

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Michelle Roberts: Two Poems

Michelle Roberts · Wednesday, July 22nd, 2015

Michelle Roberts is an MA candidate at the University of Nebraska – Lincoln and an editorial assistant for *Prairie Schooner*. Michelle co-curates the No Name Reading Series in Lincoln, Nebraska where she currently resides.

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## Today Is A Man At The Post Office Who Did Not Hold The Door Open For Me

Today is a 32 pack of PBR  
 Today is a walk downtown in my tiger leggings  
 Today is the oppression of the Queen  
 Today is a serial killer  
 Today is my teenage angst walking past me with his shirt off  
 Today is a drunken alleyway  
 Today is knuckles  
 Today is knuckles on my cheek  
 Today is a girl who does not wear sequins  
 Today is a tree branch in my head firing twigs through my temples  
 Today is “screw you muse, can’t you see I am driving?”  
 Today is Tom Waits  
 Today is a missed call  
 Today is this vagina and a castle I cannot escape  
 Today is a struggle  
 that will grow in my best friends breast  
 Today is “I’m tired of your bullshit,”  
 Today is a pocket walk  
 Today is a pebble  
 Today is a pebble that got lost on the driver side.  
 Today is the Midwest weather crash  
 Today is getting nothing done  
 Today is not good enough  
 Today is your birthday  
 Today is a man I’ve never met who tells me goodnight  
 Today is “Let me show my anger for once,”

Today is infusing confidence because I am no longer gender but a weapon

Today is two lungs stuck to my lips while I suck on a cigarette so hard it has to go to the ER and I  
will never quit this breath,  
all of this hate and madness and chaos and rioting and revolutionizing and Googling and social  
injustice and trying to get people to understand  
an American disability  
Today is me waiting for the wind inside a mason jar  
Today is canned  
Today is never happening again  
Today is coming for you  
Today is a bully

Today is a new therapist's waiting room with a boy that won't look me in the eye, lying on the  
floor underneath 3 chairs avoiding his feelings  
Today is breathing heavy, put on ice  
for tea time  
Today is fucking for breeding  
Today is the day you knew would come  
Today is a 187  
Today is genocide  
Today is a catcall  
Today is the joining of X and Y  
Today is pretentious and has a name  
Today is blonde white girls don't have problems day  
Today is killing an animal to press between two buns  
Today is making a profit  
Today is a blowjob  
Today is \_\_\_\_\_  
Today is shrapnel on my tongue and you and me and this world  
is Russian Roulette.

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## Driving Past Stansbury Bay

There is not enough salt in Utah  
to preserve us. We're just a song that made its debut  
by payola. AM airplay used to be so criminal.  
Radio station static bursts and bellies  
up on my dash  
as I keep driving on to Nevada.

White halite down to  
latch; turn the key of our open  
mouths, damp  
it sticks to our lips and limbs were never meant  
  
to reach across so many miles

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of elsewhere life.

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