

Sometimes I think seeing the best in people loses me friends.

Annoys people.

A driver cuts me off and I say "Maybe they know someone dying. Or having a baby"

My old friends said "Or they just suck"

I'm stuck driving between two lanes.

Swerving myself into jeopardy

Cutting myself off to please another myself

I want to trust and be trusted. I don't think the world is evil.

I believe in love at first sight and soulmates and that

everything happens for a reason.

I am called naive.

I'm a hard ass. Or I want to be anyways.

I want to be sweet and loving and kind and be known as a GOOD PERSON.

I want the words bitch and slut and whore stricken from society.

I am also a woman who wants to be taken seriously.

I want to stand with my hands on my hips and climb to the top.

I want to be called a bitch and own it.

I want people to know they can't push me around  
but that I would never raise a hand to anyone.  
A constant tug-of-war between badass and beach-town Barbie.

I am determined that the world won't break me down.  
Ever.

Oh but hasn't it already?

I live walking the tightrope between good girl and bad bitch  
The uncertainty of my two halves forever halting conversation with the words  
“WAIT NO”

Forever shifting conversations back and forth

This eternal internal power struggle sends me into spirals  
A vertigo vessel spinning into confusion

I'll never tell a friend I want love  
I hardly let myself want it for god sake  
One side of me is bold  
The other is talking the first side out  
of sending that txt

*Stop talking.*

*Stand up for yourself more.*

***STOP TALKING***

***SAY SOMETHING***

Jesus

It's loud isn't it?

And people love to watch that tightrope get thinner

And thinner

And thinner

try to taunt me then call me Bitter

Revel in running their hands through my man's hair and whispering

*jealous*

behind my back

I'm only one woman.

Can I take the power struggle between

Me, myself, and I

Should I take it

Should I pick one

Should I find the blend

And bend

Myself backwards to find exactly who to be when

I drown myself in professionalism

Letting one side of me destroy the other

for the sake of the job

I take away things that would make the good girl happy

To please the boss bitch

She's never pleased anyways

If dissatisfaction isn't uncertainty, then what is?

If uncertainty with oneself isn't dissatisfaction

then what is?

Well

If only fools are satisfied

I'm the smartest damn girl you'll ever meet

