

Anna

There's a young woman who's forgotten where her mother's gone and whose father remains indifferent.

She always tries her best to make nobody in particular proud of her.

Their soft words could caress her cheeks and her short black hair, if only she'd try harder, try harder.

Anxiety strikes like a cobra and she dreams of living like a hermit.

A hundred father figures and no mother figures, she can't remember the lyrics to her feminist anthem - perhaps she never knew it.

She dreams of being a photographer and half-jokingly tells friends she'd be better off in pornography. They laugh and she sighs.

She's getting fat and she knows this; she worries and makes no attempt to fix it.

She's curious of what will happen when her father loses his petite doll.

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She has a friend who's so kind to her, only slightly older than she is, perhaps even the same age if she'd be honest about hers.

They always smile and always love and the bed they share is full of butterfly kisses and dirtied tissues.

He tells her he's good for her, and he says, "it would be good for you if you'd let me make you mine," and perhaps he's right.

She tells him that he isn't the first man to be nice to her, and says "you aren't the angel who's come to save me that you think you are," and perhaps she's right.

After all, what is this but pity?

After all, doesn't he still just want to fuck her like all those men he calls assholes?

But the truth is that he is so kind.

And the truth is that he very well might be good for her.

But she must wonder, how could I be sure?

And she must wonder, and at what cost?

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Now should she burn an effigy to womanhood, or should she erect a temple?

The other option would be to submit to the manhood which approaches her from all sides, throwing her into moral orgy.

She finds no shame in choosing the easiest option and she finds no shame in searching for second-hand happiness.

It's not as if her soul is draining or she must cry herself to sleep, but she does wonder how much shorter she could cut her hair.

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