

RED ICING

Mya Destefano poetry

A sixteen candle serenade, a charade
for the perverts and the converts
measuring her worth by the length of her skirt.
She exists, always alert, to avoid getting hurt.
Blow.

Make a wish
for the forgotten years of innocence.
Slice the cake,
piercing her like a blade,
cascading blood like red icing.

A free-for-all birthday
with insecurities laid out on the buffet.
Dance with her father, because romanced
womanhood awaits beyond his pearly-gates.
Altar-bound after her first date.

New license with her life up for the takes.
Mental health like a cracked and weathered highway,
navigate the road less-traveled, no accidents allowed.
Patriarchy-bestowed freedom awaits.
Happy birthday.