

5-1-2004

Untitled

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Recommended Citation

Dickson, Sherry (2004) "Untitled," *Forces*: Vol. 2004 , Article 9.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2004/iss1/9>

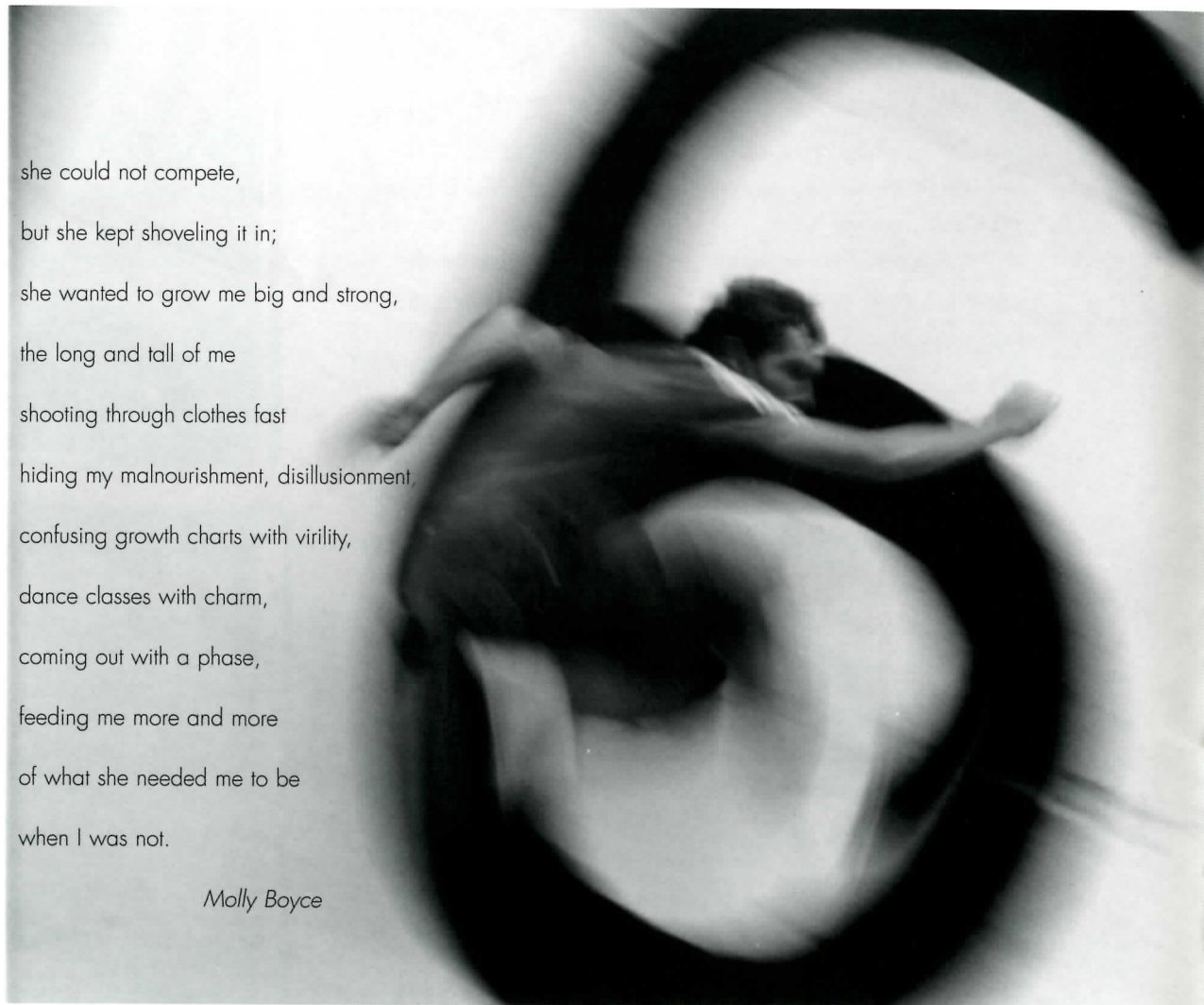
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simmer the pot

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