

Poems of Feminine Healing

By: Emily McLaughlin

Former Playmates

Old dolls in the basement
 Not played with since days of preteen shame
 Box reopened
 On an unexpected day in October
 Dusty and bruised
 Doubtful and ashamed
 Too big and too small
 Too smart but too dumb
 A sex doll crept into the toy box
 The Barbies watched and learned
 How to be a version of better they'll never be

Waves

They come through like waves
 Terrible, ugly waves
 Which remind me of the pain you've caused
 The times I've been hurt
 The times I was disposable
 Large waves on a cold, dirty beach
 It used to be filled with bright sand, happy people
 Now it's just me
 Me and the waves

Snow in October

Childhood should fade away
 Like soft December snowfalls
 Which slowly cover autumn grass
 Sometimes it's ripped away
 Like a blizzard in October
 But the snow never stops
 It continues to come
 Day after day
 Suffocating the life below it
 Until we realize
 We'll never see flowers again

Your Razors

You cut me until I bled
 And then ask me for comfort
 Because now your razors are ruined