

Curbside danger in a rideshare world

(exits vehicle, quickly) sorry i thought you were my uber

Little air barrier

What is it to be a star?

To be always wanting to be loved and only to be loved (food water blankets notwithstanding) and never getting enough loving paycheck to paycheck.

To be afraid, fear, fear of everthing larger than you and smaller things to be safe fear of doors bears noises vehicles paper bags balloons chairs.

To be a sister of birds to chirp, out the window.

To be chased when comfortable sleeping or horizontal mining love, chased by a fellow predator larger faster more athletic.

To be small, to fit in the gap beside the refridgerator if only it were quiet or behind the trunk under the couchback trunks and couches are silent mostly.

To have no memory.

Or to have memory but better none than to remember, to remember year zero on the streets and the heat year one the pregnancy the children (scared of them too?) the children snatched one by one you the only one left until snatched you too taken transported caged the children too (did you know?) the children taken again one by one until you the only one left nappy cowering oozing caged fed at least and safe from all but noises until snatched again taken to the predator year two three four five ? all the same after that.

No the star has no memory she sits in a box, forgets the hazards, crawls out for love.

Grocery store

Trying to leave, guy talking to us. Maybe he's 30? Very friendly nice to talk to, but still we're trying to leave. I go to tie my shoes. The laces are metal chains. Difficult to un-do, hard to slip my feet in. Very very hard, shoes were so tight and I didn't want to undo chain further than needed. Many tries. Finally get one on. Stand on 1 foot and try the other. Oh no realize the shoe is on the wrong foot. While bending over the man touches my butt and makes a joke, something about how the ass is what a man should look for in a woman. Dude I just want to put my shoes on.

Estrogen pills

Fine about the dresses. The bathrooms. The makeup. The obesity. The politics.

But what did pronouns ever do to you?