

THE REAL GIRL

Sarah Fosdick

*The real girl has legs.
She doesn't have roots.
She is not recorded; She
is real-time. She can just
walk out of his room,
manifesting into the real
world as the boy's real
sin.*

The plant on his window sill

Is suffocated by the stench of his
Cheap cologne and loudspeakers
Of Kurt crying something about being
In a jar and thinking you're happy.
Indeed, nothing is more nourishing
Than the approval of a brooding boy
Who's sensitive enough to buy plants
And affected enough to listen to Nirvana.

The plant on his window sill

Was anointed as the only beautiful
Thing in the ugly world he hates,
Valued because of its untainted beauty,
But forgotten because it's only a plant.
The leaves that were once green
And pointed to the far away sun
Have turned brown and shriveled
Because he drank all the water.

The plant on his window sill

Knows that he is a murderer who went
Unnoticed and suffers no consequence,
Hiding inside his safe haven:
The place where he crawls back
To dry his tears and wring his hands
And relish in his victimhood,
Thanking God he does not contribute
To the ugly world he so nobly transcended.

The plant on his window sill

Feels hopelessly similar to
The pretty girls on his screen,
So it wrote a poem about him. It goes like this:
“He lies under his ceiling layered in sequins.
A trap for demise, his hand willingly begins.
But they’re only imaginary virgins,
They’re only his imaginary sins,
The crown of an imaginary prince.”

The plant on his window sill

Once saw him take a girl back with him,
A real girl with long hair and easy lungs who
Endured the stabs of his bitter sword and
Bore him light and beauty in his little room.
But she didn’t know there is always a serpent
In the garden; she thought she was being watered.
Despite his great struggle to balance his crown,
He still didn’t notice that she was not just

The plant on his window sill.

