

## Unless I am Acting

Written by Kate Crash

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This is not how I planned it...my life

I'm wearing too much makeup  
My skirt is hiked too high  
I'm selling things I shouldn't  
To people who [don't] wanna buy  
But they buy  
Me, success, sex. A good time  
Not what I'm selling  
Not what I had in mind

My desperation is creepy  
I shake my ass they laugh  
Give me a few dollars I'm lonely  
And tired and don't know why I'm doing this

I step from my car  
With pushed up tits  
And stomach sucked in  
Into the cold air  
I'm off to serve middle eastern/ers/men  
the American dream  
In a black corset  
And a bottle of jim beam  
With red lips and empty eyes  
Unsatisfied lies  
enough to make any man scream

More.

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The men are smiling  
I put my hand on their shoulders  
How easy it is to fall into something  
I don't believe in not one bit  
And I'm good  
And there breaths stink of whiskey and wives who misunderstood  
And he touches my tit  
And I pretend not to notice  
I try to turn away  
But don't [no not fully]

When I was small I wondered how girls looked so dead in their eyes?  
How do you become ddead  
Without emotion  
Easy I think now  
AS THEy CRAWL UP MY LEG  
Leeching for love in a sub zero way  
You just don't think about it

The Midwestern midget with the wandering hands  
Has had his way with me again  
Because my voice wsas caught somewhere in the wind  
With my soul and my [dirty] laundry and the life within  
Hanging from my dead mothers porch  
In some nameless town I will not go back to  
I came here to make it big  
I came here and forgot why

see my stained painties smiling  
I'll say no next time

I taste the night  
It is filthy and full of promise  
I'm in love with three guys  
None of them fully  
I just want love  
But I hate my body  
So I won't let anybody touch  
Unless I'm acting