

Why I Left My Book Club

I left my book club because I could no longer
hide behind the wide clear layers of privilege.
I no longer wanted to see the feigned ignorance of arched eyebrows
or hear nervous giggles when topics brushed past vanilla courtyards.
These women do not really want to know what I think.
Instead, they tell me to have a glass of wine and relax,
as if that would make me Dorothy:
three clicks of my ruby shoes and suddenly I am on the dirt road to oblivion.
No, I would rather be Red Riding Hood
who has found her way in the dense forest and has slain the big bad wolves—
turned those beasts into a new overcoat of her own choosing.

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