For the Record

I am not a pair of saucer eyes

or teacup tits

or china doll skin to tap fingernails on.

I am the good knife

and years of practice on squirrel corpses.

I am not my pallor, my past,

my uncle’s hands on me,

my dainty fingers.

I am a ballerina’s precision.

I am exquisite cuts down a soft belly.

I am not your stories.

I am not the type of virgin

who wears a white nightgown and waits.

If I could’ve picked my own name

it would’ve been “The Surgeon”.

But some joker found the dress

and pinned “Blue Betty”,

like a child’s birthday badge,

to my spectacular crimes.

I dislike the gift shop –

the plastic tackiness, pastel colours.

As for the odd girls in maggot-pale make-up

who pose for photos by my headstone –

let them come, I guess.

Let them create themselves

however they want.