

Pretty

by Raye Rose

Just a little bit of a smile please –
Click Flash Was I Pretty Enough?
Pretty enough? To what?
Pretty enough to be smiled at by greasy men with horny smiles?
Pretty enough to date to take to prom to marry to bear children –
pretty enough to hear my grandchildren say as they flip through my senior year book you were
soooo
pretty.
Pretty – an identification, a classification –
Don't let her go there a pretty girl like her it's dangerous.

As young girls we're trained.
Barbie in hand we dream big.
Big breasts – big smiles – big boyfriends with big dicks –

and then we get old and ugly!
Said our mothers shoveling hair dye into their shopping carts,
mothers who embarrassed you with, "These are her first high heels, she's becoming a woman."
And when you did?

Razor scraping against my skin – making me look like an eleven year old –
but that's smooth – that's sexy, that's what I have to be?
We have to get our nails done,
our hair did,
and don't forget to wax your ---
!!!!!!

Just a little bit of a smile please –
click flash was I ugly enough?
Ugly enough? To what?
Ugly enough to give up on all the hot guys?
Ugly enough to compromise saying the guys behind you going,
"heh heh heh"
are really sweet underneath!
Ugly enough to send your picture to ABC with –
"I am so ugly."
And they call back, "Girl, we can help you!
Yes our ultimate makeovers gut out your faces!
We erase all traces of your families bone structures passed down."

Were we really molded from Adam's rib just to parade around the garden?
Because I'm gonna throw all my scales at Weight Watchers' doors –
eat all of my lunches outside of Calvin Klein stores –
close all the magazines – let Jen and Angelina work their own shit out –

because we weren't meant to be looked at –
we were meant to be heard,
and this rib?
Has a voice.