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You Call Them

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You Call Them

step-gremlins,
because you just hate them for
spilling Sunny D orange juice on your beige bedroom carpet and
because your mom buys them
pizza lunchables and Lucky Charms cereal

(you were stuck with Raisin Bran when you were their age.)

They smell like crayons and jam and
they squeakily scream overplayed pop songs in your shower and
they steal most of your red lipsticks and
you have to help them add negative numbers for their homework,

but you can’t.
Because you’re really busy and stressed and you have your own problems
o-kay, mom?

And then
you find yourself,
a thousand miles away,

remembering that you are somebody’s idol,
wanting the silly step-sistery steadfast love

(the one you’re afraid to admit, because you’re not done hating your mom yet)

calling the same ten numbers that’ve always been home,
hoping that a high-toned voice answers the phone
and tells you about how much her friend Paige sucks
while you don’t tell her

that you just hate living in a room
without an orange stain on its carpet.

by Megan Lasher