

Two Poems

Tabitha Lee

A Bar Visit with a Noisy Stranger

I.

"Smile, baby girl," he said

Everything is better when you are
A perfectly painted portrait
Of what we think happiness looks like
No exhaustion or depression to be seen

II.

"Smile. It looks good on you," he slurred out

Fake it 'til you make it, as you bring me a beer
It's what they all say when they see a "chick"
It's for the common good,
Since strength shows when I smile through it

III.

"But you have such a nice smile," he whined

Why am I forced to smile?

Why does everyone worry when I stop smiling?
Other emotions exist for me
Yet I smile wide for him

Something Is Stirring

There is no pain
Like standing in the hospital mirror
Seeing once more
Something so familiar
so sterile, so sad
Something that resembled
. . . 16-year-old you . . .

Tear-stained eyes
Pleading some kind of escape
Feeling so isolated
Feeling so scared
Feeling. . . lost, so fucking lost
With the hollow shell looking back
Somehow it is still
. . . *you there in the mirror* . . .

Bearing less marks
From the war you were in
That broken kid still fights on
In you, maybe it will be forever
Her 13 tiny deaths are written in red ink
Onto the bridge of your foot
Just wanting to be whole again
While being in similar green scrubs
. . . *As they wore after their almost 14th death* . . .

Tabitha Lee is a twenty-year-old genderfluid individual pursuing their bachelor's in English with certificates in creative writing and possibly in writing, editing, and publishing. He enjoys spending time with their cat and writing, enjoying time with their wonderful fiancées, and snuggling up with a good book.