Sometimes Angry is Good

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When she walked down those crowded halls, self-conscious,
Watching the pliable self-respect
that leered at her from behind clay money and glossy
status established by counterfeit attraction.
Her cheap infamy can't compare
and she knows she tries too hard. They said so.
But how can she not attempt to alter the natural
image that tracks her?
Strain.

A child of the system—

accepts when they ask if she'll trail to their “hangout” because they
think she's "pretty cool." With the intentions of a puppy born yesterday, she
enters into the idea that they must realize her painted confidence isn't
trying too hard, but her desperation to be realized as the person she
dreams of. With the ignorant poise of a magazine cover, she opens the door and
slips.

"Well, she's the one that followed all those boys."
with their voices calling, preying on her
wishes to be something humanity has
written will never be possible. Because
"with a nose that big, and hips that
wide" she's hardly the pick of the litter.
Welcoming arms stretched, they
wrap her up in their pressuring embraces
while she vanishes inside the penetrating
waves of one, two, three, four…
Walled up in her bedroom, she still smears
writhing attempts across her face. But
with words now accusing, destroying those
wasted boys' lives, she grabs the rope and
washes away.

"I swear, she was asking for it."
Begging.
Pleading.
Mute.

And the officer says—

“Well, okay.”

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**SOMETIMES ANGRY IS GOOD**

*Kathryn Ashbay*

- A nice Greek girl
- Madness hidden behind lenses (you know, the hot librarian type)
- Open legs for you only

I am not bullet points
That can be bent
To your needs
Sprawled across the bed, on my knees, over the sink

I am more than 2-D, 34C, my tolerance for alcohol and parties

My mother planted a seed in her heart
Of ideas and works of art
For me…
Me

I will not allow some intellectual infant
Who is afraid of his own dreams
To be the most significant part of my body, my soul, my self worth or esteem

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