

MY TA-50

Jenny Miller

Poetry

A middle-aged man wearing an old Patriots jersey and burnout
Sized me down slowly from mouth, chest, hips, and back up again
Tossed three pairs of BDUs size M in men's at me, then winked, yelling

“next!”

A middle-aged woman wearing a stained tee and a hangover
Shoved my feet into several different sizes of black boots
Threw two pairs of size 7 in men's at me yelling,

“next!”

A sergeant in his forties wearing a wedding ring and lust
Joked about the number 69 on my paperwork
Gave me the key to my stagnant barracks room winking,

“see ya later, sweetheart!”

I, a nineteen-year-old, wearing a new oversized hoodie and unease,
Organized, folded, and polished all of my new Army gear.

I made them mine:

1 -Half Shelter, Green
500 –Addresses: “Sweetheart, Honey, or Hottie,”
1 –Shovel, Foldable
100-Sex Invitations From My married NCOIC
1 -Reflective Belt
250 –Orders to “smile, honey’ From Supervisors
1- Ear Plugs with Case
45 -Ass Grabs
1- Compass
25- “Unintentional” Boob Grazes
1- Eye Protection, Ballistic
15 – Uninvited Hands Slid Up My Thigh to My Vagina
1- Flashlight
9 –Emails Containing Images of Women Having Sex With Animals From a Sergeant
2- Towels, Brown
1- Sexual Harassment Court Marshall Against My NCOIC, Everyone’s Favorite NCO
1- Permanent Marker, Black
1,000- Comments: Stupid Bitch, Cunt, Fucking Liar, From My Peers and Superiors.