

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

and at least we will always have that

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