America Is

America is a beautiful pheasant flying across a cloudless sky,
Until your dad shoots it down with his shiny new 12-gauge shotgun.

It is the once fresh, soft, scented bouquet of red roses that are now black and withered in their crystal vase. All because you forgot to water them.

America is a light bulb. Burning out with its last flickering blaze. And then forgotten until the dark of night when its glow is needed.

America is the closet that can’t fit all of your clothes, so you end up filling a cabinet with the rest.

It is an antique mirror, passed down through your family line. The mirror that you dropped last weekend, shattering it into pieces. Like the shards of your broken heart.

America is a whiskey straight up. The kind of drink you take in a deep gulp, feeling the burn as it slides down your throat. And liking it.

It is a streak of lightening through the night that strikes the same place twice. Exploding the whole sky with a majestic light.

America is the place where the angels play. Play with fire.

It is a new born baby. With that smile that hides a dirty diaper.
The credits at the end of a bad movie.

America is holding your breath until the dizziness and white spots are too much to take. It is the last stretch of a marathon as the crowds cheer roars in your ear.

America is the lie we tell our parents, because it is better for them to still believe we are innocent.

The moment when your eyes meet the one who will steal your soul.

America is the cool breeze blowing across a freshly dug grave.

The rivers of salty tears continuously running down a dirty cheek. It is a warm sunny day, darkened by a coming storm.

America is home.

Life Is Like a Box of Tampons

Prince Charming doesn't exist. At least not for her. Neither does a dream job, perfect skin, or a small ass. She does feel a bit like she's trapped in a tower though. And there sure are a lot of witches out there. After haircuts, new dresses, a couple potions and even some sexy heels all she ends up with is no voice, a hairy guy with a bad temper, a boy that'll never grow up, warts that were so not worth the kiss and seven little stalkers. Sleeping away her life sure sounds good right about now. But in the end she learns that all the magic in the world won’t make her look into the mirror and see anything fair. The only way to find a happy ending in this life is to just go with the flow.