Choose Your Weapon

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://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