

## little goddamn princess

my father pulling weeds  
to the tune of my lemonade  
sour.

I'm pulling  
a face, I, a doll  
in a rich woman's garden  
a different kind of bought and sold. sour.

the chapter-book story of victimhood I dreamt of  
right under my nose, in arsenic shortbread, in carolina dirt  
but it still seemed dull stuff, then  
held against attics and tigers, shackles and crowns

Isn't that infancy?  
craving any myth but your own

When I am asleep  
the boy I never kissed pins me  
against  
the prologue. all cane sugar and frosting-  
It is urgent,  
in this dreamed crush of bodies  
that I do not  
look away

*Devouring thing*, she spits at me, and yes, I am, I never pretended otherwise  
I want a tiger, I want to live on that sweet-  
sour pedestal in the sticky heat, where no one  
takes it for granted that I am  
good, and I am, good, but

even martyrs  
need to eat

grow bored of the vultures  
think of rearranging things, new pairings  
of teeth and flesh