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It Was a Compliment, Jeez

and now I must think I'm really something
to sigh after your long day on the bus
or Saturday bright as a J. Crew coat
stunning in a parade. Thankless
in the market. Look at me. Who would dream
chance hands touching over avocados when
I could be your number one lady forever?
She is beautiful—get your vowel's worth.
I get it. Still, here I go again, being
my own kind. Has anyone ever told you
sometimes it bes like that? Sometimes
you have a dark face and become
a child star of the 1980s. Sometimes
you work hard, are brilliant and saying
right things with hair laid and a man
calls you an animal. How dare I make it
a thing (coming from where I come from)
screaming in the heartland with some name
my mother gave me. Has anyone ever
told you she said what she said?
I mean sometimes you just get tired and dip
and it's their hunger growling.
Sometimes all you can do is sigh
and look out over the vegetable garden
feeling your Wheaties.

