

Walmart (live)

Andrea Gibson

It was the type of quiet that twitched like fire
Silence. It was the tick tick tick but without the bomb Or the tick while they looked me over.
Their parental lenses 5 feet thick,
protection from the glare of the mutated form that was once their sweet little daughter
They wore their smiles like condoms,
I curled myself into the least viral form I could think of, held back a cough and asked for a glass of water.
Silence. "Here." But in their eyes:
This ain't no Jerusalem, girl. Ain't no Messiah here gonna go feedin' no leper.
Silence. You're 25 years old, where the fucks your diamond ring?
Silence. Ain't no wonder, though, look at you.
Wash your hair, take that metal shit out your face, you look like you live in the streets for fucks sakes.
And why the hell you sittin like you've got a cock between your legs?
Silence. Ain't no wonder you ain't got a ring.
Oh, but we're not saying just any boy's gonna do.
Don't go bringing home no spick, no nigger, no hippie, no jew, no long haired faggot flipping his flaming little
wrist
I'll tie him to the fence myself.
Silence. Oh, now look at you. Acting like you're all scarred.
Acting like you've done some hard time, and you ain't got no mommy or daddy to call to bawl about some
bitch who broke your heart.
You and your fucking heart. I would have torn it apart years ago had I known you'd use it to put this family
through Hell.
You have something to say to us, you just fucking bag it.
Do you have any idea how hard it is for us to walk through Walmart with the whole town knowing our
daughter's a faggot?
"You mean dyke." "What?"
You mean dyke. And I've got, she's got, we've got the 12 inch cock harnessed and ready to prove it. Do you
think I've got 5 minutes to waste in the race to paint your picket fence white and listen to the preacher? I don't
think so.
Your ignorance bores me, and I wouldn't suck a dick, a real one, any sooner than I'd take a ring from a prick
who thinks my clit sits a foot inside my body
Give me a break! I'm going to wait to descend to the sea. Waterfalls, a woman spilling over me, and her sexy
self dancing lines until our two bodies are both beating down on all you've done with your righteous, republican
sanctity.
I don't believe in your goodness. With your should-that's and should-this, I'm so tired of even wasting my
breath, my ink on this shit!
I just want to shut my mouth now, or maybe roll my words smooth and easy over a perfect picture of beautiful,
because there is So. Much. Beautiful.

But I can't touch it when your ignorance keeps dismembering every piece of patience I have left.

And I can't help but wait every morning remembering a front page clipping of a boy in Wyoming who had his face stained red by the hands of two prophets who tied him and beat him and left him for dead.

When they found his body, through all the blood, the only clear skin on all his face you could see two lines on his cheeks that his tears have washed clean.

And that might be a crime you would never do, but the killers had teachers and preachers and neighbors like you, so don't fuck with me.

I was your "sweet little girl" when you were sweet to me, so don't expect me to listen to your version of right!

I've got ears of my own, I spent years on my own.

You say one more thing I don't like, you say one more thing I don't like,

I'm driving to Walmart myself, hanging up a 50 foot billboard saying

"Mark and Shirley's daughter Andrea is a fucking dyke"

Lyrics submitted by Cassi Diamond.

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