

Letter to a Girl Who Wouldn't Date Me

Michael Drescher

To that girl in college who wouldn't date me
Because I was "three inches too short",
I was only inviting you to a party.
You weren't that fine.

To that same girl, standing your dorm-room doorway,
With your all-black outfit and multiple ear piercings,
I brand you a heightist,
A discriminator of the vertically-challenged,
A persecutor of the height-impaired,
An unrepentant repressor of the little man.

To that girl, with your five feet and eight inches,
I'd like you to remind you
That good things do come in small packages,
That being short in stature is not synonymous
With shortness in character.

In short, you didn't know what you were missing.

This poem is for every man who'll never get a chance
To drive the lane and dunk on some fool,
Who occasionally needs help reaching the top shelf,
Who sees Tom Cruise, Al Pacino, and Michael J. Fox
As his Martin Luther King, Jr.,
Who fears blind dates with tall women,
Who has to wear slightly baggy clothes
And the odd child's sized t-shirt,

And who suffers inequalities on par
With race, age, or gender discrimination.

So for every man, five foot six or below,
Raise those fists,
Even if they reach a little lower than the average,
And strike them against that glass ceiling.
Grab a stool or a milk carton if needs be,
Or a chair if it's not too wobbly,
And strike against that glass,
Shatter the Napoleon complex,
And boycott professional sports that reward
Size over skill.

And to that girl, all those years ago,
One final message:
I found another woman, and married her.
And guess what:
She's taller than you.