

2021

26505

Mahala Ruddle
West Virginia University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://researchrepository.wvu.edu/calliope>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Ruddle, Mahala (2021) "26505," *Calliope*: Vol. 33 , Article 23.

Available at: <https://researchrepository.wvu.edu/calliope/vol33/iss1/23>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Research Repository @ WVU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of The Research Repository @ WVU. For more information, please contact ian.harmon@mail.wvu.edu.

26505

Mahala Ruddle

He loves me.

He loves me not.

Norman Fucking Rockwell see all

But says nothing.

He sees us get loaded up and sad

As our bodies rebel against this kind of hurt,

The one that is only acknowledged with laughter.

Our brains win as we drink tomorrow

G O O D B Y E

We are the Queens of Melodrama,

Of crying alone and biting a knife,

Of dramatic irony and being that attractive type of unattractive.

We're the kind of girls that exist only in neon dreams.

Lamenting in our debauchery, we're starlets of our Instagram's,

Selling our souls to be the cool girls.

We're the ones who can hang, the ones that can shotgun and rip jokes,

The ones that make bad decisions but still go to class the next day.

So we hop in the back of a boy's truck that we barely know

And stretch out our arms and

Scream Hot Girl Bummer and pretend we're college dropouts (wrong!)

And swear to ourselves that aren't going to settle down after we graduate

with some guy who makes us feel incrementally less shitty than all the others.

Oops

Did that strike a nerve?
I'm sorry, I'll go back to by cul-de-sac
And daisy games and
Getting married before I know who I am.

Allow me to skip to the present.
Let me set down my beer so I can
Take another Pull of Reality and come
To Earth.

He loves me.
He loves me not.
Read at 10:27 pm.

It's sober talks that can't be done sober,
And breath that smells like apple Bootleggers.
It's not looking at you on the elevator,
Down, down, down we go.
You pretended you blacked out the night you said you loved me?
How cliché.

Maybe that's what we are.
Clichés running head-first into
A badly timed joke.
But when at least we're the ones
That have the last laugh.
So lets raise our beers and throw a smile and say a toast.
Here's to you,
Here's to me,
Here's to the best we'll ever be.
And if you don't agree, fuck you.