

# So

## Mr. J. Medeiros

She is in her room  
He is in his car  
Talking with his friends about girls  
And all the things they are  
She is in the mirror  
He is on the road  
Laughing at the speed he is going  
And if his car could explode  
This is your get away  
She rehearsed in her mind  
Putting her hands on her breast for the first time  
With the voice in her head  
And the body she kept  
Like two strangers finding it odd to have met  
In a place they both call home  
She faces the wall hangings  
Changing with the pace she has grown  
With his engine still racing  
Down the road chasing  
For what  
They never ask they just pass  
He is \*  
He is a name  
She is a shape  
He is a conqueror of worlds  
She is a grape among wine  
Thirsty to the spine he drives  
Among time  
Unworthy as the blind with eyes who bind souls  
SoAnd she turned fifteen and he turned when the green said go  
Cus the scene said so  
Cus the team said go  
Cus it just seemed so  
Cus we just believe what we believe in  
SoAnd so she added a little glow to her cheeks  
It never really mattered to her dad  
He was just a shadow that speaks  
In an effort to abort an affair  
That occasionally creeks in the floorboards

And fixes leaks  
All but the one in her mind  
All but the one that she hides  
She paints sex on her eyes  
The way she sees it advertised  
And she talks away an ego about half her size  
And now the guys yell break  
They all draw swords  
They all separate into rebels without cause  
So \* makes a call to this girl who is dressed as a woman  
Though she stalls her address is an omen  
And as open as her ears were  
She found a boy that could hear her  
Who thought of every ploy to get near her  
But never adhere her  
He sheered her slowly  
Steered her from a girl till the woman appeared lowly  
Only she's not known  
She's not full grown  
Her body her mind  
Her father not home  
In the oddest of times she finds she's alone  
Offering thy mind thy body  
Thy bone  
And now he's stepping on the gas with all three legs  
And never thought how fast his fuel mixed with rage  
Or the ways in which he masked his hate with his passion  
Passing through her gates  
Burning through her grass  
Turning the hurt into laughs  
From the scorn at the track meet  
To the girls that trashed him cus he was born of acne  
And wore it like it was ash from a million burnt offerings  
Coughing from the smoke in his parents jokes for better offspring  
Though this is not the fall or spring  
This is the winter  
This is the call  
This is the ring in which he enters  
He 23 years of fame  
She with her 15 years with no name  
And she didn't say yes she didn't say no  
He didn't see green he only heard go  
And though she never fought when he took her to the floor  
She thought, I don't want to be a woman anymore  
And found her escape in those same wall hangings  
Her legs her gates his face

Angry

While dangling above her he kisses her heels

And she wonders

If this is how her mother feels

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