

Dear Ursula // Melissa May

In 2012, Disney released
A line of villain dolls depicting Ursula,
The classically full-figured
sea witch from the little mermaid
as a designer couture
size 0

From one rolling midsection and
tameless will to another, my sweet Ursula-
I cannot imagine, the sick flip
of your stomach,
To see your image dissected, chin shaved,
Waist cinched,
Your silhouette robbed of every ounce of
Delicious curve.
To find after two decades of existence that
Your evil was more worthy of preservation
than the iconic body that held you,
you-Were the only Disney character
That ever looked like me.

Dear Ursula,
while you may not have had the
waistline of a princess
I'll be goddamned if you didn't have
the swagger of a Queen.
The way you sashayed around your lair
In full makeup
Black flamenco number cut
So low in the back that your
every twist and shimmy displayed
the gorgeous tuck of your rolls.
You made back fat look sexy.
You made living in this body
A little less like a curse.

Ursula,
I wonder how they told you:
did they sit you down over tea, delicately
frosted cakes lining your chipped porcelain?
Explained it as a marketing technique,
a vehicle to make you more palatable to
a culture that demands perfection?

I hope you crushed the teapot in the
clench of your fist.
I hope you grew a hundred feet tall
and drowned them in the whirlpool of your rage.

I wish I could have watched you suck the voices
from their tiny, breakable throats.
I mean, Wasn't it enough that they
made you a witch?
That you were already beyond the
bounds of their franchise royalty?
They expected little girls to recoil from the
wicked inside your laugh,
when instead, they worshiped your
Honesty.

Ursula,
I don't want you cut down into
Bite-sized little pieces.
You weren't easy to swallow
For a reason.
I want you larger than life,
flaming red lips,
black flamenco dress-
I want the thick of your
tentacles,
your conjurer's hands,
the jiggle of your ample bust.
I want you dressed to the nines
on a runway.
I want every little girl to see a heroine
In a size 24.

Ursula, Queen of the Ocean,
you were never just a witch to me.
You were perfect-
every pound,
every inch,
every swell, perfect.
And I pity the poor, unfortunate soul
who would dare paint you as
anything less.

Same Drugs // Chance the Rapper

We don't do the same drugs no more
We don't do the, we don't do the same drugs, do the same drugs no more
Cause she don't do the same drugs no more
We don't do the, we don't do the same drugs, do the same drugs no more
When did you change?
Wendy you've aged
I thought you'd never grow up
I thought you'd never
Window closed, Wendy got old
I was too late, I was too late
A shadow of what I once was
Cause we don't do the same drugs no more
We don't do the, we don't do the same drugs, do the same drugs no more
She don't laugh the same way no more
We don't do the, we don't do the same drugs, do the same drugs no more
Where did you go?
Why would you stay?
You must have lost your marbles
You always were so forgetful
In a hurry, don't wait up
I was too late, I was too late
A shadow of what I once was
Cause we don't, we don't do what we say we're gonna
You were always perfect, and I was only practice
Don't you miss the days, stranger?
Don't you miss the days?
Don't you miss the danger?
Don't forget the happy thoughts
All you need is happy thoughts
The past tense, past bed time
Way back then when everything we read was real
And everything we said rhymed
Wide eyed kids being kids
When did you stop?
What did you do to your hair?
Where did you go to end up right back here?
When did you start to forget how to fly?
(This shit, wanna chew
Tastes like Juicy Fruit
Words have magnitude
Please get me out of that)
Don't you color out
Don't you bleed out, oh
Stay in the line, stay in the line
Dandelion
(Do the same drugs no more
We don't do the, we don't do the same drugs, do the same drugs no more
We don't, we don't, we don't)
Don't you color out
Don't you bleed out, oh
Stay in the line, stay in the line
Dandelion

Red Whistles at the Wolf

Red, Red's riding in the hood
scarf on her head
lady looking good
Red, Red's driving in the hood
convertible blush
lady's in a rush
Lipsticked red
sunglasses red
tight dress red
retro retro red red red
Red, Red's cruising in the hood
white hubcapped wheels
bringing those meals
Red, Red's speeding in the hood
in her red-finned missile
gives the wolf a whistle
Red, Red's roaring in the hood
wolf takes a jump
becomes a speed bump
Red, Red's slowing in the hood
wolf's now dead
don't mess with Red

—Glynn Young