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## Anonymous for obvious reasons

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**Author Bio**

Molly Masich is a Senior Film Studies Major/Spanish Minor with a penchant for sass and intrigue. Molly! wants you to know that sometimes Right and Wrong are the same thing.

Only this time she's doing it in the company of your ghost,  
which will then be held over a railing,  
its frame shaking under the dark Parisian streets,  
its belly thick with chardonnay and lobster.  
That'll be the end of it all, though that's not till tonight.  
It's only morning now and the crêpe vendor pushes on.  
Lately life's all about this crazy lil' notion I've got—  
if I keep on traveling, if I keep on moving, eventually I'll forget my way home.  
*"Tu est jolie avec les cheveux attachés à moi."*  
Without me around, you're good for a fling.  
Without you around, I'll do my own thing.  
France has asked to be my new landlord;  
Paris wishes that I pay rent with only my passion.  
And the parks open their gates and invite me in.

MOLLY MASICH

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I've always been pro-choice, but I never thought it would be my choice to make. Now it's different, I've made the choice, it's been done. When it was over I saw them throw away my bloody disgrace in a plastic yellow picnic cup. I wanted to say wait, hold on, I want to touch it and measure its weight in my hands, smell it and dip one finger down to the bottom of the cup to feel for something that could be human and familiar. But I couldn't because the pain was so intense I couldn't even stand and I was vomiting uncontrollably anyway, but I wanted that little yellow cup. I wanted it so much, at least to say goodbye before I'd ever even said hello.