I wondered if outside it

was as quiet as it looked.  
The snow blanketed the  
grass, past the pier his father  
made last summer, out



over the lake. Everything  
glowed in an untouched  
whiteness. No footprints  
yet. Just falling snow.

From the couch I looked  
at the larger-than-life  
snowflakes fall, one after  
another, all gently gliding

down to the ground. I could  
not look away. And you said:  
This is why I like winters.  
See, you hate winter in the



city, but this, this you  
watch for hours and don't  
get tired of. This makes you  
smile. This you don't hate.

# children churches & daddies

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