

# I would have no pubes if I were truly in love

This I know  
This I am sure of  
the only white person at the poetry reading  
was totally related to me  
I don't call anything a dream  
your primeval stink really gets me  
I think fucking is P in V but later  
my mom tells me there's more  
Is p pussy and v vagina, I say  
You must try everything, she says  
I say it too always striving  
to be someone's mirror  
everyone tells me I am my mother's mother  
both of us were born with curly pubes  
that straightened out late in life  
she tells me about a Chinese academic  
and I'm like, I'm a Chinese academic!  
and she's like, yeeeah  
but not like him  
so yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaah  
I'm not like him  
I don't have anything to say  
I don't have very many ideas  
after falling in love I smell medicinal shit  
everywhere  
trying to locate the source  
I trace it to the inside of my bedroom walls  
"If you never marry and stay in New York  
no one will ever see the lovely paintings  
from your childhood that hang on your walls,"  
Yah mom, I know that  
Is that what you want, she inquires  
I know the answer  
I know my answer  
I know the answer  
still I don't think I have enough  
still I don't think I think enough  
I make Minnie Mouse dive into my muff  
and I swear to god she's the only one  
who gets me: "You, my dear Minnie  
are my best and only friend  
no one else in this whole world  
understands me." I swear to god  
I shit myself standing up  
reading Sweet Valley High in a library  
squeezing my cheeks with determination  
when Bruce Patton "grazes" Elizabeth's breast  
later I swear to god I wrote "graces" her breast in my diary  
and I am so excited by this first evidence of poetic greatness  
that I wipe my big sloppy cunt lips on my diary  
so I can frame it and get it shown  
in the next Whitney Biennial  
I know lots of white guys  
who have rejected their family wealth  
who have done this  
framed their own cum  
splattered against the front page of yesterday's newspaper  
I have been offered day-old semen  
in a champagne glass that came with the discounted Moet  
my mom bought from Costco  
it's important to get a good deal on cum-vessels  
tomorrow I think I shall shop in bulk for flour and sugar  
so that I can bake cum cakes  
for my own true love  
how good I am  
how saintly my practice becomes  
how generous I naturally can be



it's everyone's party  
it's everyone's right  
"just because it offends u doesn't mean  
u you should make everyone else feel like shit"  
just because most days I feel like doo doo  
doesn't mean you shouldn't say sorry  
every once in a while  
every once in a while  
my mom is all like, say sorry  
and I'm all like, say sorry  
and she's all like, say sorry without the say  
and I'm all like, say sorry without the say!  
I bet if she could  
she'd stuff me right back up her lil cunt  
and we would fulfill each other  
in ways we cannot dream of now  
it is not so doo doo to be admired  
when someone says:  
I dream of your rice paper skin  
and those almond milk eyes  
and your water lily breath  
gets my American hamburger  
so completely solid  
I am like, yah I know  
you think I don't see myself the way you see me?  
but I'm not gonna make this about me  
I'm not gonna eat Keat's eye after all and use it  
to see who will read me when I'm dead  
to see who will write about the women in the fire  
after the rest of New York's landfill floats away  
I swear I am related to every single person  
who has ever suffered  
not that this is about me  
or my suffering  
or how I am at the center of all this  
how no one has ever had it  
the way I have had it  
how I am the only one who has ever  
volunteered to give up my cunt  
without anyone asking!  
People who know me ask:  
how does it feel that the most tragic thing about you  
is something the average person cannot ever see?  
it feels secretive, I shall say at the next party  
it feels wonderful, I shall say at the next dinner  
it feels tremendous, I shall say at the next wine and cheese  
I feel everything, I shall say to the one person  
who has nearly suffered as much as me  
we are both so lucky, I shall say  
we have both lived so much, I will say  
don't you think so? I find myself saying  
don't you feel it to be true?

— Jenny Zhang

