



THE CONFESSIONS OF KIMCHI RHINESTONE

*Ladylike Lewd Limericks from
The Amerasian Honky-Tonk Angel*

MICHELLE BURLISON

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DEDICATION

For Mom, Grandma, Tugboat Alouicious, Budgie, Jeffrey, Stevens, all of my hysterical friends, family, Mr. Crowley (my 11th grade English teacher), and all the amazing musicians with whom I've had the joy of making a racket.

CONTENTS

Acknowledgments	i
1 Sometimes It's Hard to be a Woman	1
2 Kid Tested. Kimchi Approved.	13
3 Songs by a Seoul Miner's Daughter	22
Index	58

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In spite of my bone-straight dark brown hair and slanty eyes, I truly believed I was the next Barbara Mandrell. What a waste of lemon juice, peroxide and ‘Sun-In.’ My dad was from the Deep South and my mom from the Deep South Korea. A chicken-fried kalbi culture club. We moved all over the world, but no matter where we were, I was always playing with words.

Some of these are silly poems. Some are songs I recorded with amazing friends and musicians. Some are sugar. Some are spice. They’re all non-fat, free-range and tested extensively on humans your safety.

Without the wicked wit of Nicole Elliott, Kimchi Rhinestone would have no name. Without Bobi I wouldn’t have the balls to do my own stunts.
Now let’s go practice karate in the garage.

PART ONE:
Sometimes It's Hard to be a Woman

ODE TO PMS

For one week I was extra horny
For two weeks, very sad
For three days before the moon was full
Even orphans made me mad

I cried for no good reason
I cried 'cause I felt fat
Mac-n-cheese with some cheap wine
And a chick flick with my cat

COVER GIRL

I am nice, I am sweet
There is polish on my feet

This hairy land bridge on my brow
Is where the wax is going now

I rock my rack but not like skanks
I look svelte because of Spanx®

T & T (TANQUERAY & TECHNOLOGY)

If you wake up one Sunday morning
With a subtle sense of dread
Your teeth have cotton sweaters forming
And there's a fogbank in your head

If your mouth's like the Mojave
And you're still in last night's dress
If your laptop's on and you're logged in
Chances are you made a mess

Chances are you poked some people
While posting photos of your ex
Tagging her as Satan
Then sending her raunchy sexts

Chances are you've been de-friended
For raging political rants
Chances are you messaged someone
About getting in their pants

If you're going to hit the town
Hide all of your electronics
Because using Facebook when you're fucked up
Makes us think you're hooked on phonics