Still Perfection

Micaela Tucker

Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol19/iss2/2

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
Still Perfection

Micaela Tucker

If you want to be her
Stop breathing
Exhale until flat

In the beginning
Two women were formed
From a rib and from mud

Woman of rib was cursed
To never be satisfied
With every breath

Desiring transparency
She stopped feeding
Her boned soul

Woman of mud
Burned into delicate
Glass

Breathless
Beautiful
Flat

All women were
Not
Created equal

Her boned soul
Needed
Needed breath and blood and flesh

Glass frame
Lived without want
Breathless
Futile attempts
To be perfect
Thinned the skin

Bones protruded
Every fucking bone
Bovine

Curse the day
Blood entered my veins
Preventing porcelain perfection

Women equal when broken
Glass shattered
Ribs still

Drugs Suck
Kimberly Kaoh

Drugs are an asshole. You think that trying things once can’t hurt, but it can quickly grab a hold of you and suck you in. Like when you’re curious about a guy, you’re not sure, but you think, “What the hell, I’ll give it a shot,” and next thing you know, you’re in a relationship that you’re pretty sure you don’t want to be in, but you’re bored and it keeps you entertained.

The first drug that I ever tried was acid, and I was 15. Most people start with weed and then the whole “gateway drug” thing gets them started on harder drugs. Not me, I jumped right in the middle. That night was a crazy night of hallucinations. Everything was moving, carpets turned into flowing water, people in pictures were moving around and talking to each other, there were little clowns running on the couch, and my friend was freaking out because he thought I moved his stove. I was convinced that the stove moved on its own. But this wasn’t the moment when I got hooked into my crazy relationship with drugs. That happened while I was working at Chuck’s Steak House.

Chuck’s Steak House is in Waikiki. I think this is probably the most interesting place I have ever worked at. When you walked into the restaurant, you could instantly smell the charcoal-like smoke and the steaks on the grill. It was so dimly lit in there; the only light that enables you to see comes from candles that are on the table and a few lights in the back for bigger parties. The bar was made to look like a tiki hut; there is bamboo on the bar and a little brown, grass-like roof above it.

Our boss was almost never there, which made it so much more fun! I don’t think I have had any other job where my best friends all worked with me. There was Tara, Tiff, and Sheena, who rotated between hostess and cocktail waitress; Aunty Jess and Uncle Julio were the waiters; and the cooks, who would always send food to the bar when they knew I came