

To the guy in the bathroom

By R Munford

I'm supposed to be valid

Strong willed

Like every feminist icon that has ever graced this earth

Solidness only reserved for objects made up of immovable substances

Every part of me should be pristine

Because imagine if I make a scene

And if I do make a scene

I should be thankful that people heard my words and believed me

My belief something debatable

My style and face and body can be held as evidence

Of my believability.

I don't look like a victim should

I'm supposed to be worthy

My word valid

But tell me why I'm to hide behind curtains

While the criminal can sit there smirking

Never meeting my gaze

That would say I caught you

I caught you

You thought you were smart

As a criminal, a liar, you're not even worthy of my respect

Because instead of constructing a reality where you could make your presence passable

You fumbled

Words seemingly nonsensical

"I didn't mean to be in there, I was really sick I swear."

What stupidity where you think that vague statement can cover up your sins

You were in there for I don't know how long
Your phone a vehicle for depraved notions of sexuality

Where my body is simply a transaction
An item for sale on an online forum

You didn't get me though
You were a bad photographer
But I wasn't the first person in that bathroom stall