

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Michelle Roberts: Two Poems

Michelle Roberts · Wednesday, July 22nd, 2015

Michelle Roberts is an MA candidate at the University of Nebraska – Lincoln and an editorial assistant for *Prairie Schooner*. Michelle co-curates the No Name Reading Series in Lincoln, Nebraska where she currently resides.

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## Today Is A Man At The Post Office Who Did Not Hold The Door Open For Me

Today is a 32 pack of PBR  
Today is a walk downtown in my tiger leggings  
Today is the oppression of the Queen  
Today is a serial killer  
Today is my teenage angst walking past me with his shirt off  
Today is a drunken alleyway  
Today is knuckles  
Today is knuckles on my cheek  
Today is a girl who does not wear sequins  
Today is a tree branch in my head firing twigs through my temples  
Today is “screw you muse, can’t you see I am driving?”  
Today is Tom Waits  
Today is a missed call  
Today is this vagina and a castle I cannot escape  
Today is a struggle  
that will grow in my best friends breast  
Today is “I’m tired of your bullshit,”  
Today is a pocket walk  
Today is a pebble  
Today is a pebble that got lost on the driver side.  
Today is the Midwest weather crash  
Today is getting nothing done  
Today is not good enough  
Today is your birthday  
Today is a man I’ve never met who tells me goodnight  
Today is “Let me show my anger for once,”

Today is infusing confidence because I am no longer gender but a weapon

Today is two lungs stuck to my lips while I suck on a cigarette so hard it has to go to the ER and I  
 will never quit this breath,  
 all of this hate and madness and chaos and rioting and revolutionizing and Googling and social  
 injustice and trying to get people to understand  
 an American disability  
 Today is me waiting for the wind inside a mason jar  
 Today is canned  
 Today is never happening again  
 Today is coming for you  
 Today is a bully

Today is a new therapist's waiting room with a boy that won't look me in the eye, lying on the  
 floor underneath 3 chairs avoiding his feelings  
 Today is breathing heavy, put on ice  
 for tea time  
 Today is fucking for breeding  
 Today is the day you knew would come  
 Today is a 187  
 Today is genocide  
 Today is a catcall  
 Today is the joining of X and Y  
 Today is pretentious and has a name  
 Today is blonde white girls don't have problems day  
 Today is killing an animal to press between two buns  
 Today is making a profit  
 Today is a blowjob  
 Today is \_\_\_\_\_  
 Today is shrapnel on my tongue and you and me and this world  
 is Russian Roulette.

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## Driving Past Stansbury Bay

There is not enough salt in Utah  
 to preserve us. We're just a song that made its debut  
 by payola. AM airplay used to be so criminal.  
 Radio station static bursts and bellies  
 up on my dash  
 as I keep driving on to Nevada.

White halite down to  
 latch; turn the key of our open  
 mouths, damp  
 it sticks to our lips and limbs were never meant  
  
 to reach across so many miles

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of elsewhere life.

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