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I'm Not The Average Girl

Katelin Tressler
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/7
The Road Less Traveled
Sean King

A Quiet Rest
Theresa Charlebois

Stairs of Sonnenberg
Niki Gaulin

Finally content, Bob stood up and looked down, smiling at the mass of blood spattered wood lying defeated on the shoulder. Sweat ran down his face, stinging his eyes. He wiped at his forehead with his hand, smearing blood across his face. Bob walked back to his car, and leaned in the passenger door, to grab the stick of deodorant. It was then a tractor trailer driver had a mirror lapse in his hand-eye coordination, and slipped over onto the shoulder. He was coming down the road at roughly 78 miles an hour, and when he slammed into the back of Bob's car, he pushed it a long way. At first dragging Bob from the doorway, and finally rolling over him with all the tonnage of a truck full of blood feed, a mixture of chicken blood and dog food pellets fed to cows who grow up in cages to be hamburgers, and leaving his mangled corpse to lie in the sun, without antiperspirant. The whole mess was later cleaned up by members of a road crew whose names are completely irrelevant. Just know that they carried out their function just fine.

I'm Not The Average Girl
By Katelin Tressler

Forget the mannequins that modeled a better dream than the one I had for my own life.
I hate your guts--just your guts.
Your "guts."
Reaching for the jar, I pull out my face.
We're back to the drawing board--
Let's make it a good one.
"The only thing that holds her together is stretch marks."
Remember, I am not a Barbie doll.
I am always bloated like soggy cereal.
Enlist one apple orchard and a forest of broccoli.
To apples and broccoli, thank you--
For teaching me to accessorize this invisible skin.
You don't feel.
But you can see a thin waist and firm thighs.
You must have loved entertaining the thought that I could kill for what you gave them.
Nights of endless tears, days of self-disgust and I have a feeling you know what I mean.

I'll eat your heart for life.