

kill your darlings

When I'm alone to solemn thoughts

They spark and scream, alarming

I hear a whisper in my ear

Spitting "kill your darlings"

Infected glances scream at me

As if I'm filled with pox

The light in me is tearing out

The lungs within me exhale "nox"

They eat at skin creating itch

And swell to pink hives that start scarring

I feel them erupt on my arms

Spelling "kill your darlings"

They look like braille all pin pricked there

But the sightless cannot read

Undead arise from thin air

The civilized beg and plead

"Be *mature*" my body calls

To itself, estrogen crawling

You musn't intellectualize at all

You must kill your darlings

You know better than they do

Why are you even addressing

All those who sexualize you

And who watch you peel off your skin, undressing

I feel my clothing tighten

Breasts ballooned to be charming

Between respirations I hear them

Clapping, "kill your darlings"

And when you've had your soul on display

Ripened fruit to eat

They will attempt to smash and throw you away

Like litter in the street.

~~He (I) was completely fine.~~

On the floor.

in the kitchen.

pale and sickly.

purple highlighted from his veins on his

skin like rivers on a map. A man I only

saw bearded with long hair suddenly

had none, his face was naked and his

eyes sunk with regret. The closest thing to a man

I knew, and there he was, in a loincloth

like a diapered infant, wheezing in so high a pitch I couldn't hear. And everyone acted as if he

was healthy as they always did. They acted like he was completely fine.

And I ran. Away from the hallowed see through ghost of the person I used to love most, who

used to be my holy ground until I realized he had nothing to stand on.

He looked and tasted the same to the eyes and the palette of the mind, he was a lemon that had

rotted long ago, unable to be used, but tasted like soiled earth and battery acid.

You could be my silver sting—

I think that silver sparks would nip crisply—

Like river water in your toes

After walking on hot asphalt.

Maybe it would be a relief

The frigid persistent sting

To feel my heel and sole

Immersed in anything

That tickled and pricked

Like a cactus

With an aloe venom

Through its needles that

I picked.

Emotional Cannibalism

Their greed, greasy caked deep fried lard rimmed lips
took my passion and desire
And made me sick.

Leaning over my knees so far that I near somersault over myself in hope
For a moment, to feel like my insides lay still

But after they took my pixie dust, my sparkle
To cover misguided rust

Decided they had starved one moment too much
And delicately with a paring knife cut me open like a cadaver
and glowered upon my prized prime cuts.

They aren't mine anymore—

As the walls are continually raked
By fingernails that string out the leftovers—
a gourd, quickly spotted with rot and humanly forgot,
Squashed into itself.

April/December

Woven widow by condition—

Wrapped, a shrouded corpse

Guided by the spiderwoman who

once felt the same pain.

Thorns trekking like fingerprints as they leave their tracks.

Individual identities that can't be tracked by man

Their imprints insignificant needles—

Cannot be named for their complex flavor.

My legs do not slide gracefully down glass

I am veined with earthly pains

Unwaning waves searing...

Fighting my habitat's flames

With an explosion

Prairies are set on fire on purpose right?

Their honest gentle crop kindles— tinderred

Gentle tufts that guarded my gates

Mean nothing when provoked with.

Am I provoked on purpose?

Who of them— the liars, the “friends”,

The lovers, the projectile acid

From so-called mothers.

There’s no closure there.

I don’t need it. I don’t care.

Baking the trauma between my thighs

A sauna (the only place of truth)

The only space justice lies.

(But like bread well yeasted, still I rise)

This is my childbirth.

Except I must rock myself,

Back to stand with

The strength to not even think

— to consider the aim

What do I gain from this pain?

I learn to discern without a doubt

I may have given before—

Excuses dealt with haphazardly.

Poker games I could afford to lose,
Betting on blackjack when
knowing the lowest I'll get if I hit
Will be 22.

I would hit anyway.

The important things become clearer
I no longer reach for hands
That won't stretch an inch

I cannot eradicate them.
Like a hydra, the faster one plucks weeds
The sooner they return—

Compost. It's all compost.
The weeds, the leftovers, the inedible—
The literal shit.

Why waste when I can use it all?

Whispering liquid lavender springing

I deserve peace

Cooling singeing mint unfolding

I am earthy

I must remember I too am in vernal.

I too am in bloom.

After all,

I am too April

For a body in December.