

## Amy Studt

### "What Is It About Men"

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Understand once he was a family manso surely I would  
never, ever go through it first handEmulate all the shit  
my mother hatedI can't help but demonstrate my  
Freudian fateMy alibi for taking your guyhistory repeats  
itself, it fails to dieand animal aggression is my  
downfallI don't care 'bout what you got I wanted allIt's  
bricked up in my head, it's shoved under my bedand I  
question myself again: what is it 'bout men?My  
destructive side has grown a mile wideand I question  
myself again: what is it 'bout men?I'm nurturing, I just  
wanna do my thingand I'll take the wrong man as  
naturally as I singand I'll save my tears for uncovering  
my fearsfor behavioral patterns that stick over the  
yearsIt's bricked up in my head, it's shoved under my  
bedand I question myself again: what is it 'bout men?  
My destructive side has grown a mile wideand I  
question myself again: what is it 'bout men?

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