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good/bad

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good/bad

Natalie Shaffer

you are the good guy
you buy chocolate and stuffed animals and food especially food because you
know I love eating you take me to the movies, even the scary ones and the
chick flicks that you think are “cheesy” but you endure them because you
love me
you stroke my hair even when your fingers mess up my curls
but I don’t care because your hand is the comb I’ve been waiting for
that will brush out the tangled and knotty mess that I call my life
you call me beautiful and say I love you every day
so that I can be happy at least once
without putting on a mask
you grab my face and tell me “I always want you to know
that I could travel the solar system
no, the entire universe
and I could still not find a star that is as bright and as shining as your eyes”
kids at school tell me how I’ve finally picked the right guy
because I’ve made it a habit to publicize my love life
and the horrible decisions I’ve made regarding my happiness
such as letting a man make me think that there was something wrong with
not letting him take my virginity
or letting myself think that because a guy cheats on me it’s my fault
you treat people like your mom’s cooking
love it or hate it,
you’ll eat it all with a smile on your face
you never swear; you’re never loud; you never frown
teachers love you because they can talk to you about the coursework or about
their children
and still, feel comfortable with you because that’s just who you are
and me
i’m the bad guy

no, not billie eilish's bad guy
where i'm the fucking your dad type
i'm just not as good as you
i'm not saying i'm a bad person because i'm not
you're better than me so i'm the bad guy
I'm the emotional one
which means you need to be happy all the time but not actually happy
and to fix it you engrave a permanent smile onto the smooth canvas of your
cheek
I'm the busy one
so that means I always have things to do spending more time on homework
than you pulling out the knife I sputter names
of those who have hurt me before
giving your eyes the same tool to kill me which makes me the bad guy
I'm not as likable as you
so, people see us, and they may be happy for us
yet I would be the one to break your heart
because "Robby would never do that to her"
but apparently, I would be the one to do that to you because I'm the bad guy
I'm the lamp, giving just enough light for someone to read
and you're the lighthouse, guiding boatloads of people out of the storm and
into your arms
I'm the dumb one
because you're the smart one
I'm the bitch
because you're the nice one
I am the lone violin, a small crowd gathering in the streets to hear my tune
and you're the entire fucking orchestra in the recital hall across the street with
flutes and clarinets and trombones and hundreds of thousands of people to
adore you
I am the homemade solar system a little boy made for their science project
Saturn hanging by a thread from its pedestal and stars are poorly drawn on
the painted cardboard
and you're the fucking paper-mache volcano with the crowd of children
cheering for you when you finally explode
I am the loyal and loving girlfriend that tries their best to make you happy
by buying my heart back from those who auctioned it off like a slave
and you're the loyal and loving boyfriend who is still viewed as something
more
though we are both the same I'm not you
so I'm nothing