Pretty Ladies Shouldn't Cry

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Or swear or spit.
I guess I'm not a pretty lady
because tears pour heavy in the darkness,
where no one can see to say such stupid things to me;
where I swear to the gods and the seas
that I'm over their shit, but I still love
everything they have blessed me with
just to spite them.
So, what does it really mean, not wanting pretty girls to cry?
You think such delicate works of art shouldn't depict the realities of humanity—
that all things in this life don't, in fact, suffer beautifully?
Go fucking figure.
Tell the men, I want my crystals and porcelain to be cracked and crumbling,
like they've lived a life beyond dusted shelves and tea parties
because that's what proves resilience is a force to be reckoned with.
Let the children smash them against the cold floor, loving them anyway.
Piece by piece they can be reassembled, and come morning
they'll be twinkling in the midsummer sun.