Fuckbois

There was a time, many moons and pant-sizes ago

When I made myself smaller

Did things, said things that never stirred up trouble

Wore heels and a tight skirt

Instead of the slouchy overalls and t-shirt I felt good in

I agreed with everything you said

Laughed at what I guess you call “jokes”

I even took the trouble to do my hair from one of those YouTube tutorials

I fit myself in a box

A small, small box

A palatable box

Easy to move around the house when you need to

Or stow under the bed when not in use

Everyone told me they were so “proud” of me

As if I were a galaxy or a garden

Like I was saving children in Africa or something

But all I felt was trapped, really

Until one day

I think I just snapped

I burst out like a firework and it was beautiful

I no longer needed to impress you or anyone

But I still wanted to show you my radiant colors

*Look how I sparkle!*

*Look how I pop and whiz in the sky!*

Of course you enjoyed the show

You had to wear sunglasses I was so fucking bright

And now I was changed

Now I was different

I ditched my uncomfortable dresses

I let my hair fall in my eyes like a curly blanket

I no longer laughed at your “jokes” but told my own

I was so damn incredible

For the first time I was fully and unapologetically

Me and only me

The me-est me to ever me

I’d like to say that you stuck around

That you couldn’t get enough of my sparkles and whizzes

That you’d give anything to hear my thunderous music one more time

But that wouldn’t be the truth

You left so fast it gave me whiplash

Sped yourself out of the lot like a getaway car

And all of a sudden I felt small again

Worthless and under the bed

So unimportant you don’t even remember…

*What was in that little box again?*

So I let a few salty tears escape my eyes

Let the sea of doubt wash over me like a storm

Maybe a Category 2

But not major enough to have a cool name

And after a little while I was in the eye of that storm

Chairs and debris roaring above my head

The sky hazy and loud

And I realized

This is fucking stupid

I’m not just some little box to be swept up

In some lame storm

And a *Category 2*, no less?

No

I’m a motherfucking firework

I refuse to let you make me small again

I refuse

You can hit 200 miles per hour down that highway for all I care

You can run away to your heart’s desire thinking you’ll find something

Something better just a little bit down the road

But let me be clear

You’ll still see me blasting through the sky

Like the fantastic firework that I am

In your god damn rearview mirror, bitch