

Your Metonym

Companionship
 comes to me
like water from hole in a boat
quite unexpectedly
 then slowly
 until it fills my entire vessel
I am forced to be
 within its entirety
Lying to please others
What does it say about you
And your inner thoughts
if they are not nice enough
 for other people
When I have bit
my tongue then
asked to voice what I think
 I have found
blood will come out
 more
 often than words
It concerns me that I can
look at a large storm
 forming
on my long walk home
Think that I have suffered
worse
I normally do not
 quiver
Not with fear for the future
but in fear of the past
Knowing I have suffered worse
and can't go through any more of the
same.

Male Haze

There are other
 things
I could be doing
 other than
 stripping
I had swum well
forever
even as a very little
girl
in the sapphire
 haze
 of swimming pools
I lost those skills
 breathing
techniques
 some things from
 school I still use
upper body strength
on the pole
 equations
 and math
formulas
percentages for the
 house
 bouncer and
 bartender
I could be
 swimming
like when I was
 a little girl
swimming beside her
 like a whale calf
 with its mother—
 safe
 from danger
what makes me stay
 in a demanding job
like this

her strength was slaughtered
when her step-father
took from her
a girls' honor
swimming against the current
in a desperately rough sea
I remain in danger
but profiting
from the male
gaze