

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Ashley Mullin: “A Girl Is a Gun”

Ashley Mullin · Wednesday, October 14th, 2020

This remarkable poem enthralled me from the first reading. I got caught up in the poem’s velocity, the way it built up to that shattering line at the end. How many of us have been *that* girl? Ashley Mullin lived to tell the tale.

— Alexis Rhone Fancher

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### A Girl Is a Gun

I was dulled and hollowed out and made something funny.  
Neither a product of the world around me  
or a product of my own design.

Just existing in slow harmony.  
The ground shakes and here I am,  
born just as I always was.

I thought to be loved was to carve myself out of stone,  
chisel down the rough bits  
and force myself into the palm of your hand.

I wanted to fashion myself into a weapon for you.  
I wanted you to love this side of me,  
the side that was not afraid of dying  
and bleeding out on your bedroom floor.

I thought you would like this,  
the enormity of my dedication to you.

You said you liked me because I never stopped moving.  
I didn’t know how to tell you I was afraid to stand still.

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