

## REPRISAL: ME.

This one's for me:

Flawless.

Perfection is three things:

    iconic, ironic, and printed in *italics*;  
 presented by a woman who  
     —giving no fucks—  
 smiles sparingly<sup>1</sup>.

“Let them eat cake”

    ~Marie Antoinette

She *never* said that (I definitely have<sup>2</sup>),

but guillotine is still pronounced

    :

Gui-O-Teen,

    Or something like that.

So here we are

    [completely pantsless],  
 dividing up pie[...] into “equal” portions;  
 We’re cutting it up<sup>3</sup>  
     —but *remember*,  
         I never blew out the candles—  
 and digging in,  
*the crows* are  
 delighted  
 at my  
 misfortune.

1. Smile bitch.
2. She’s so pretty when she’s vapid.
3. I’m finally palatable, and everyone wants a slice (hurray, etc.).