

sugar pill

i sleep in lace. i sweat
 maple syrup. no stack of pancakes
 but i sigh a smokestack
 while i'm curling my hair. drybar
 might be dependable but i still spray myself
 stiff. oh, no. no, you didn't really
 think—god, that's so
 embarrassing. for you,
 i mean. this is not a 'get ready
 with me.' you wouldn't
 keep up. i down my vitamins, lace
 up the boots, and kiss
 my stanley cup on my way
 out the door. i am on the up

and up—i ride the skirt,
 not the other way around. every mirror
 is a fun mirror if you're having
 a bad time but you wouldn't
 believe it if you met me
 in the real world—blondeness
 long as a yardstick. you'd be jealous.
 is this 'younger woman'
 you speak of in the room with us
 right now? it's what every girl wants—
 president of the student
 body. i get on stage and thank
 my target demographic. the speech
 says, *your skin*
is my skin and if we're beings
of light then we're fluorescence

cascading rom the gym ceiling. and when the ovation
 stands, you know
 why thunder was made for rage
 and auditoriums. today, i cried
 in an arcade. who knows what
 tomorrow will hold? a first kiss

in the arcade parking lot? to everyone else,
 life was about going the distance
 but they had cars
 and i had leather

interior. i was purely
 sentimental. they said, *sophie, you can't be
 everything to everyone* and, man, this slumber party

is a time machine. death row
 of garlic breadsticks. crazy then, crazy
 now. the sephora employee waves
 a gun in my face and i
 am still maiming
 faces in the yearbook but, somehow,
 you want me to make you
 a machine—spin you around
 while hoku plays. babe,
 this isn't a sorority. i'm not gonna shake you
 awake to haze you
 then hit you
 with the pretty stick. my red string still runs
 a bee-line to the gibson girls. they said, *sophie,
 you can't be everything
 to everyone*, but what they should've said was
*sophie, you can be everything
 to everyone*

except yourself. it takes me five tries
 to swallow my iron. this younger woman hides
 no vogue-worthy secrets. *it's sophie's choice*,
 they said, still not
 believing that i'm jewish. still

not believing
 i only ever watched the carousel,

could never find it
 in me to hump

the porcelain horses
 so hard the audience believed

me. did the hairy legs
 just not do it

for you? i have no toenails
 left and my lip

still won't bleed. gun
 to my head and you still

don't believe
you're not jealous

of my ribs and ribboning
hair, you're jealous that, with a gun

to my head, i cry the liner
into a smokey eye,
that i am everything

to myself.