

# Sheila Nicholls, Medusa

Medusa woke up one day and shaved her head  
well maybe now you'll let me a little closer she said  
but she just sacrificed her identity instead

be careful how you trend  
be careful how you tread

medusa went home again and watched TV  
a commercial for deodorant, tampons, so now we won't smell see  
said the sister with the plastic smile, excitement, and glee  
buy your shame for free  
buy your shame for free

and all the smiles that we spill  
because it's part of the drill  
the shame that we bear  
for the floors that aren't there  
the unfulfilled will be dismissed  
for a savior, a kiss  
the memories we repress ... when we undress

she went channel surfing  
and all that was seen  
were decorative women arrive on the screen  
conventional images of adolescent male dreams  
when men aren't around they fall apart at the seams  
passive exposed  
peaches and cream  
survive like an object to blow off your steam  
interchangeable fragments  
and outlines and shapes  
they say no they mean yes to little girl rapes

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the rage trapped inside  
smothered and dried  
the words that we use  
they divide and abuse  
the wound between women keeps the war-mongers grinning  
the war between women stops recovery beginning

medusa grew her hair back  
around her face  
she'd been looking for alignment in the wrong place  
so she called up her friends  
malcom x and collie  
and they go on a plane  
cocked off too ...  
falling