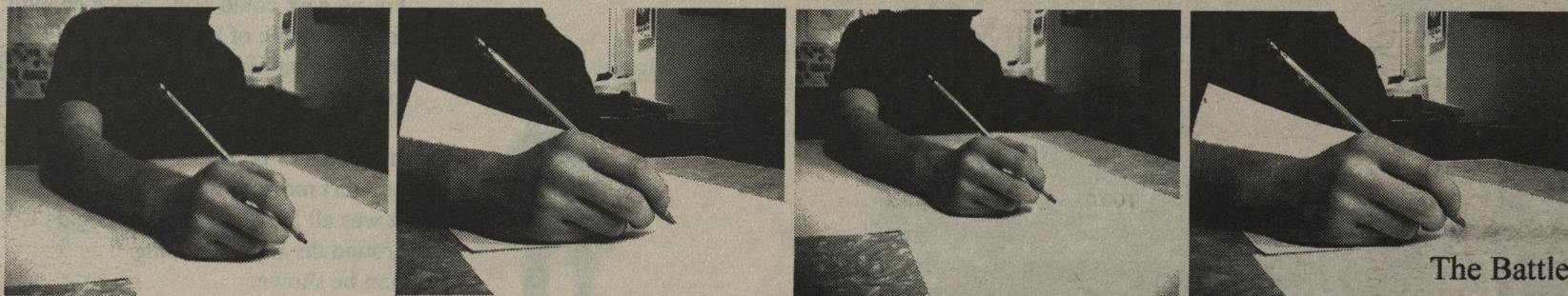


Sharla

her big hair and  
tight jeans  
insult me  
and  
i don't know why  
i care  
if there's dirt under her nails  
her swollen fingers  
holding tight  
her stolen rings  
make me cringe  
i worry  
that I'm becoming too shallow



The Battle

i try to wrestle you  
into these lines  
squeeze and tug  
you into  
the fine  
blue  
perimeters  
you refuse to yield  
showing too many  
sides at once  
making  
anything i write  
about you  
a  
lie