

PRISCILA UPPAL

# CoNfeSSions of A femINist

I'd like to accept the dinner invitation  
and the hand in getting off the streetcar.  
I lament you didn't order us a limousine.  
I'd like to go run my lips all over your cheeks in the middle  
of a skating rink, hold hands, and scream: I'm so taken by your stubble!  
I get excited by jewelry and gourmet meals.  
I even like fur.  
I don't like doing the laundry but will make it my chore if you ask nicely.  
When it's cold outside or wet, I like for a man to offer me his coat.  
I like for them to rescue me when I sense I might be in trouble.  
Though I am one to speak my mind, sometimes I'm just not up for it.  
I wish I wasn't angry all the time. I wish I could admit  
I'm really not angry all the time.  
I want equal money for equal pay but don't tell me how to spend it.  
I own three dozen lipstick tubes and five dozen high-heels.  
I stuff my bra.  
When I have a bad hair day I don't go outside.  
If you send me bouquets of roses I may say you are spoiling me, but secretly I believe I deserve them.  
My mother is not myself.  
My matri-linear history interests me as much as my patri-linear one does—  
not at all.  
I read Milton, Donne, Miller, and Conrad, and just fucking love them!  
I do surveys in Cosmo.  
I shop at Le Château.  
I count calories because I admire myself in a bikini.  
I've gone to bed with certain men because they told me I was pretty.  
I've never gone to bed with a woman and have no intention to in the future.  
I'm thrilled by phallogocentric objects.  
On the surface I'm all together but inside I'm falling apart.  
I don't know where to look, where to put my hands. I'm afraid my co-workers  
asking if I'd like sugar in my tea might be sexually harassing me.  
I'm worrisome my first name might be too British for publication.  
I don't mind that my father didn't ask if my mother wanted a career.  
I'm a dreamy girl. There are times I wonder whether a fish  
might actually enjoy a brand new bicycle. Many nights I dream over  
and over how I'd make the most beautiful bride.

*Priscila Uppal is a poet and fiction writer. She has published three books of poetry, *How to Draw Blood from a Stone*, *Confessions of a Fertility Expert*, and *Pretending to Die*. Her first novel, *The Divine Economy of Salvation*, will be published by Doubleday in 2002.*