Choose Your Weapon

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This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1996/iss1/16
How can men consider themselves to be the superior race when they can't even watch a tampon commercial?

**Choose Your Weapon**

-Alycia Gregory

In that room
with its virginal white walls
she is sprawled out on her back
staring at the ceiling
Her wrists ache
from the tight chain
they put on her
The men...always the men
grabbing and poking
pricking and prodding
They use their needles
and they use those weapons
of the small circular kind

The first screamer oozes
from the wall on her left side
his form takes shape
out of the concrete and paint
He begins yelling
and yelling
directly in her face
you worthless
you no-good
you stupid
daughter
Then he throws a punch
right into her abdomen
another weapon of choice

The next screamer
takes his form
out of the mattress
He rises up from
the space between her legs
taking his strength
from her ceaseless tears
He begins his yelling
and yelling
you worthless
you no-good
you stupid
girlfriend
Then he plants his fist
into her right eye
another weapon of choice

Now laying there
all battered and bloody
she tries screaming back
at the walls
All she hears
is the men coming in
...always the men and their pain
but they bring their small circular relief
the only kind she’s ever known
their weapon of choice