

SHE CARRIES KNIVES

KARA BRADSHAW

Just a little longer
Cautious fingers pulling, prodding
Maybe if she keeps silent they won't notice
But the world is shrouded in blue and;
Their eyes mirrors, so she can see what they are thinking
Collars like knives that they wear so proudly
While she pulls and prays they don't see her

Corners close in toward her until there is no escape
Surrounded by blue and she is drowning
Her heart rushes to her throat, a scream of forced silence
But they are the protected
Sacred because they were born blue
And she pink

We were the painted, told to keep ourselves clean
When those are the collars donned with red in the evening
Crushed against the soft skin of pink bodies
Drunk on our scent, forgotten in the morning

Just a little longer
Keep your eyes down, your voice soft
Maybe they won't notice your collar
Sharp and proud, hidden beneath a pink coat
Amongst the blue
She carries knives