Honesty

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I cheat because it feels good
I tilt my mirror against the wall
it makes my legs look longer
sweetens the line of my back

I don’t smile all the time because
I hate to be fake and
honestly?
I don’t really care what you think of me

I go to movies alone
the lush intimacy of the dark
and those performers pretending to be normal
would be ruined
by the obliging presence of someone whose smell is familiar

I spend Friday nights working on logic problems
the TV humming in the background
in my pajamas with a pink coffee mug
full of cheesy crackers beside
me thinking of reasons
for the existence of the confusing
absurdity that is life

I don’t hug people
the mutual grasping of
bodies
isn’t comforting, the casual claim
of my personal space is nauseating
you don’t need to touch me,
I’m okay
I listen to Broadway and oldies
jazz and gothic rock, ragtime
songs from Disney movies
commercials
I sing them too, aloud –
the women’s washroom in Physics Hall
was phenomenal
acoustics

I open cans of soda and put them in the refrigerator
then drink them two days later

I cry
not often
but always alone
who wants to burden those people you call
friends
with the pettiness of your life?

if my exam scores are less than perfect or
the descriptive words of poetry flee before my pen
the dull blade of the penknife and
the thin line of vermillion bubbling to crimson
then the salty nectar blurs my sight
drips in translucent trails down my skin

I love to watch small children
their eager voices, small appendages
and expressions of unashamed delight
ruddy-checked babies
the softly curling hair of shaky toddlers
throaty babble as they hold conferences with
careful rows of stuffed animals –
I never want to be a parent