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to the man in the garbage truck with the brick colored phone case

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to the man in the garbage truck with the brick colored phone case

Norah Mayer

so brazen, with your smarmy smile on that round unsuspecting face. you act as if it is normal to photograph a girl walking to class. as you passed, my training kicked in. i looked for your plate, for a company name, for any identifiers, yet nothing was there.

i'm guessing this isn't the first time. i'm guessing i am not the only one you feel entitled to look at and jerk off to later, only lasting as long as it took to *snap* the picture.

fuck you and your buddies who probably egg you on. who leave you be at the bar with countless beers. as long as it's not *their* sister, right?

i bet you look down from your big boy garbage truck and feel as if nothing can touch you. well, i may not have been able to rip you down and stomp on your face, but I will relish in the fact that you will never touch me.

i hope your fantasies of me turn *on you*. i hope every time you think of me, every time you see the picture that you stole of me, you stay as soft as my unobtainable skin. i picture all of the women in your phone who can do nothing to get out, rising up against you. all of us taking the power and watching you realize what it means to be violated.

who told you that karma, my lesbian lover, won't come back and take everything you love?

then, I will take a picture of you.