

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Michelle Grondine: Three Poems

Michelle Grondine · Thursday, March 31st, 2022

### the last time i saw her was at a Taylor Swift concert

she was crying on a broken parking divider  
 torn askew from the asphalt  
 like a tornado tearing through a quiet unassuming town full of sleeping citizens  
 she spilled the tar of her crumbling relationship onto ours, burning through the facade that was our  
 friendship  
 did i ever even really know her at all?  
 or just the gossamer-thin self she wanted me to know  
 spontaneous and free but never available when called to show up for others,  
 well-traveled and cultured but never across the comfy Eurasian line,  
 caping for women in plain sight but mysteriously silent behind dark locked doors of a misogynist's  
 misdirected hate-filled ire,  
 feigned innocence, doe-eyed,  
 carefully constructed like one of her short stories she had me edit but never gave me credit for  
 much like the majority of our relationship  
 when she tried to take ownership over things that she had no hand in at all  
 "fuck the patriarchy!" in her pink pussy hat, though, right?  
 i watch in silence from the shadows as she performs her cool girl persona for the masses  
 which was really just a collection of personality traits she saw in others around her that she found  
 attractive  
 so she chose to take for her own fool self  
 i embarrass my self i didn't see it sooner  
 reinvention is just another form of colonialism  
 gentrified my personality and claimed it as her own  
 "who would believe you anyway?"  
 it's her word versus mine and the system's rigged for her from the start  
 it's game over before it even began  
 play again soon, though?  
 (i don't have enough me left for her to pillage from)

\*

### she pots me too tight in my starter pot

she overwaters me when i only need a light drizzle

she gatekeeps the sun from me  
 and somehow still keeps it too hot in the shade all the same  
 she tears my roots asunder when i am not ready to be unearthed  
 she steals my home to give to another  
 she never thinks twice  
 it's in her nature  
 not to nurture  
 is that really her fault?  
 should she not keep trying anyway?  
 nurturing isn't her strong suit  
 in fact, for her, it's no suit at all  
 it's an **anstaltskleidung**  
**so she snacks on my flesh like dried squid legs**  
**tear**  
**chew**  
**chew**  
**chew**  
**do i taste any good?**  
**her personal farm to table**  
**ripe for the slaughter**  
 she smiles  
 i'm stuck in her teeth  
 silently screaming

\*

## **i can't seem to find her**

everywhere i look  
 emptiness follows  
 dark chasms  
 hollow crevices  
 swelter alone  
 masterful mnemonic devices shared in rooms that don't register sound  
 she placates me with a facade of perfection  
*natural is out,*  
*long live immaculate veneer!*  
 who knows what rot festers layers beneath  
 she hides it so well  
 i choke on her promises  
 "i'll never leave you,"  
 "you're the only one for me,"  
 "i can't live without you,"  
 "without you, life has no meaning."  
 she never meant a single word  
 my vanity kept me from seeing the truth  
 it was never me all along  
 but i take solace in knowing  
 it was never her for me either

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and at least we will always have that

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