I'm Not The Average Girl

Katelin Tressler
*St. John Fisher College*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle](https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle)

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

**How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?**

**Recommended Citation**
Available at: [https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/7](https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/7)

This document is posted at [https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/7](https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/7) and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
I'm Not The Average Girl

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/7
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 fores: 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.