

IF I'M BEING HONEST, I'M STILL UPSET ABOUT THE AMERICAN GIRL DOLL THING

CHRISSY MARTIN

I bet her parents bought the bitch her own seat
we are talking about the American Girl doll

sitting next to my friend on her flight
not some Parisian heiress who stole my husband

but the disdain is the same burned in the chest
dropped belly the same *oh no* when I circled

the American Girl dog just the dog & I'd dream
about getting the bed the dog slept in canopied

with weightless white lace & a set of water dishes
with small brown mounds of food & again I am here

with the hot stomach drop like when my parents
said *it would be sad if we bought you just the dog* which meant

it would be sad if we told you we couldn't even buy the dog
same burn as when leather-pursed women smack

into me with their bags on the crosswalk when
my friend says *have your parents chip in for rent*

when my therapist says *have you tried positive thinking*
I think I bet she had an American Girl doll I bet

she had the dogs & the cats a draped canopy
I bet lace air-danced over her bed that matched the dog's

I bet she didn't even think about which ones matched
the shoes when she circled in the catalog all of the purses.