

Cutting Room Floor

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Rewind to the time out for Italian with the girls
and my lesbian best friend wanted to go halvesies
on a trip to the bathroom; I had to remind myself
just because she likes girls, doesn't mean she likes me.
Fast forward to when grandma went to Maine
and bought me an oversized periwinkle t-shirt
of a moose in pjs saying I don't do mornings,
I might have laughed, but I still wore it to bed.
Mute the scene of graduation day, when all my friends walked
but I sat home kicking myself for being a semester behind.
Skip through my ex's funeral because even though he was
my first love, he was still my first mistake,
I never liked needles so he and heroin weren't for me.
Any shot with my aunt has her stating something bitchy
but we made excuses for her because the chemo fried
her brain; I thought she was like that before the cancer.
We can laugh at the many times my dad said
he'd always be my first boyfriend;
I thought that sounded kind of weird,
even though the meaning is completely innocent.
Erase the scenes where my brother needed help
going to the bathroom because he's handicapped;
if I didn't help he'd just have to pee his pants.

Show any clip of my mom being the queen of awkward
because half the stuff she says comes straight
from Mars and out of her mouth.
On replay is the scene of Acapulco spring break;
I wandered to make friends with locals,
I don't remember a second of this but priceless pictures
with machine gun guards and the next day hangover
was all the evidence I needed.