

I AM THIS

I am Joan of Arc, my visions come in the line at Hy-Vee, God tells me there's a discount on toilet paper and the cigarettes are cheaper at the gas station.

I am Simone de Beauvoir, I get bullied at school, they call me names and key my car, my teachers slash my essays with their red pens - too wordy, they say.

I am Elizabeth the First, I hold court in the parking lot with my dime bags and they pay tribute to me in coins and bills that rub off on my fingers like prayers.

I am Cleopatra, they raped me under an overpass, tied my hands together with shoelaces and shoved dirt in my mouth, and now the wine, the peeled grapes, the stuffed olives, they taste like concrete and sweat from the thighs of men.

I am Amelia Earhart and I fly my plane at night when no one can see, the clouds are my lovers and I take them home with me, fluff them on my bed and I sleep with both cheeks to the sky.

I am Persephone and I answer to no one, I lie between the corn stalks and watch the moon move across the sky, and when I am hungry I eat whatever the fuck I want.

I am Wonder Woman and I fell in love with the girl at the coffee shop, I hold her hand in mine and I can feel her hollow bones that crumble like soup crackers.

I am, I am Zelda Fitzgerald and I escaped through the third-floor window, I jumped and I landed, I landed in a garden, I hid beneath the flowers and saw them locking for me, they were locking for me and I just laughed and I laughed and laughed.

MEAGAN GAMBLE