

Thoughts From My Pajamas

By. MJB

Tell Me About It.

I'm sure.

I'm sure it was really hard

-for you-

that I was willing to be your second priority,

learn how to coparent,

love your child as my own,

try to get along with the blonde tall woman you used to sleep with,

do your laundry,

make your bed,

and kiss you goodnight.

I'm sure that was really difficult.

For you.

Call me selfish,

but I deserve more

than I have received

when it comes to love.

I find it unfair

that I muster up the compassion

To love

and love

and try

and try

Again,

But *I* become the butt of every joke,

She dates so much.

She's got a different boy toy every week.

She always thinks she's in love.

When in reality, I've just had a long string of men

who thought they wanted a confident woman,

who thought they wanted an independent girl,

who thought they wanted this shiny toy to play with,

but couldn't handle a woman with a personality twice her size,

and couldn't handle that she doesn't need them,

and forgot that beneath her breasts is a beating heart.

I'm tired of being the slut
when my only crime
was to think I've shared something special
with an insecure man.

Sensitive Spot

A twin bed
Isn't as bothersome
As one tends to think.

It's cheaper to buy bedding,
and easier to keep warm,
and generally
tucking under those close covers
prevents most anxious tossing and turning.

But-
my bed does feel colder
when it is shared.

Nothing disrupts
the pleasant and close familiarity of my twin bed
more than a visitor
 with an arm around me
 who doesn't know the rules
 of my little territory for dreaming:

The round throw pillow can go on the floor.
No, the stuffed animals may not.
Yes, they *do* have feelings.

Two pillows go under my head.
The third pillow goes against the wall because I roll over in my sleep.
No, I don't care that you're in between me and the wall,
the third pillow still goes there.

We shower before bed.
Because we stink and my sheets are clean.

I just walk around in my pajama pants at night,
I don't *actually sleep* in them.

I have to sleep with the AC on.
Yes- I know it's winter, but I can't breathe when the air is old,
and I can't sleep without the weight of all these blankets.

You know what- *you can go*.

The Neutrality of Duality

Guppies don't live alone.
They need company.
And yet
I watch mine nip at each other's fins.

I collect tiny tea sets.
My favorite one is a little chipped, though.

The better a standard #2 pencil does its job,
the faster it disappears.

And I could tell you something grand
about the necessity of hardships,
the beauty of imperfection,
or the fleetingness of life,
but it would not be anything worth knowing.
It would just end up on a fridge magnet, or a greeting card.

Because-
It's *not* some fantastical story
about learning life lessons,
or riding roller coasters,
or waiting out storms.

I think perhaps:
there is pleasure,
and there is pain,
and that is all.

There is just a little of both
in the world.

Showgirl

The Just Chorus Girl
has 6 costumes
and 5 wigs
and just stretches tirelessly
to get her leg to kick over her head
in line with the rest of the girls.

Her feet are just bleeding
because high heeled shoes
aren't made for just 3 hours of dancing.

She just fought with her friend backstage,
but she just spent an hour rouging her cheeks
and gluing her lashes
so she can't cry.

At the end of the show
the leading lady will get the pictures
and the signatures
and they will be well deserved.

But the Just Chorus Girl will slip through the crowds unnoticed
And she'll find the gentleman
who yammers on
about the star of the show
who says she's just a chorus girl

and for a moment
she'll believe
that all the applause in the theater
had just been
for her.