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The Time I Was Victimized on Halloween

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The Time I Was Victimized on Halloween

Brandi Sutton

I sat in a stranger's living room
Essenced with hard apple cider
And cigarettes, beneath dim light
That looked like what was felt, and felt
Like what I heard
Upon that stage
An emerald beer bottle
Vasing one wilting white rose
Which was a mirror
Participating in cruel partnership
With heightened sound waves
Just enough to expose how
We had shattered.
The artists were desperate
Forcing solidarity, throwing tantrums
On the bass drum and pulsing
Distorted chords and pleading keys
All while provoking those gold disks
That struck back even harder
Leaving us defenseless, stripped
Bare of resilience, or even lack thereof
I looked down at my hands
To see what I had left
The homemade lyric book
Torn and crumpled from the
Tension of my miserable empathy
But this was art, too.