



Integrity

Alli Purtill

red lines encompass the expanse of her brains floor.
cluttered mass of scholastic yo-yos
telling her what sounds like her

potted plants of paper shrouded in crumpled ink
condemned to the wire flytrap
for in the eyes of blurred out rights and wrongs
you are nothing more than a punctuation error

it doesn't matter what feels real to her
because real doesn't earn you an A
and learning is the pathway to jobhubbykid

keep your man happy
with words you clearly learned
when you repressed everything you felt

feed him bowls of author's notes and
rejection letters

drink from sippy cups of
poetic disillusionment
because writing is not expression
it is repression

they say my integrity's in jeopardy
and that all I need to do
to suit them

Is change it.