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## simmer the pot

Molly Boyce

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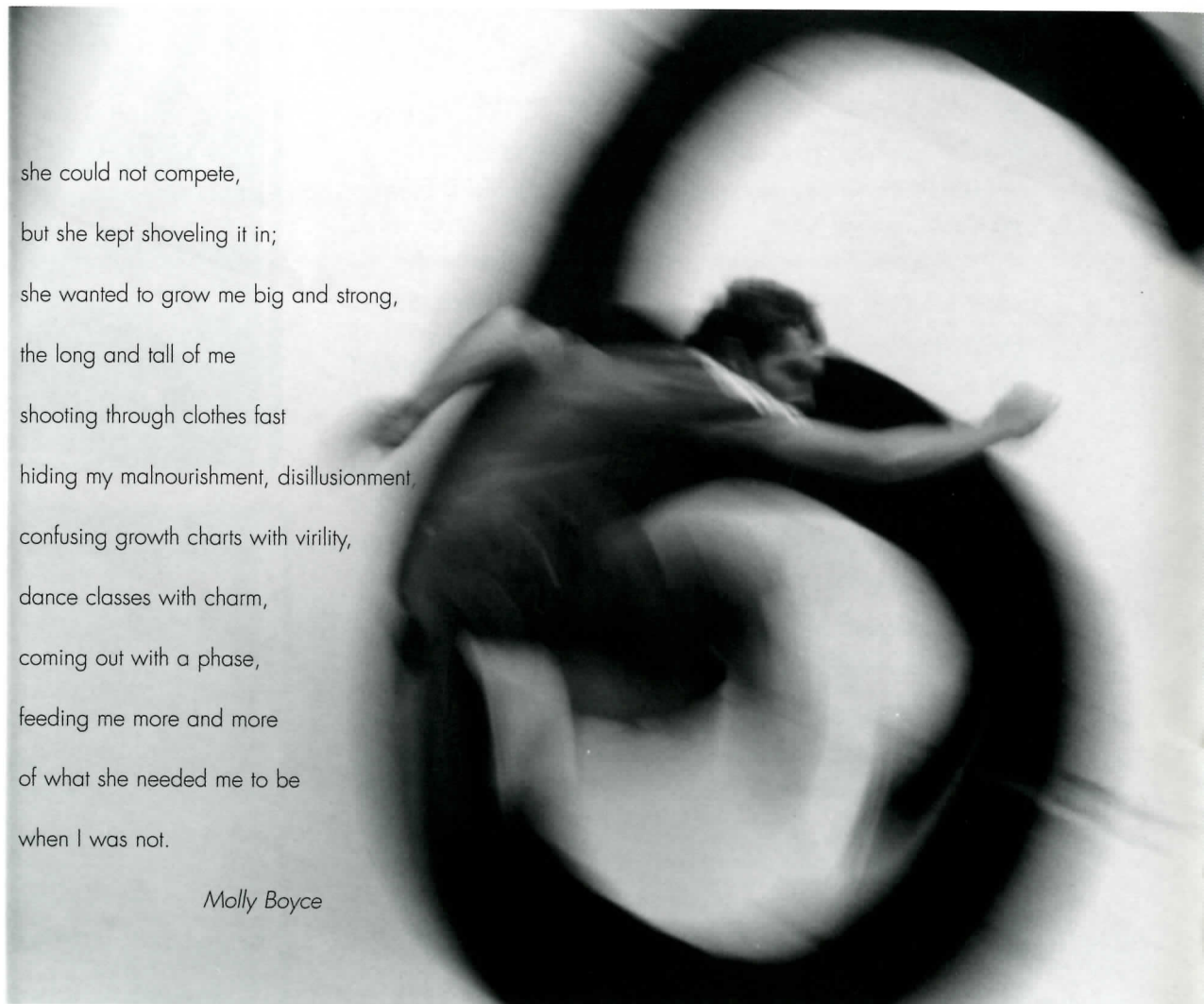
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## **simmer** the pot

gruel it was, though she called it soup  
with its thick spices and dark sauce,  
and it stuck to my bones  
the stuff that would grow hair on my chest;  
she wanted to make me a man  
from the inside out in those days  
filling me up with platitudes, beatitudes  
I would discard one day  
for I knew better than she  
what would enhance my nature –  
a day at the park,  
a good book,  
a kiss on the cheek –

she could not compete,  
but she kept shoveling it in;  
she wanted to grow me big and strong,  
the long and tall of me  
shooting through clothes fast  
hiding my malnourishment, disillusionment,  
confusing growth charts with virility,  
dance classes with charm,  
coming out with a phase,  
feeding me more and more  
of what she needed me to be  
when I was not.

*Molly Boyce*



*Untitled by Sherry Dickson*