

You should be a model

They say to me, never looking at my face.

Certainly not, not with sores
shrouding my skin, not with each blemish,
No, their gaze lands

on my body. Racing
away, away from the earth
like a young apricot tree in the winter.
Growing quick and lengthy

and fruitless.
A plate a smile a body (grin)
wider than my stomach can groan
because I always leave a clean plate, because nothing

was ever
there.

Restriction was never
the answer
Restriction, never
choice
my lazy eyes see right in barren soil, and
rend shortcuts from cold air, and

once, if I hovered above my body
Learned what I've become

We'd laugh, laugh that
my limbs are so tightly bound
caught by my interwoven longing
But it's all-consuming,

get it?
Never cared for clothes until I noticed
that lace, well

lace can bind me and pull me into
A new person, a better girl.
If I become a girl, there'd be glory
victory that

dances past my mother's eyes,
oh, I see it. it's

Fleeting. god, perfection,
I'm so close
hard to tell if strings
frame me, hold my corpse as art or
mold, mold me

I don't eat after 6.
lacking reason for my ritual,
I'm starving on satiety:
my bones wither and rebound with each embrace because

I must maintain this balance.
Too far one way,
I shrink,
the broken
stump of what once was
Too far the other,
I swell, grasping

At something I've forgotten
how to remember.
walk this gnarled line,
where I finally fit,
filled with emptiness
because that would, I would simply be
Perfection.

I am no-body

Nobody's whore.

Three Seasons of Your Love

summer

lemon face lemon skin lemon
juice runs through
each gnarled palm and i
swear to
hold on to this moment for
you

you complain that i pull your
hair every
night it's not every night
every other maybe

limbs intertwined as i
stretch towards the sun and
sheltered from the heat
ripening in your shadows

raise up my wings
your golden dragonfly
knitting your warmth into
every seam
cicadas blossom

the sun bears its great
grapefruit weight
and pours down on us
thick and fresh
citrus singed lips
are my favorite ghost

fall

nag nag nag
pushing grains of rice into
hurried lips and sputtering
as i run off
why do i flee
there's so much to do
but really it's the air
crisp sharp
biting

tug the sleeves
pull on long
legs and a short
kiss pushes me
out the door

do you miss me when
I return
my hair unplaited
my lips unlocked
my back unburdened
sit with me

we glow pink together
in the night of my room
smells of lavender
or maybe it's
just you

when I spin the
sky tilts splits
slip out of your orbit
reel me into that
pocket of your
gravity

winter

sleep straight back to
back tinned fish shiny
skinny brittle
scales little bites strip
off the covers

I ask to sleep in my own
room
front tooth popped out
pomegranate's blood
slick and metallic

your breath comes slow
unfamiliar like
we've forgotten how
to share it

the blankets
thin and shriveled
pull them tight
but the edges unravel
like the days
like us

drifting from
the dark curling
deeper settling in the corners
and in the spaces
between us

His(s)

step one
breathe in
out
sound unravels
my lungs crisp
stale crackers
down my trachea
my heart tender
not the cut
he bares his teeth
we match
a perfect pear

when did you become a vegetarian?
carrots cannot bleed
a gnashed paste
texture means nothing
power gliding
over my tongue
aftertaste residue
metallic and acrid
my eyes water

sweetly
I was slashed
Skin singed
his choice
fight fire with fire
so I did
slash back
take back build
back into this this
more than girl
bloom a little better next time

hair in my mouth
nails
bits of self

falling from my lips
the more she smiles the more slips out
pitter pattering tiles
I devour away
brown hair brown girl
filling the keratin clippings
stretch away
something beyond birth
always been tall
bones bulge
rap against skin
good for growth

no growth is wrong
swelling is better
lurch forward
convulse
bloated choking
on my own bile
spews out, acid
scalding the walls
just like-

Pincushion

dream

coveted
cotton-candy paste
grinding
each tooth
tender
wash over

|

|

embed

sugar-coated needles
numb skull
think back
tunnel through
grey goo
hit the core
up top

|

|

wrap

dress me up
doll
or
puppet
but promise
recall

|

|

stab

please
gently
promise sweet shards
of
petals color me
nonplussed
grey

|

|

blind

crystal covers
draped across
the guillotine
lull me
protect my
little pincushion

|

|

shield

no i
said don't let it
don't i said
let it
no don't
said i
let it

|

|

promise.

Mud Pie

Crisp and hot
Pine needle rice with
Rock chicken and
Fresh grass for
mud pies
(it looks like dirt soup)
(...)
(don't tell her)
mud pies!
simply delectable
Rallying my brothers
they gather for the feast
smack their lips
lick their fingers
clean the plate
Gobsmacked and dazzled
Clapping
(You must have a secret)
Love, I say,
duh.
The seasons change
the harvest fails
they eat a little less
mumble a few more
reasons they need to go inside
Hurt balloons inside me
they don't deserve my food
seething at the thought
How can they hate love!
Stretching into the sunlight
Thinking a little harder
The sprinkle of salt morphed
Into new dishes
(memories)
maybe the secret was charm
not love
maybe
I wasn't a good cook

(but if it wasn't)

(...)

(don't tell her)

