

VCCT - March 2014

For Women Only

A large, stylized purple letter 'A' is centered on the page. The letter is a solid, dark purple color and has a classic, slightly serifed font style. It is the largest element on the page.

*a poetic collection
by Alice
and friends*

I am woman.

A blue balloon.

Deflated and sad,

Lying limp on the floor

He did it.

He did it.

A pin to my crown,

Left me on the ground.

My life exhausted.

I am woman.

A limp balloon.

Pffft.

Pfffffft.

Pfffffffft.

I am woman.

A beached whale.

Shoved to the sand

by his powerful waves.

He did it.

He did it.

Left me to bake in the sun.

Dried up and alone.

Bloated.

I am woman.

An abandoned whale.

Ohweyohoeyaho

Ohweyohoeyaho

Ohweyohoeyaho

I am woman.

A broken puppy.

Whole in profile,

Lacking in the light.

He did it.

He did it.

Bounced off the bumper of life.

Flung to the curb.

Destined to lean forevermore.

I am woman.

A tripod of fur.

Arrrrf.

Arrrrf.

Arrrrf.

I am woman.

A worn-out shoe.

Neglected at the bottom of the closet.

My sole exposed.

He did it.

He did it.

I was his stiletto.

Needing to be fancied.

Replaced with clogs.

The traitor . . . traded.

I am woman.

A worn-out shoe.

S-squeak.

S-squeak.

S-squeak.

I am woman.

A wadded tissue.

Crumpled near the waste basket.

Used and thrown away.

He did it.

He did it.

I was his Kleenex.

Hoping to be helpful.

Here when he needed me.

Why do I get snotted on?

I am woman.

A wadded tissue.

B-blech.

B-blech.

B-blech.

I am woman.

A crippled bird.

The ledge is cold.

My wings are clipped.

He did it.

He did it.

I was his pretty Polly.

Pity Polly.

Pity Pretty Polly

Doesn't want a cracker.

I am woman.

A crippled bird.

F-flap.

F-flap.

F-flap.

I am woman.

A glowing candle

Flickering flickering

Burning so bright

He did it.

He did it.

He put out the flame

When he left with her.

I am woman.

A candle without a flame.

Smoking.

Smoking.

Smoooooking.

I am woman.

A neglected plant.

Hanging by the window

Waiting to be watered.

He did it.

He did it.

I was his philodendron

Calling out:

“Won't somebody talk to me?”

I am woman.

A neglected plant.

D-droop.

D-droop.

D-

I am woman

A graceful tree

Strong and tall

Reaching

Reaching

To the sky

He did it.

He did it.

He sawed down my branches!

I am woman.

A stump.

Buzzzzzz.

Buzzzzzz.

Buzzzzzz.

I am woman.

A misunderstood spider.

Straining to build a web

Would only hurt a fly.

He did it.

He did it.

Down came his boot

Crush went my back

Only a smudge remains

Squish.

Squish.

Squash.

I am woman.

A tiny mouse.

Bit of cheese

Just out of reach.

He did it.

He did it.

Lured by hope

Snap went the trap

Whiskers . . . twitch.

I am woman.

A captive mouse.

Squeek.

Squeek.

Squeeeeeeeek.

I am woman.

A champion race horse.

Ridden for miles
while the crowd cheers.

He did it.

He did it.

Lost to a pony-tailed pony.

Left to pasture in shame.

Reduced to glue.

Neigh.

Neeigh.

Neeiiiiggghh.

I am woman.

A broken chair.

Straining to stand tall

under his oppression.

He did it.

He did it.

Crushed by the weight

of his cheating heart.

Reduced to kindling.

I am woman.

A broken chair.

Creak.

Creak.

Creak.

I am woman.

A tiny kitten

Out in the cold

Hungry, alone

He did it.

He did it.

I was his warm kitten

Purr, purr

Sweet little kitten

Cold and alone

I am woman.

A hungry kitten.

Grrrrowl.

Grrrrowl.

Grrrrowl.

I am woman.

A paper doll.

Torn and tattered

No clothes to wear.

He did it.

He did it.

I was his paper doll.

Whatever he wanted

All at his command.

I am woman.

A torn paper doll.

Rrrrip

Rrrrip

Rrrrip

I am woman.

A broken shell.

Out on the sand

Waves crashing.

He did it.

He did it.

Pretty perfect shell

Pretty perfect shell

He stepped on me.

I am woman.

A broken shell.

Crunch.

Crunch.

Crunch.

I am woman.

A dusty bookcase.

The room is quiet

My shelves are sagging.

He did it.

He did it.

I was his fountain of knowledge.

Replaced by something shiny and new.

I am woman.

A dusty bookcase.

Creeeeeek.

Creeeeeek.

C-creeeeeeeeeeeeak.

I am woman.

A broken kite.

Torn and tattered.

No bows on my tail.

He did it.

He did it.

I was his rocket

Flying so high

Look out for the tree!

I am woman.

A broken kite.

C-crack.

C-crack.

C-crack.

I am woman.

The button for Floor 13.

Never depressed

But always alone.

He did it.

He did it.

Shiny and bright

Longing to be touched

Harsh stares from superstitious eyes.

I am woman.

The button for Floor 13.

D-ding.

D-ding.

D-ding.

I am woman.

A balding tire.

Can't get a grip.

Baring my soul.

He did it.

He did it.

Ripped me from my rim.

Replaced me with a newer model.

Tore me to shreds.

Thhhwap.

Thhhwap.

Thhhhwap.

I am woman.

A dying swan.

Dancing, dancing, dancing.

My toe shoes torn.

My tutu, too.

He did it.

He did it.

(And he knows who he is.)

That weekend he took her skiing in Aspen -

That's when he did it.

A love bullet through my feathered breast.

I am woman.

A dying swan.

Ach-ch

Ach-ch

Ach-ch

Ach-

