

guess you were plugging your ears  
on that Disney-dream ride  
with all the little kiddies squealing  
“It’s a small world after all!”  
I should walk out the door  
pump in the code to your frat boy abode  
and rip your balls out of the socket  
you see, it really is a small world  
after all in Schwitzer Hall  
and third floor side dishes  
will, without a doubt,  
wind up talking turkey with  
the first floor main dish  
I’m not your valentine’s bitch  
not your road-side attraction  
on the pilgrimage to true love  
so you cried all night together,  
and then whispered “I’m sorry”  
out in the kicking wind  
while this little girl was putting  
her stock in you, fountain of truth  
and I remember looking at you  
eyes sprawled out over a leaking heart  
and chuckling my charm:  
“you sure you don’t have some secret  
girlfriend who’s gonna beat me up?  
“no, no one’s gonna beat you up”  
well, I’m want to crack you up  
cause I have been spurred and spat on  
too many times  
and so maybe she has a lovely soul,  
a lovey-dovey freaking hole  
right there where you belong and be  
but this unaware lover, now hot  
and discovered, is not content  
having been cottage cheese shit,  
served and eaten at your desire  
you see, it’s a small world after all  
and she may have your rotten balls  
cuddled up in sappy sweet forgiveness,  
but I’m not a self-trampling girl  
on purpose anymore, and I’m  
out the door and  
headed over

-Catherine Lewis