I Am Mary

Alice Peacock

I am Mary, I was pretty
You may remember me from the ninth grade
The boys would hold me
And my friends told meThe world would know me someday
I've made choices, heard some voices
Fought the battles inside my headLife's a fabric but when I grabbed it
All I got was a handful of threads
There's a stairwell, I know so well
'Cause it gets cold out in the streetA crumpled dollar to start a fire
So that I could warm my feet
Police stations, investigations
Of a fire burning brightThey showed me pictures
Of those children
And told me I was there that night
Conversations, medicationsAll my friends have left me now
No one could see them
But now I need them
To help me figure all this outWhy do they feed me
Give me TV
And a blanket for my feetBut something's workin'
'Cause it starts hurtin'
When it all comes back to me

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