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Woman Messages, or, the shallow breaths of a cranky sexpot, generally late in the afternoon, but not under the influence of contraceptive pills

i. initial thought to
publish möpse

--a softer world!
too good a sense!--

asserts correct
the husband shall
restrain himself when shirts spill guts.

first time in public,
husband fades.

my fashion secret
conference

turncoats
future dead friends.

ii. thirteen
whoreteen
fifteen
sixteen
crycryteen
eighteen
paintedeen
slavety

no uncertain terms
those damning words
peel away humaniteen

D-list nay-nay
 n^{th} degree
bloodyshame
beatdownsane
to truly be free

complimentariteen
pure at heart

honors to a tightlipteen
Charakter smarts

giveawayherfavorsteen
a generous deal

cupcake dominatreen
Updated!, per diem

iii. "Give Mammary Some Pedigree!"
foreplays my bosom mission,

But my patrons sizzle in silence,
just skirting Lifeless Expression.

In unison, recriminations:
No justification for your toxin!
Of sexual literacy,
va-va-vagary,
and of course, those fugly lungs.

So, deletions and revisions.
I must shake them from my body.

My biggest wardrobe failure--
a huge rack of hopes,
but devastation to those I love--
dies from complications.

iv. shimmy
sin
ashamed

I was a teenage dinner.

v. She has lost herself.
Unsure of the official rules,
she checks her knickers.

Her follow button has broken.
It's not enough to cream her.
Still, she never defends herself,
Just massages her trial lyrics,
So that a few girls, perhaps, won't help but feel bad for her, and break out their party hats in an attempt
to moonwalk past the whole "whore" aspect.

Her monthly sweat approaches.
See her shaking. All possible requests constrain her head.
Likes: the remedy illusion.
Notifications: waves of percussion.
Comments: a poison waterfall.
The “little slut's” grieving?

Never noticed.