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Category: Writing Portfolio

The Politics of Paw Patrol

prologue.

it's hard to lift eyelids
with brain power alone.
when everything about the world is silent
except for mother's footsteps in the hallway
as she eats cold risotto
out of plastic tupperware.
eyelids are uninterested in vanity,
not particularly motivated to do
bench presses
so mornings get easier. it's much more comfortable
to remain closed.

act one.

fat, heavy, tongue lying limp
on the floor of mouth. she's sleeping.
not woman, not man, but she.
sleeping in a way that surrenders
tension of the tongue,
but not the back
not the neck
not the shoulders.
and when her eyelids lift
with brain power alone
she lets the sun warm her mind.
she hears the buzz of television.
she hears what would've been
transmissions
on an early morning in 2009.
she hears the bright sounds of paw patrol.
she thinks of how her brother
would like to be called alex.

intermission.

they ought to hear you when you speak.
i wish my name was alex.
alex! my character's name is alex.
who is even named
bilal?
i put alex as the name.
i put alex instead of
bilal.

act two.

she hears the sounds of paw patrol. she thinks of 2009.
she wonders if a political analysis of paw patrol is useful.
are the dog cops bad as well?

All

Dog

Cops

Are

Bastards.

is it useful

to critique the youth targeted propaganda

or the fact that none of the characters were named
bilal.

but they were named

marshall and

chase and

jake and alex.

she wonders if a political analysis of paw patrol is useful.

she wonders why they couldn't have named

alex, bilal.

reprise.

is she always a woman?

when do women feel like women?

when breasts are cupped on a honey-smelling couch on new years eve?

when legs are too fat to wear a skirt?

when mascara smudges, and she/her/hers likes the feel of disaster?

do women cry when they see themselves naked?

does she/her/hers cry when she thinks too hard about

neutrality versus

deliberate existence?

she/her/hers exists on the edge of the grand canyon.

she/her/hers has never been deliberate about

anything once in her life.

epilogue.

it's easier to think at night. chasing the clock.

beating the sunrise in a literal way

with boxing gloves and typewriters.

waiting for the anticipation of night to end

and the warmth of sun

to activate 2009.

or something similar.