

girlboy, you femme femme fabulous

cuz today's the day you stop defining yourself by the lines the knives the hands the knuckles belt buckles blades left on your arms legs chest face today's the day you start to breathe in three dimensions again. time to paint your nails red again. time to grow your hair long enough to tie up and put flowers in and walk along the beach into the wind and let the petal fragrance waft around you like a cloud. mingling with the salt tang of the surf that sprays cool against your beautiful legs so long and so bare in short shorts with cuffs so high they make heaven blush like dawn is coming dawn is here. boy, sometime you got to forget what someone said to you what someone did to you how much you hurt. you got to forgive yourself for hurting. you got to remember that your heart is not a clenched fist your heart is not a bruised face your heart is a mango full to bursting with sunlight oh sticky heart, smooth substance, there is joy in your aching, refuse to surrender the memory of your flavour. delicious heart, refuse to forget. boy, you got to love the girl in the boy in the girl in the boy in you in you in you.

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