

# PROMISCUITY

A POEM BY ABIGAIL MILAM

*promiscuous young lady,*  
lusting over gatekeepers of destruction.  
she wore her heart on her sleeve.  
but her sleeves became walls wrapped in chains,  
and her heart pierced with its very own key.

*promiscuous young lady,*  
she isn't broken, no.  
far from broken.  
her mind is a kingdom,  
it's just holding her hostage.

*promiscuous young lady.*  
her beauty is purity draped in black,  
laced with the stones from rubble of her past.  
desire me, she screamed to the vandals.  
love me, she screamed at her very own self.

*promiscuous young lady.*  
the cycle spirals in continuity,  
round and round within destiny.  
little does she know,  
oh, very little does she know.

*promiscuous young lady,*  
your sleeve is not chains,  
it's only the fabric of vulnerability.  
your heart is not pierced,  
only pulsing within restriction.  
your mind is a kingdom,  
yet you refuse to let yourself out.

*promiscuous young lady,*  
stop living within self-doubt.

