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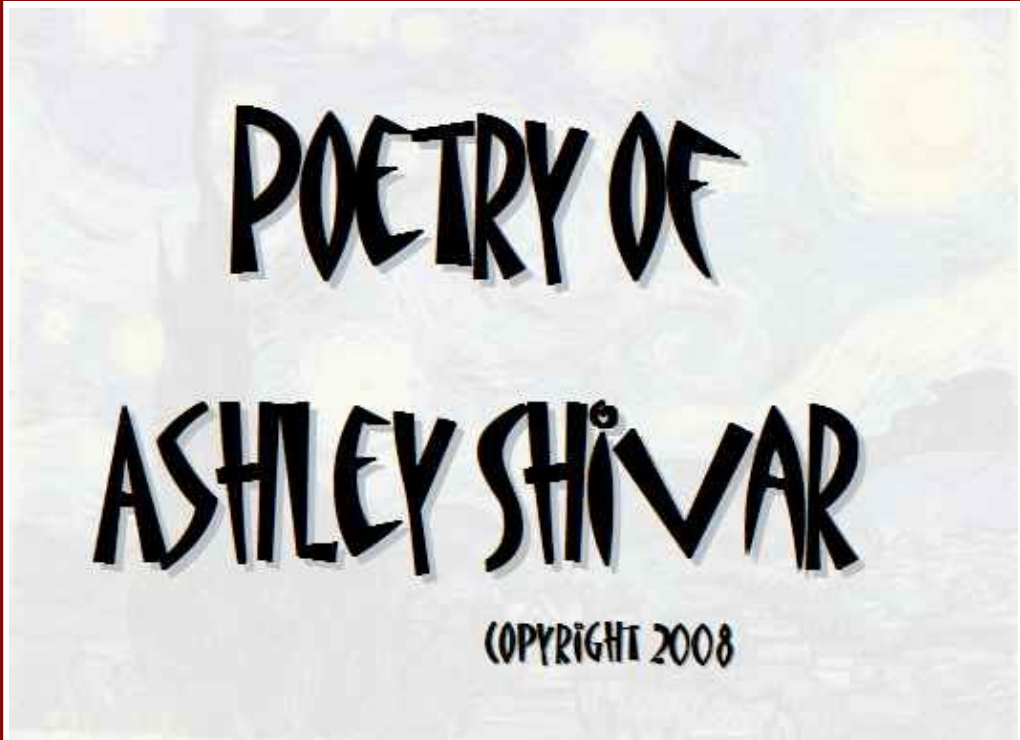
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Mindless

(the life of a bratz doll)

I plant my feet on a slick, green bar
top, much bigger than the high chair table
I eat my Spaghetti-os on.

I beat the salt and pepper shakers
against each other. My mother is laughing.
She is pleased with what I learned from
my toys. But the other women in the diner
are wrinkled, lips puckered.

My feet are glued into divots,
created by my spilled milk and spit.
I move from right to left and back
again, something my hips have seen
the Pussycat Dolls do. I am a girl.

I want to be Britney Spears,
Jessica Simpson, sexy, blonde
and beautiful.

So, I just shake my shit filled diaper
in front of the men standing at the bar,
waiting for their milkshake.

I am a doll, some higher power is in control.

Prince

Driven by what he would wear
I aimed to kiss the frog
that lives in my back yard.
A bowtie for special occasions.
A tie for everyday. Seersucker suits
and pink button down shirts.

However, he can only wear
green. My kisses have no effect.
I am only left with bacterial
breakouts on my lips.

There is no such thing
as a charming prince.

Baby Brat Goes to the Gynecologist

She is too short
for the examining table.
Her stubby legs can't
reach the stirrups.
She doesn't respond
to the doctor's questions,
doesn't know
what sex is, even if
she wears a thong
at the age of three.
She has no breasts for the
mammogram machine to squeeze.
When the doctor prescribes
birth control pills,
she bites down on them,
finding they aren't like her
Flintstones vitamins.
She receives a copy
of The Period Book.

When she gets home,
she will use the tampons
to build a fort, and
the free condoms
as balloons, inflating all twelve,
holding them in the air,
attempting to float away.

Ashley Shivar is currently a MFA student at UNCW studying poetry. She graduated with a BFA in Creative Writing from UNCW in 2007. She is the co-coordinator for the Writers In Action program which allows UNCW MFA students to teach in public schools and community programs in the area. She is also the current President of the CRWGSA at UNCW. Her poem "Commodification" won the 2nd place prize for The Lettered Olive Undergraduate Literary Review in Spring 2007, volume 5, issue 1. Currently, her poem "Keramikos" is being displayed in Randall Library of UNCW above the pottery exhibit. She also had 3 poems appear in Atlantis, the Creative Journal of UNCW. One, "Summer Afternoon Commute," won the Sam Regan Award in Spring 2005.