

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/3

Ana Hausmann

A manufactured quirk:
I can't talk to women
because their pretty curls
turn into worms
that wiggle through my eye sockets
and tug me around from the inside of my brain
like I'm a puppet
They beat the girl out of me
Threaten what is left
of my extinguished femininity
until I am quivering in a corner
clutching its body and desperately searching
for a beating heart