

**In Her Defense**

There's nothing like a stupid girl, is there?  
A young woman with none of the promise  
No purpose, no desire, no ire, no voice, no choice  
And well, if that isn't just the perfect fit for you  
Not unlike an old sweater you keep underneath your bed  
The one you can't bear to get rid of  
No matter how many times you've worn it  
Thin from years of battering  
Gray from being wrung through, soft to the touch underneath your calluses

And she's everything you looked for in a woman  
Wide-eyed and white lied  
Wider than your distance from sweet time, whiter than the crease by your sinister smile  
Her rough edges are perfect for sharpening your tongue  
And she'll never be quite so shiny that you might see your own reflection on her skin  
She pulls off delusion fashionably well  
Choosing what she says oh so carefully  
So that nothing can come back to haunt her  
But then writes eulogies for the words that die in her throat  
Becoming drunk on all the spirits she swallows down

She carries the weight of you under her eyes  
Dark circles from circling, pacing, retracing her footsteps  
Searching for the exact stone that lead her down the same path as her mother  
And her mother's mother  
And her mother that came before

But there are only so many different ways to walk the length of a cage  
Only so many times she can plan her escape  
Before the steel bars begin to bend under her grip

And in her defense  
She's only as stupid as you make her  
You'd have to be stupid not to see the crafty glint in her wide eyes  
As white and as round and as shiny as the plates she sets  
Dinner for two, on the table  
She rearranges a centerpiece of flowers knowing they'll be swept away in an inevitable storm  
Who's to say it won't be her thunder that knocks you from your feet?  
Or her lightning that strikes you down

In clear defiance of the one in a million chances such an event could occur

You just dangle from her plotting fingertips like a bothersome hangnail

She could pull you free from her skin

Suck on the wound, staunch any blood that might flow

And though an initial fire to her nerves, she would forget the pain a moment later

I eagerly anticipate the day she slips through the cracks of your desperate palms

Easy as water and fluid like your mercurial temper

How she could leave you in such a ruin