

Miranda Elise

## An Ode To Masturbation

I remember the first time I heard your  
beautifully scandalous name  
I was in fifth grade talking to best friend Ruby  
Ruby was always the more *experimental* one

We were in the middle of bible class  
at our christian school when she whispers in my ear  
“I came for the first time last night, you know, by masturbating”

It was like my religious self committed  
a sin just by hearing the word  
Ruby didn't even have to tell me the meaning  
the new vocabulary term was forever stitched into my brain

For years I pushed my unholy thoughts to the back of my mind  
not daring to cross the line between my innocence and the overwhelming  
need that was built up between my legs

And then freshman year of high school  
I did it

I let my fingers dance a romantic waltz while to the beat  
of a One Direction song playing in the background

This poem is for you  
one of the eight wonders of the world  
a sinful, yet holy act that allowed a different gate of heaven  
to open for not just me, but millions of teenage girls everywhere

A simple act, but a righteous one  
not only are you for pleasure but you keep me sane  
you are a spiritual detox, a sort of communion  
between me and my vagina

An everlasting bond,  
my first true love  
and my favorite form of exercise

I dedicate these words to you

## Pineapple Fanta

The first time my high school best friend Susie  
got upset I showed up on her doorstep with a bottle of  
her favorite drink, pineapple fanta

With a twist of the dark blue cap, all her problems faded away  
to the calming sound of carbonation exploding from the giant  
yellow container

This became a ritual between Susie and I

She would call me up crying and I would rush over  
with the fizzy medicine in hand

But then when it was my turn, my first turn, my only turn  
I needed a friend to come through with a remedy ready to  
take away my troubles but alas there was no word from Susie

Radio silence, loud enough for the whole world to hear  
she became a ghost, a haunting memory, a horror movie that  
never seemed to ever get to the closing credits

My sixteen year old mind couldn't fathom  
after all, aren't best friends supposed to support you?

I guess Susie had a different definition in mind on how to  
be a friend, because instead of telling me that she didn't want  
to deal with my depressive state, she did the very thing every  
teenage girl dreads the most

She ghosted me

I sometimes still think about Susie, but just like pineapple fanta,  
it's bitter

## Play Date

You and I met at the age of three  
We played hide and seek  
You would run, and I would hide

With scraped knees  
And red stained on my cheek  
We sipped juice boxes on the curbside

We played the same games  
Over and over  
Until you had to leave

At the age of sixteen  
We still played hide and seek  
But the roles switched

I would seek your attention  
While you would hide  
As if I was an opponent  
You didn't want to face

But only until we were alone  
Then you would continue with your games

Ready or not here you came  
Without giving me a chance to hide

We played freeze tag often  
I would try to run from you  
But your favorite part was always the chase

As soon as you would touch me  
I would freeze  
Not because I had a choice  
But because you hated when I broke the rules

Red light green light was one of your favorites  
But the red light was just a suggestion for you  
After all no one was there to witness  
Or make you pay the fine

We've played all the games imaginable  
And with bruised wrists  
And tears stained on my cheek  
I would let you win every time

You scrambled my mind  
You got me in trouble  
You even took the life out of me

But now it's time I choose what we play  
I refuse to hide in fear because you're a sore loser

Let's play simon says  
And simon says "no"