

I Am What You Observe Me To Be, I Am A Dirty Woman

BY BRIANNA FLORIAN

What am I but a figment of my own imagination?

What am I but what you observe me to be?

I am a dirty woman

The one who brushes her teeth without toothpaste

The one who extends "No-Shave November" into May

The one who wears the same outfit three days in a row

The one who refuses to use shampoo or body wash

The one whose mustache grows thicker than Sasquatch's

The one who wears 2-year-old thongs; the stench undeniable

The one who lives in a car

How dare I park in your 24-Hour Fitness parking lot

How dare I sleep naked because the morning Vegas heat beating through my car windows is unbearable

How dare I take the easy way out

How dare I sleep in a car when you work your ass off for that house

How dare I live "free" when you are shackled by your lack of imagination

How dare I be proud of myself

Proud to face my demons

Proud to carry a confidence you never allowed me to have

Proud to say I am BriBriFresh

Fresh perspective following each moment in the timeline I call life

Fresh out of jail after telling BLM to fuck off

Fresh skid marks on your driveway to remind you of the day I left

The day I stood up for my dirty soul

Thank you for all the grenades you watched blow me to pieces
Thank you for all the wooden spoons you broke spanking my ass
Thank you for every slap in the face
Thank you for telling me I would never amount to anything

You fueled my fire
You challenged me to prove myself
You gave me a million reasons to never give up
You created a monster
Numb to feelings
Without emotion, I trek on
No money could buy the mask I've created

In the end...you were always right
I am nothing
I see death in my eyes
I see the shadows that consume my mind
I see a fish gasping for breath

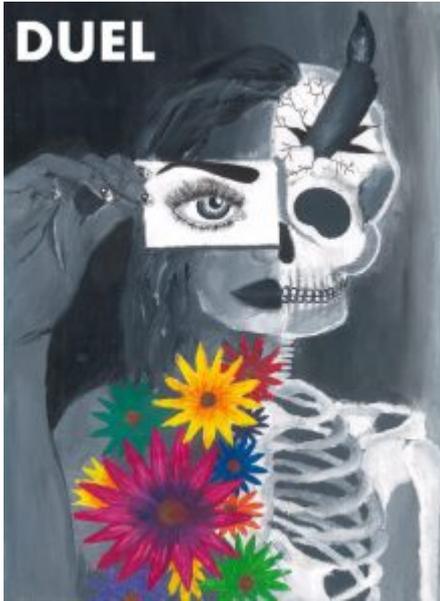
I see 4-year-old Brianna crying behind the couch when pops left
I see 7-year-old Brianna screaming, sobbing, banging on your locked bedroom door
I see 14-year-old Brianna leaving the OBGYN with a prescription for birth control, yet no understanding of sexual intercourse
I see 17-year-old Brianna leaving a wrecked home
I see 22-year-old Brianna frantically trying to escape a past darker than the backside of the moon
I see the hugs that I never received
I see the kisses I never felt
I see the secrets I still hide from you

The secrets I hide from everyone
Because I am a dirty woman

The filth has stained my soul
The words have punctured every inch of my being

I believe every nasty opinion you throw as if I am robbing you
of your identity

I am what you observe me to be
I am my hazed imagination



Brianna Florian's book, "Duel" is available worldwide.

Click [here](#) to order your copy now!

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For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Women Who Run with the Wolves](#) .

Sip a little more:

23 Ways To Love Yourself

A Short & Sweet Reminder To Believe In Magic & Stay Humble

Where Can I Find Such Friends, An Extended & Unconditional Family?

Because sometimes f*ck you is synonymous with: I am worthy.

-Thug Unicorn by Tanya Markul

#DIRTYWOMAN

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