**Give Me One More Chance**

Kristy Nielsen

There are so many of me. I am loveable

and I am hideous. Gracious

but greedy, girlish, and vaguely psychic.

Lock me up. I will listen

to your busy tone for hours. I touch myself

until my aura’s the color of gingham, shape

of a young girl’s dress with a piece cut out.

You see a flock of pigeons rise and settle

then rise again like pockets turned inside out.

I think of the most horrible thing I have ever done.

I repeat it to myself over and over

until it sounds like the pledge of allegiance.

Until I fall to my knees.

Until you keep me around a little longer.

‘Till you’re stuck with me—

a person who might have done something

the way a forced bulb might

if someone put it in a window

and someone shines the sun down

and someone comes along with the water.