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WIFE



P E E P A L T R E E

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## **A note to the couple's therapist**

My self-diagnosis: It's just this body  
I was given.  
It wants to be more.  
Now it smells like rust  
but I'm too young  
to flake away.  
Now, when I'm touched  
it's with a thrusting motion  
as though my body  
were no more than  
a pail of water,  
a warm place  
to wash one's hands.  
But if I'm rust, I want to come off  
on fingers, leave a stain.  
And if I am water then I plan to be the ocean.  
I'll leave salt behind.

## **Everybody needs a white husband**

We all need a little bleach to shine. You can't walk up any coloured carpet brown on brown. You know you'll disappear. Can't get a job? Well, you better shackle down a white husband. Hungry? Thirsty? He can fix that, too. He can remake God in your image if you ask with the correct inflections. And best of all, he can give you milky babies with hair you don't have to be ashamed of.

Believe me, I understand. A husband is meant to be a trophy. But he can also be a white peace flag. A thing to surrender in the wind and signal that you can get along. But the trick is letting him go.

When is the right time to break the news? When is the perfect moment to admit that marriage is just about your momentum in the world? Girl, I can't help you there.

Just make sure your kinky pubic hairs leave imprints on his face. Everyone knows that's a symbol better than a wedding ring.