

Weird

by Emily Dobrenchuk

“You’re so weird.”

I’ve heard it before, and I’ll hear it again.

I hope that I never stop hearing those words
directed at me, because that would mean
that I’ve stopped eating so I can fit
into a size double zero

or stopped reading because there’s
like, big words and stuff.

If I never again hear “you’re so weird”

It might mean that I’ve stopped listening
to Nina Simone, and Melody Gardot
and Andrew Bird because “Have you heard
that new song by Gaga? Girl, it is so hot right now.”

I’m “so weird” because I sit in coffee shops
on Friday nights when I should be
with all the non-weird people
waiting in line to get into a dirty night club
filled with boys who will probably want
to talk to me and touch me and buy me a “drank.”

That’s what I should do.

I should find a non-weird mentor
to teach me how to add “you know?”
to the ends of all my sentences
and brush my teeth with a bottle of Jack
and pose in pictures with my lips pursed
because it’s cute and, like, mischievous or whatever.
I hope I can find someone who will text me
when *Jersey Shore* is on, so I can put down
my anthology of Shakespeare and learn to fist pump.
I need someone who will go shopping with me
so I stop scouring the shelves of vintage stores
and find something to wear that’s so short
that I can’t climb stairs in it
or so transparent
that no one looks at my face anymore.

“She is so weird.”

If I stop overhearing that, I’ll be worried
because it probably means
that I’ve stopped carrying a Sharpie
to correct the grammar on paper signs,
or stopped carrying around my Nikon

for when I need to take pictures of the sky
or stopped playing my guitar
because I got really, really shy.
“Stop guys, don’t make me play,
you know I’m no good.”
On second thought,
instead of finding someone not weird,
I should work on changing the definition of weird
to “Girls who are filled with silicone
or can’t leave the house without their phone.”
Or “Guys who only fantasize
about grinding up against a female
and tryna get her number
so he can holla and he can get some tail.”

I’ll shout my gospel to the masses:
STOP BEING SELF-CONSCIOUS!
Stop with the pigeon-toed stance,
and that nasty-ass dance
and for Webster’s sake
will you stop leaving off
the apostrophe-R-E
on the contraction of “you are.”
Go ahead and look at me
with a raised upper lip
because I paid attention in Lit 101
and I don’t need to dance on a table
to get attention from anyone.
I am weird. I’m so weird,
and I’m starting to finally get
that weird is one of the personality traits
I’m most proud of, along with strong-willed
and good at public speaking.