

Catharsis of a woman to be

Teacup

Presented by

My poetic side 

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Kill Me Ugly

Is it macabre of me to hope my corpse is not pretty? To hope it bloats and rots before the blood dries on the curbside?

I don't mean that I wish to have my life stolen from me, it just constantly feels like that is what lies for me in this fucked up world. I don't know, maybe it makes me insane but, somehow, it feels like, if I die ugly, I will be free from a constant gaze, that one that lives in the eyes of others, that chooses whether I'm beautiful and therefore worthy of respect or simply ugly. Maybe my guts will stain the sidewalk, head staring in the opposite direction, blood splattered around me like an unwilling martyr that did her job correctly, not letting anyone stare and appreciate her.

I'd cut my wrists open, I'd swallow some pills, I'd jump out of a lovely bridge, but it somehow seems wrong. What if I look pretty? What if I don't? I will never escape the criticism that follows me as a woman. Yes, I know men will read this as an emotional dramatic girl, I know I will never be taken seriously, I'll never be more than a "woman". That word feels like an insult in the lips of others. Yes, I am a woman, but I'm not sure if I want to be one if it means that my opinion will only be a "woman's opinion", if my achievements will only be a "woman's achievement", if I'll have to battle the right to feel this way, if I have to wish to die ugly so they will stop deciding if I have value based on my appearance. I do not know whether I want my heart to keep beating, that is a separate conversation, but if it must stop, please don't let me be pretty. Let me escape this beautiful hell.

Remainder

Dear Someone,
Look out for dreams and wild fantasies,
never trust promises and vows
and, most importantly,
beware of fake smiles
but trust a loving heart.
Follow the kind hand that helps you get up.

Reality is beautiful, but it is also brutal.

So remember my words
when you have forgotten my face.

Dreams are impossible,
promises are broken,
and smiles hide lies that can break your soul,
but kindness can rarely be faked.
For they who fake kindness
cannot do so for long
without changing a small part of themselves.

Laundry

I stare into the laundry,
remembering it's my turn.
I don't feel like breathing today.
White tshirt, black trousers, red lace panties.
I cannot help thinking
that there is no reason for us to be here.
I haven't done my homework yet.
My future is calling me.
Where's the detergent?
My future home looks a lot
like my childhood bedroom.
Blue blouse, green socks,
Who would wear that shade of pink?
I am living with a thousand people in my head,
like an empty soul,
wondering where the Universe ends.
Give me a meaning,
I have tried stealing it but now
I'm handcuffed to a career.
I don't know what I want anymore.
Do you think I need softener?
I don't know what to do with my pulse,
I mean, my life,
I mean, silk dress.
Do I air dry the bras?
Hang them with my dreams.

Little girl

It feels like time is never mine,
not like it used to be.
My attention is owed to everyone,
I can't focus anymore.
Why can't I have this one thing?
Just this one thing.
I don't understand.
I don't understand how someone,
someone who demands
so much from herself
cannot give enough to bring her back.
I gave up my sleep, my time,
myself, my mind.
I gave it all away, she left anyway.
I need her back to be free.
Please give me back the girl I used to be.
Give back the girl who got lost
in books and stars,
the girl who loved to laugh and learn.
I need her back.
Please let me have her back.
Maybe I'll find my happiness in her smile,
I haven't had a reason to in a while.
Not since opinions mattered,
not since living was a hazard.
I won't lie, I'm not always sad,
the girl who loved to live is still inside.
Still, I wish she didn't hide.
It feels like she's not there,
can't lure her out, I'm aware
I know I don't deserve her,
but maybe if she visits more,

she'll trust me like before.
'Cause I can't cage her in,
I know bribing won't work.
I'll have to build her a bed covered
in clouds where she'll go unbothered.
I'll have to feed her sweets
that will melt in her mouth.
I'll have to build her a home.
But a home won't make her stay,
without love she'll go away.
And I don't mean I'll have to love a boy,
I won't have to love a girl.
I'll have to take myself back from the world,
it still has what it stole.
I'll have to learn to control
the impulse to keep giving
pieces of myself.
I gave up my everything.
I gave up my sleep, my time,
myself, my mind.
It took my love for her with it.
So when I say I can't smile in the morning,
it doesn't mean I hate yawning.
It means I can't find a reason to wake up without her.
I can't eat even when I'm hungry
because I know she's been starving for years.
I have learned to live without her.
Slowly.
Mechanically.
I don't have to enjoy it,
I just have to breathe.
I don't think I can breathe anymore.
Please let me have her back.
I need her back so I can be free.
Give me back the girl I used to be.
I'll beg for my sleep back,

so she won't be alone.
I'll beg for my time back,
just a minute or two,
wouldn't you beg for it too?
Do you think the world will be kind?
Will it return my mind?
If it does, I swear to learn to repair
the pieces of a broken thing,
to care for this person,
or woman, or girl.
I'll build a home
It will be her own.
And maybe then
she won't leave anymore,
Maybe then,
she'll be happy like
before.

Tuesdays

I have a problem.
Well, it's not much of a
problem,
as it is an issue.
You see,
I keep breaking my
promises,
I keep lying to myself,
forgetting who I am.

I don't know.

Feel like shit,
can't cope,
won't drink,
Can't smoke.

Who the fuck am I
to pretend to be sad?
I mean happy.
I mean mad.

I can't remember.

Swear I'm bad,
good,
mean,
sweet,
smart,
dumb.

I can't remember.

I return home
my feet hurt,
head spins,
bra too tight,
t shirt too loose,
hair in my face,
cars are loud,
the wind whistles,
people are talking.

Nothing feels right.
Nothing feels at all.

I am uncomfortable,
in my world,
in my body,
but I don't feel anything.

Empty.

I stare at the road.
Something calls forward.
cars race past me
as I step on the edge.

It 's Tuesday.
Good day as any other.

Would it be so bad?
Not being here?
Will this help me hurt?
Laugh?
Cry?

I go to cross.
Unmarked bridge.

My escape.

Everything stops.

I am desperate for the hurt

I used to hate.

For the love in my chest

And the tears in my eyes.

All I have left is the void in my stomach,

and dryness in my throat.

I have nothing.

My eyes glance sideways.

I pause.

My would be killer

passes right in front of me.

I keep breaking my

promises,

I keep lying to myself,

I don't want to die.

I just don't want to live.

So I'll keep trying to survive

this head of mine.

The one that

walks me to the edge of

insanity,

Of the bridge,

Of the road,

Of the window.

The one responsible

for my hand on a knife,
on a bottle of pills,
on a gun.

Please,
I'm begging,

Save me from myself.

Writing

In my head, I am eleven,
still becoming a woman, still remembering
what it was like to write about something
I knew nothing about.

Abandoned potential and missed opportunities,
Disappear into a crowd, blend with the masses
losing the remains of who I am in possibilities,
The woman I could have been turned to ashes.

Transgression of divine law, promise to forgive my sin
Ambitions lost to failures, life unbecoming,
Finding my only comfort in empty bottles of gin,
Tell me why I am addicted to my own haunting.

Slice my throat, cut me open and I'll bleed ink,
The corpse of a girl discarded when she can no longer perform
dare defy my words and you'll suffer the rage
of someone who can no longer inflict harm.

Ice has since replaced blood in what some may still call a heart
Follow unspoken rules and obey silent laws
I don't know, I feel my appeal disappears with my hurt.
I have no clue what is left of the girl I was.

I have been told I always smile like I'm about to cry.
It pains me, but I know their anguish.
I'd rather live with the hurt than say goodbye,
but every day, I see my efforts languish.

Maybe I will always write about sorrow, about hurt,
but if I am able to remember that there's beauty

hidden somewhere in your eyes, if i can dance, flirt,
I might be able to sit, for once, to breathe and enjoy my tea.

10 Steps to learn how to smoke, a guide by someone who gave up their addiction

- » 1. Extend your hand like you're willing to give up everything they gave you.
- » 2. Place one of the clear papers on your left palm, next to the open wound, reminder of how much love hurts.
- » 3. Rummage through the tobacco paquet, pinching the dry leaves the same way you rummaged through yourself, trying to find a piece of your soul that wanted to leave, even when you knew you had to.
- » 4. Spread the leaves and place the filter. Curl your fingers around it, like you used to curl them around their cold hands, desperately trying to warm them. Be careful not to spill your tears, I mean leaves, on the wet floor. You'll just embarrass yourself.
- » 5. Imagine tucking the kid you will never share into bed, covers warm and cozy when you tuck the paper within itself around the leaves.
- » 6. Twist your thoughts and cigarette the same way they did your words. Easily, effortlessly.
- » 7. Good, you are doing great. Now, place it on your lips. Hold it there, like unspoken truths that now live among your regrets. The pressure light and comforting.
- » 8. With your right hand, carefully snap the flint stone of the lighter. A spark with the potential for disaster. You find it fitting as you bring it closer to you. Feel the warmth of that which will harm you. It wouldn't be the first time, wouldn't it?
- » 9. Almost done, my dear. Remember the way you used to kiss them? How your lips would touch theirs, gently, carefully, lovingly. Inhale that moment and feel the smoke in your lungs, knowing it's a death sentence and hoping it'll kill you before you do it yourself.
- » 10. Now let it go. Exhale and watch every bit of pain turn into smoke. Watch it curl around you and the wind take it away. Welcome to your new addiction.

Poppy fields

Wrapped in blankets I stared up at my mother,
Eldest child blessed with the first taste of her love.
I grew up surrounded by a suffocating warmth,
the kind of overwatering that drowns daisies,
the kind of sun that creates dry, burning deserts.
I was raised a smart kid, nice and sweet,
I used to be intelligent and pretty, behaved.
So cruel, to lose yourself to your own shadow.

You see, it has been a while since I was my mother's child.
I am no longer smart, no longer nice or sweet.
I am no longer bright, no longer pretty or charming.
I yearn to be five, still blossoming, still perfect.
Comfortable silence and warm blankets when it rains,
my mother makes it nice, her arms are home.
She is the reason I can find refuge from the storm,
and the keeper, she who guards my pains.

My mother's love is a field of poppy flowers
Pretty, familiar, unaware, burning, caring,
My mother loves hating me and hates loving me.
You see, it's been a while since we've been honest.
I know I am the reason why she cries at night.
She hurts because I'm leaving and I hurt cause I'm not.
I need her next to me but I need her to understand,
I have to leave and I have to grow up.

I'm sorry, I love you. But I love myself more.

I knew nothing but what you told me,
but it's been a while since you taught me.
I have learned to find life on my own.
I have decided I deserve you,

even if you didn't deserve what made you into a woman.
I need to be you and I can't stand the thought of it.
I still watch the news at nine-thirty to rewind it
and wash my hands after sitting on the bus for an hour.

The love that watered my wildflower field
received a better treatment than your garden.
You grew petunias when you wanted poppy flowers.
Your rebellion sprouted white calla lilies,
those were considered pretty enough for now.
You never got a garden, you got a pot when she got a mountain.
I'm sorry about that. It's still not my fault.
Tell her to leave, you just beg her to love.

I can't blame you. I do.

I got you a lighter last year for your birthday
You don't like how matches let flames lick your fingers.
You've tossed it aside for months now, lost in a purse.
But yesterday, her garden caught fire.
Carnations, petunias and hyacinths went up in a blaze,
Hydrangeas, tulips and daffodils grew in their stead.
She chose the wrong seeds, she's surprised they bite back.
They say red is hot, I say it bleeds.

May her blood feed your poppies.
May our bridge bloom.
I forgive your overwatering, please forgive my age
I forgot your garden starved, I forgot I was your child.

Art

Tango has a rhythm I've become addicted to.
See, the music is unpredictable and pointed,
dance erotic and lustful, sweet and entrancing.
Look at me like I'm your world and then find another
I am not lacking in compromise,
but lately it reacts to epinephrine in my body.
Do not tell me i'm the fire of a match,
a candle would be a leash, not that I'm complaining.
Hold my waist like arson, untamed.
Know that as a threat, I will devour you.
I've been told it's self destructive,
that this love for the intense will kill me,
but God, isn't it fun to be consumed?
Entirely too aware of how she burns your fingers,
of how he dulls your senses,
of how they make you dizzy.
I've learnt booze can make the voice of reason quiet,
and that a hangover is easier when she makes breakfast.
Nights alone aren't so bad when the phone buzzes,
Fuck, I love how he looks after a shower,
love her in a tight dress,
love how they fuck without me.
Memories and ideas mix,
I can't wait to get a hold of you,
let me prove I keep my promises,
arms linked to the headboard, eyes blind,
trust me, just tonight, and you'll swear I love you.
I will, but only while you're inside me.
Make forget my name, and let the neighbors remember.
Art is painted on sheets, not canvas,
a new muse on display under me.
Tango plays in the background.
I just need half an hour lipstick as a lure,

thrusts as a rhythm,
and moans as a melody.