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Spoken Word Draft

You Fear Me

“Why can’t you be normal?”
“You missed a spot, special needs!” says a rough voice, black of heart.
It came from a distance that weighed me down,
leaving me sad and lonely like a cub in the dark.
If only that 7-year-old me could see how far she has come...
As I channel the inner lioness in me everyday now.

Did you want to see me crumble?
Faced down and hide?
You monsters pick at me like grains of rice spilling off a plate.
You plunge me into the dark hails of worry.
You bruise me with your perpetual assumptions.

Does my hidden identity upset you?
Why do you question me behind my back?
As the weaknesses linger through my blood,
adrenaline rushes, and my stomach boils like scalding tomato soup.

Your whys’ have entered into the danger zone,
incinerating my ears.
Didn’t you hear what I just said?
Don’t you want to hear my story?
You dumb, ableist, anti-Asian, cashew crumbles!

I’m sure it surprises you that my hips swerve like a viper as I dance.
I step with passion as if I wear rhinestone shoes and a hot pink dress.
I raise my right arm and carry this rainbow staff with a diamond that glows.
As I dig deep within myself, it encourages me to embrace the weirdness,
let alone the vibrance I was born with,

unleashing a knife brutal enough to cut a 7-layer cake.

With my kicks, I release you into the jagged cliffs of regret.

The swipe of my sword should slice the flesh off of you as if raspberry jam oozes out of a donut.

You failed to understand me.