

I Will Not Hold His Shame

A man talked to me the other day. I once thought I knew him, but he started to speak, and I thought, what in a million years have I done to suffer through your words?

He told me my nose was too big and my ass was too small. He said my hair looked better longer, my eyes were crooked, and I was far too short.

And he called that love.

And I told him that a friend of mine, a good friend, had said to me that artists should study my face and model their sculptures, paintings, and drawings after me. I should soon find myself as a muse because my face would never go without recognition.

But instead, I was there having a conversation with him.

The man told me he wanted to get me something nice, and I told him to get me flowers. He asked me three more times that day what he should get me if he was to get me something nice. He told me he would never want to get me flowers and wanted to change my answer to something other than nature's gift to the feminine.

So I told him, my best friend sends me flowers whenever she is not close enough to dry my tears. I have never had to beg, ask, or argue with her over the state of a few plants. She graciously offers me so much consolation, yet I know you do not taste empathy. Still, an act of compassion would be common sense.

You tell me I am the one who has something wrong with me, and you shift your blame to me.

You tell me I'm immature.

You tell me I never loved you.

You tell me I never cared about you.

You tell me I never tried to.

And so, I dedicate this to you. The receipts of your deceits are piling up, with your dirty paw marks suffocating everything you touch.

It might be time to let go.