

## **HISTÉRICA!**

I'm not the perfect daughter  
Nor am I the pinnacle of the American Dream that no  
longer exists  
... for me ... that is.

I'm not sure if I was born crazy  
Or if I was simply driven to madness  
By fellow women that listened to their fathers tell them,  
that I should be hit often  
and by someone who knows how.

I dream of the perfect black persian cat  
curling itself around my feet  
and purring at me, like a friend  
who's in on the job.

Maybe he'll sit and curl  
up on my lap. I'll tell him stories  
of the uncle, an archangel, for whom  
he's named after. And perhaps,  
he'll look up at me with  
those brat green eyes, and paw  
at my palm; when I start crying  
over a relative I never knew.

Even the cat will know I'm not normal.