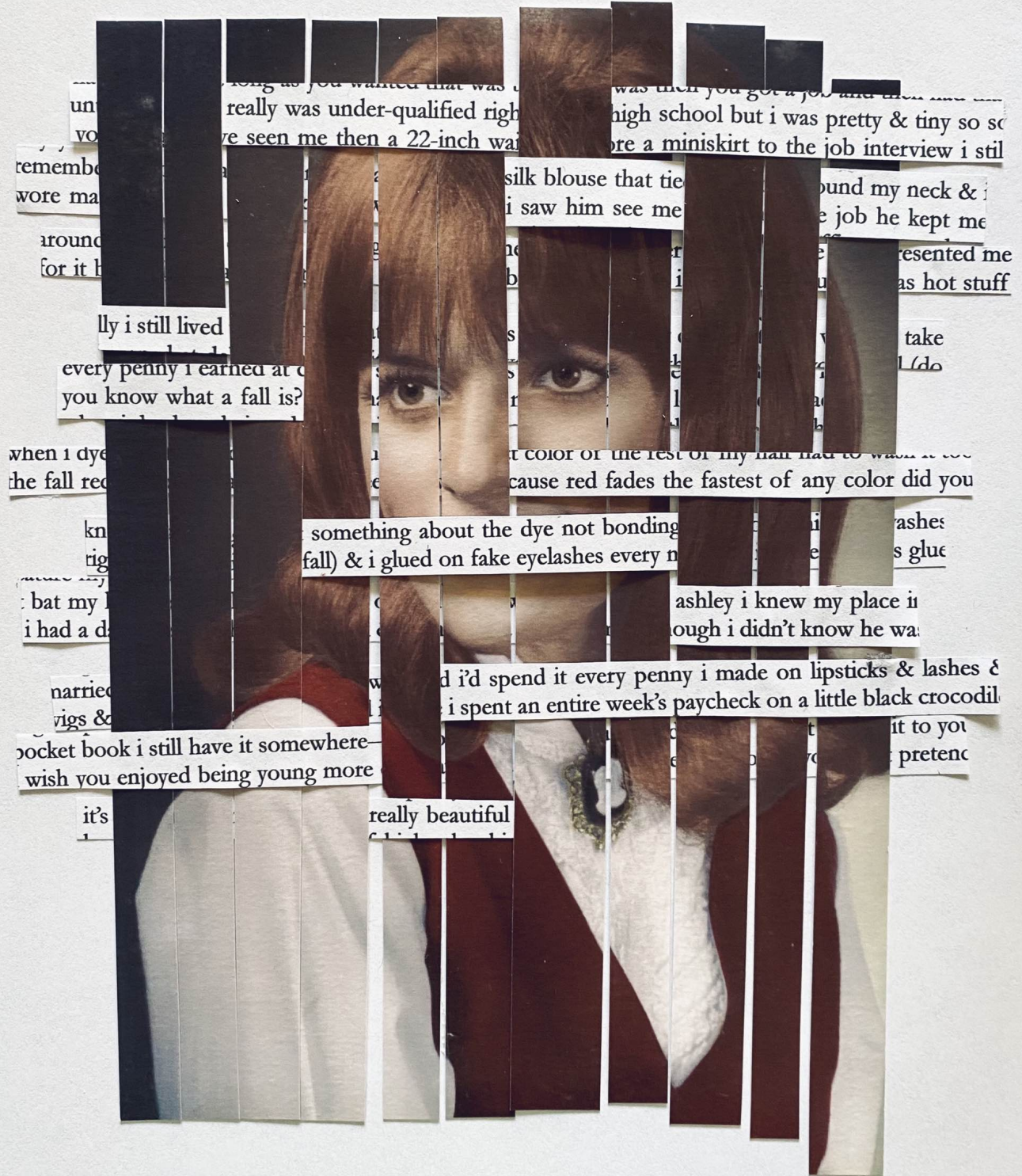


my grandmother tells me

: a portrait



my grandmother tells me

: a portrait

my first boyfriend had one marble eye &
that wasn't so strange then i looked a lot ol

am i was 12 & he was 18 but
out 80 pounds of hair & false

& daddy broke up (again) & we moved to georgia for
his is a very riches-to-rags-type story) we were a houseful o
women (nanny, momma, phyllis, & me) the curling i
driving up in slick cars & i was so so tiny he'd take me

first boyfriend would deep in the woods
another drunk man right in front of me ju

of us scattered into the pines
my hair red from blond to red

drunk man killed
12 years old & all
i started dyeing
teeth & smells of

giorgio re
was on th

acrylic nails so shiny they look we
ball team i was 12 & he was 18 b

called something *firecracker*
ve been a redhead ever since

