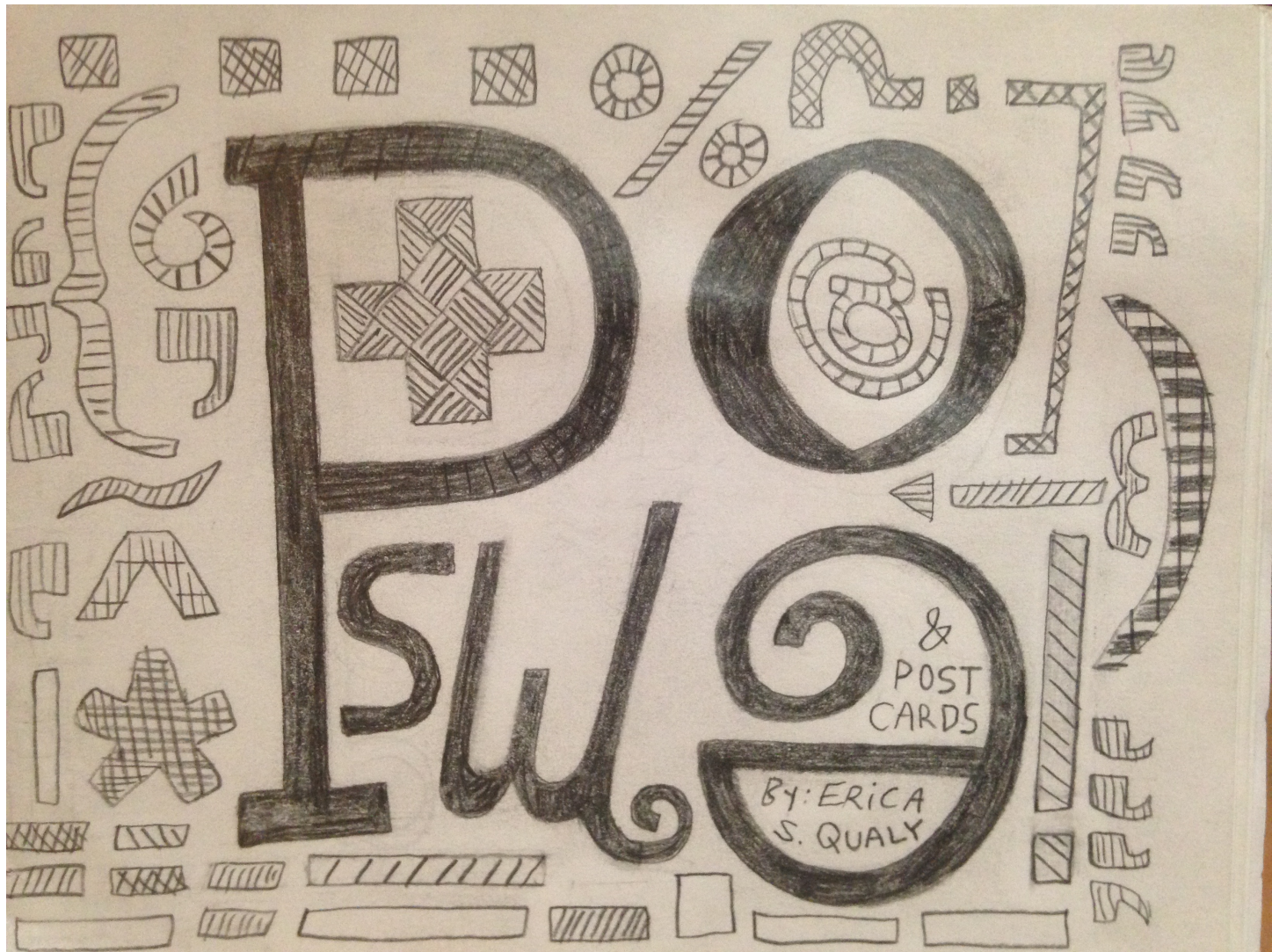


Erica S. Qualy



Dedicated to my father;

who loves to read, and to
my mother, who always
wanted me to do something

poetry is a joke

something i can make fun of and poke

FUCK

CUNT

DICK

PISS

Jizz

shit, boob, slut

muff, twat, tits

cock

hell fart

damn

crap butt

poop

dyke

puke

CHOCOLATE CAKE
YOU MAKE
ME QUAKE



P
ok, well, i've got my red nailpolish on,

and my cat eye make-up,

and i'm bleeding out of my vagina,

my high heels and my bra,

but where's my womanhood?

she howls
loudly
relentlessly
for her freedom

IS THIS
HOW BIG
A
STAMP
IS? ↗

she's a bit of a novelty, isn't she?
no, i don't think so.
she tries too hard.
no she doesn't.
she's a slut, i heard.
no, she's really not.
well she's mean
no she isn't!

i'm thankful in times like these.

i'm thankful thta there is still

some peace in the world.

there's peace in memphis, in my backyard

away from the littered streets and strays.

peace in air conditioning

away from the hot sun

who beats down on us as if he were the law.

there is peace in pie,

and fried chicken

and sweet tea...