

No Further Questions

I don't know what justice looks like
When the pursuit brings me to the stand
Ogled at and yet invisible
Nearly as naked and fearful as I was in the bed
Of a man who now fears I will ruin him

With my hand on a sacred book
Your questions seek not an answer
But an evasion
Casting me as a con artist
Whose claims of harm are just foul play
In a game where he and I are equal teammates

Your questions seek not an answer but an affirmation
That I am a wretched liar
Who will even admit her own embellishments

Look at the inconsistencies
Of the so-called he-said she-said
Where what she-said is what he did
And what he-said is that he didn't
Where what she said is what you question
And what he said is how you'd like to answer
They take my statement as a plot hole yet to be uncovered
A lie lying in wait for the smart men to decipher
Where there is no victim and there is no crime
So then the wicked one must be me

So then you ask
Can the vile woman be trusted?
Can the hurt woman trust herself?
Could a vile woman even be hurt?

His law school debt must be worth it
It's almost impressive
Where did you learn how to demonize and infantilize at the same time
Dehumanize me

Distressed damsel and femme fatale
She's too helplessly foolish to recall the inconsistencies
In her own evil genius plan
The naive baby with her crocodile tears
So cold and calculated in her cradle
Cry for us, baby
Cry cry cry
Come on sweetie
Give us the story

Goddamn the banshee bitch is at it again
Her siren sound's a shrill little weep
It's ringing in my ears man
She's ringing in my ears
I can't even hear this
I can't believe it
I don't believe it

No further questions at this time