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Camel Girl

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Camel Girl

Robin Xu

They all say she must be crazy.
With that wild hair and those hazy eyes
She sits on the grass, rain or shine, and taps
The nonsense from her mind into words on paper

Camel Girl.

She's been an insomniac since she was four.
Worse, she's felt somewhat like a Beast of burden
And cursed at least since seventeen
When she and Daddy-o first met.

(Whenever she gets upset
She wishes she were less transparent
Or maybe just that he were a little more so.)

Camel Girl loves her Daddy-o.
She knows he's a genius, though she's not sure why.
Sweet like a gentleman, he opens her door
But he is impossible to please.
Sometimes she pokes her tongue out to tease him
But the closest she gets to a smile is a sigh.
Camel Girl is tired of all the lies.
Daddy-o is kind of like a Father but not quite.
She cries when he leaves her easily
Like please, you love me, please, please

(Camel Girl has had four humps
Three of which she enjoyed
But only one of which she is still in Love with.)

They all say he drove her crazy.
With his dark stare and his hazy lies
She wants him only day and night and
There is no relief in her mind but putting words on paper

PASSWORDS

Camel Girl hides her camels in the closet.
There they lie, nearly too close to handle.
Their noses poking out and teasing
Like please, you need me, please, please

She only gives in on late night walks
When his lights are near
And the tears begin to fall



Olivia Weissblum