

You weren't hurt, were you?  
when you hit my glass ceiling? the one  
covering the assumption that others  
have skin of paper, like me?  
Does my glass ceiling assume and then offend almost  
every sensitivity?  
I'm glad it didn't hurt.

A slammed door hurts me mostly  
because I hear so well.  
A look of disdain hurts as well,  
no matter how blind I am, I can feel it.

But you weren't hurt, were you?  
I didn't touch your image.  
I never left a mark on you that you didn't want.  
Not in theory or—in practice  
Mrs. Skin-like-Steel, Mrs. Heart-like-Ice.