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Section Eight Cosmo Girl

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Candace Obetts *Section Eight Cosmo Girl*

Pouty painted lips
my weapon of choice.
Eyeing the target
through a mascara scope,
pulling the trigger
with a crimson-tipped finger.

The raid unexpected
in standard issue
silk camouflage,
capture the hostage
with contoured tactics,
keep him in my territory
with arms,
drained and weak
but alive on rations
of aggressive maneuvers.

The recruiters
gloss over reality.
In boot camp
they fail to inform
about concealed landmines
and their power,
the strength they generate
when they detonate,
burst, and mushroom.

They don't instruct
on the strategy to use
when you are the hunted,
caught off guard,
falling prey
to another's guerrilla tactics,
equipped with nothing,
having to surrender.
Now, **you** are the prisoner
they want to annihilate
slowly,
deliciously.

Desperate,
grabbing at scraps thankfully,
begging for a little bit more
(please . . . just a little bit more),
Dignity stripped,
dead,
naked
like a jungle
dusted with napalm.

I grew tired of ducking grenades,
dodging bullets,
ignoring the acceptable violence.
I punctured the crusty earth
and dug these nails in deep,
pulling myself out
of the stagnant trough.
It was no longer my protection,
but their trap.

This was a battle
I no longer felt
passion for.