

## *During the Middle Ages*

O God I am so fat  
I cry all the time  
A kitten scrubbed with a toothbrush online makes me sob  
I'm so heartless seven species of bees  
Are now endangered and I didn't do a thing  
Didn't even send any money  
To anybody doing any good  
And I can't lose any weight I skipped yoga  
I'm so hot all the time so broke  
So pathetic no wise investments  
Should've bought a 7-Eleven on a busy corner  
When I was seven or eleven  
Nobody wants to lick my neck  
Nobody wants to hold my hand at the doctor's office  
Nobody to grow old with me I'm so crabby  
To pluck my beard feed the cat I don't have  
And read me endless Russian novels at night  
All the ones I still haven't got to so greatly depressing  
Where are you handsome? Are you  
Driving in your car to come visit me  
Bringing a bottle of wine and a present so gallant?  
A new translation of Akhmatova? I love it!  
No? Well, I guess it's better than living  
In the real Middle Ages when  
Some shithead priest threatens you with hell  
To pocket your last coin and there's no Tylenol  
So you have to suck on some skullcap seeds  
And knights race around knocking you down  
To take your maidenhood with pointy lances  
And you have to work as a midwife with no birthing tub  
Nobody washes their hands or votes  
Nobody knows about DNA or PMS or NASA  
There's nothing to read even if you can read  
Except boring doctrines or *Spiritual Exercises*  
By Gertrude the Great, I'm not even kidding  
Yes, there's Dante Chaucer and some sagas  
But it's not like you'd get near those books  
You'd be lucky to have some jerk recite

The latest by Wulfstan the Cantor by campfire  
Just before he beheads your uncles  
And forces you to rub salve on his abs  
You know you'd be sweating in a field at twenty-two  
Dying from your tenth pregnancy by the bailiff  
Courtly love? Not a lot of it I bet  
Some doctor would drill a hole in my head  
To let the demons out because I'd be full  
Of Black bile as I am today  
It would be a very hard time  
When the sun revolves around the earth  
And kings are just unbelievably selfish  
And it'll be a really long time before Pop Art  
And meerkat videos and cotton candy  
And sexting and fish tacos and girl bands  
Everything's just so bad and you have buboes  
Hopefully I'd get shoved into a nunnery  
To have some ecstatic experience with mystical Jesus  
Or better I could be a hardcore samurai  
Laying down justice on the heads of corrupt lords  
But that was tough work, dirty work  
You're working for nobility who at any period  
In history are the worst people in the world  
And to be an unemployed ronin had to bite  
Sunday afternoons no mom around to make you soup  
Even if all the brothel ladies want to scrub your back  
Sometimes you just want a nice nap  
And some Neosporin on your wounds, ah  
If only I could be like the divine Sei Shōnagon  
Resplendent in silks with seven-layered sleeves  
Writing in my room about politics and my lovers  
I wish, okay, I could be her servant  
Tidying her papers and fluffing her pillow  
But even she found many hateful things  
About living in the middle ages  
Like crying babies messy guests and mansplainers  
So irritating even way back then  
You better shut up and take your medicine