The Wolf Who Cried Girl

You are the sand in my swimsuit, from 3 months ago

You are the rubbing of my scarf on a curling iron burn

You are the pill stuck just where you can’t quite get it down

You are the sting of an ice chunk disguised as a snowball.

You are a dry tampon ripped out too soon

You are curdled milk in the jug I bought yesterday

You are an eyelash making itself at home in my fucking iris

You are a bottle of gin at an AA meeting.

You are sputtering after a puff off a cigarette you knew would hurt beforehand

You are the trick question on a test worth 50% of my grade

You are the news that a train wreck occurred but

You are also the reality that the train had only stopped for 5 minutes.

You are crocodile tears on the face of a toddler who just really wants to eat that ant hill.

You are the “feminist” who only violates other *girls* at parties without their permission

You are the act of hiding behind menstruation to rage at any passerby

You are the kid who pushes others and cries when the teacher shows.

You are the bank, the post office, the doctor's office and anywhere else open only when convenient for them

You are hand sanitizer in a freshly sliced paper cut

You are adult acne, unwelcome and irritating to no end

You are the question, “notice anything different about me?”

You are the potholes that threaten to swallow us all whole

You are the pots and pans on the stove after just doing the dishes

You are a shitty umbrella that turns inside out when it rains hard enough for me to need you

You are the beast who thirsts for pity and knows exactly who to get it from.

You truly are, to me, the only wolf who’s cried girl.