

# Suicide, Homicide, and the Colour Green

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*I do this for myself- if only to prove that I can.*

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## I'm Slowly Dying

it's the taste of ash on your tongue  
the burning sensation of leaving your hands too close to the fire  
the feel of flames kissing your skin  
it's the strangling of smoke as it fills your lungs  
fills your eyes  
fills your blood

it's the coughing as you forget how to breathe  
as time fills your skull and oozes from every pore on your godforsaken body  
we're all slowly dying

it's the scratches you leave on your skin as you try to hold anything solid  
it's the screaming of when you thought you finally had someone who loved you  
the taste of iron and the burn of a razor  
the depth of the blade is not enough  
never enough

it's the begging for death that occurs each and every night  
it's the names that you've forgotten and even more so the ones that you remember  
they fill the cracks in you  
are they keeping you together or pushing you apart?  
you are slowly dying

it's the rock in your shoe that you never take out because you deserve the discomfort  
the tears on your friend's faces as they look upon your decaying, bruised body  
they know that you are dying  
they know that I am dying

it's the bandaids that are scattered across your arms  
the painted bruises on your face  
it's the cuts and the marks and the wounds from sleepless nights  
the lines that prove you haven't slept

it fills my every thought  
it's that tragic thought of dying  
it's the wishing for release that you can never seem to grasp

it's the rope that's on my counter  
the knife that's in your bag  
it's the bottle of pills in the medicine cabinet that has yet to be thrown away  
it's the burning of a cigarette  
it's the taste of alcohol as it pours down our throats and the sharp swerve of a steering wheel

I am slowly dying  
it's not some secret fact  
it's something I've been waiting for since that first day a long way back

I've been slowly dying  
now you won't miss me much  
I just hope you take a moment  
and make sure that you aren't



We circled around each other  
Our breathing beating to the blissful rhythm of the heart of the new-born universe  
It was just us

My hand retracted  
Her smile faded  
Her skin fell back to earth.

The nothingness of night lie beside me  
It's frigid claws grasping at my shaking limbs  
And i turned back to the now blackened sky



## Cutting Away My Face

It's there  
I know it is  
Somewhere between sharpened, bloody shards  
Lies my face

That wretched thing  
misshapen  
A grotesque piece of art depicting the regrets of humanity  
And I can not cut it off

Trust me I've tried  
There are still healing wounds that border my features  
Cuts in brows and lips  
Yet I somehow still recognize the reflection

This broken glass  
Shattered mirror  
it's laughing at me  
It's laughing at my defeat when I am supposed to be beautiful

I'm supposed to have the shapen brows  
I'm supposed to have full lips the color of flowers  
Straight, glittering white teeth  
Bright, audacious blue eyes  
No brown and purple resting in the creases of my sleepless nights

Yet here I am  
At 3 in the goddamn morning being ridiculed by a mirror  
A broken, ancient thing that still reflects morning light  
It's breathtaking

I know it's there  
My face

I can see it within the bruised and bloody reflection that I see  
That isn't me  
It can't be

I've lost the weight  
I've colored my face with reds and blues  
How dare that thing in the mirror claim to be my face?  
I might not have cut it off but I did change it

Slice by slice  
Motion by motion  
Bandage by bandage  
I changed it

How am I still this homely?  
I am supposed to be beautiful  
I am supposed to be ethereal

Why am I still here?  
I have school in the morning  
I need to clean the glass  
I need to wipe the blood from my fingertips

I need to go.

## Rag-doll Women

Pull her rags together  
Used linens line her heart and intestines  
Stuffing spills from her unbuttoned eyes

Her mouth is sewn shut  
The fraying threads are forgotten as time passed  
She never had cause to speak

The burning of flesh is the singeing of fabric  
Food lay on the table amid the smoke  
Her sewn smile never faltered

Brightly painted but shabbily sewn  
The woman is silent and watches  
She sees the world that made her

The day will come when the stitches break  
When the fabric around her waist falls loose  
She will take back her name

A fighting spirit behind eyeless sockets  
Sharpened teeth behind yellowing white lips  
Strength between layers of cotton

## For A Friend

You said that it's not often  
That you hear kinds words like these  
So here's a list to show you  
All you mean to me

I'll say that you're the breeze  
You keep my world alive  
You're my comfort on a warm day  
And the rustle in green leaves

You're the grass that coats the ground  
To protect my worn bare feet  
You're oh so soft and gentle  
And you mean so much to me

You're the pillow on my bedsheets  
In the least creepy way  
I only mean to tell you  
You keep nightmares away

You're the comfort of a quilt  
Make from a grandma's hands  
The ever soft caresses  
Of the fabric's worn out strands

You're the gentle sounds of music  
That fill my mind all day  
I hope you never leave  
I'd like your words to stay.

You're all these things and more  
The light of stars so old  
You're worth more than even

This planet's weight in gold.

## **closings vii**

You're a poet and you know it.  
Your words just never miss.  
You speak of Sicily and gardens,  
And of people that you've kissed.

You say I can't annoy you,  
But that my situations can.  
I think that's what love feels like  
You're a very gentle man.

I'm the happiest I've ever been  
And you're the one to blame  
I'm scared that when you leave me  
I'll never be the same.

## Make Me Fall In Love

Make me fall in love  
Spin me in circles as rain pours from the skies  
It dances with us  
It is our melody

Make me fall in love  
Capture fireflies in jars and let them light our path  
It's the mundane that is beautiful  
It's the slipping of light through my fingers that makes it magical

Make me fall in love  
Hold me closer than you hold your breath  
The cold of winter nights leaves  
With the warmth of your touch

Make me fall in love  
Show me the sunset in your favourite spot  
Let the paint of the sky spill over us  
Let it hold us

Make me fall in love  
Three taps upon my palm with no expectations  
Love is a gift  
Not an exchange

Make me fall in love  
Tell I'm beautiful on days when my hair is tangled  
When my clothes are wrinkled  
When my makeup is smudged

Make me fall in love  
Water the flowers on days I can't  
On days where I am bedridden

Days where I am sad

Make me fall in love

Show your friends the change i have caused in your life

Tell me you wouldn't trade me for the world

They can be lies- it won't hurt

Make me fall in love

Being someone is better than being a shadow

I would dance to your favourite song

I would hold you in a heartbeat



## Losing Myself

take me  
please  
use me  
i'm a hollow shell of who i was  
but now i'm beautiful.  
the purple i dyed my hair  
has been ripped out with  
the nails that i stopped biting  
the blood of my scalp mixed with  
that of my wrists.  
you didn't like my skirt  
too colourful  
i'll use myself to dye it red  
please  
love me  
i didn't know i was losing myself  
but now i don't care  
i'm the me you wanted  
the me you can touch  
and kiss  
and fuck  
please  
use me  
take me  
want me  
if you don't, who will?  
i became this for you  
i'm no longer me  
the sharpie lines of my drawings  
have worn off my skin  
i replaced them with something permanent.  
you never liked the books on my shelf  
or the poems on my sleeve

or the stories i told  
i stopped telling them  
please  
i'll say whatever you want  
just don't leave me  
there isn't a me left to exist  
without you i don't know who i am

i'll stop writing poems  
i'll wear pink sundresses  
i'll bleach my hair blonde  
i'll be quiet  
i'll stop singing on walks  
i'll be whoever you want  
but please  
please  
please

you're the only one i have left  
i became this for you  
i'm desperate  
please  
have i become good enough?  
will you leave too?

please

## Christmas Eve

chewed lips  
broken fingernails  
dead ends dyed purple  
escaping glitter  
ripped Christmas sweaters  
strawberry crepes  
dog eared pages  
blue nail polish  
reused bags  
dampened floors  
loft-house cookies  
over-baked pie  
scarred limbs  
screaming voices  
unopened presents  
bones cold and aching  
whimpering dogs  
blinds drawn tight and shut  
sleepless nights  
smoking candles  
dreamless lives  
welcome  
it's Christmas Eve

## Wear Your Scars On Your Sleeves

Most people wear their heart on their sleeve  
I wear the sleeves to hide the heart  
To hide the scars  
To hide the hurt

I'm told cover the red in bandages  
But I paint across my skin in lines and curves  
A sharp and simple art  
If painful

My mother told me that I was loved  
My father that i am worthless  
My lover that i am empty  
My sister that I am home

The drinking of hot coffee scalds my throat  
But makes the next swallow  
All the more bearable  
The taste is always forgotten

The most simple word in the dictionary is "I"  
A single letter  
A single line  
Yet "I" have no recollection of who that is

Instead of skin I am cast in bone  
Something brittle  
Breakable  
A wall between the world and the softness inside me

Most people wear their heart on their sleeve  
I wear the sleeves to hide the heart  
To hide the scars

To hide the hurt

## **closings i**

blood  
red until it dries  
the length of my arm  
the slight of my wrist  
its warmth  
seeping

## **closings ii**

perhaps the words  
of those closest to me  
are simply that  
words  
i hope  
in all sincerity  
they are

## **closings iii**

You said to line us in front of a wall and  
put a bullet in our heads.

At what point does the red of our blood  
finally paint a real, beating life in that  
shriveled, dry heart of yours?



## Computer Screens ( Dear Poet )

green  
red  
blue  
colours divide  
the help from the helpless

words fill empty pages  
slides of white  
and grey

dear poet,  
i'm here for you  
green and red and blue  
the colours reach out

their hands grapple for eyes  
ripping sight  
from sore bodies  
and smiles  
from tired faces  
leaving blanks

never alone in soul  
but in body  
and in mind

reality slips  
hands slip

green and red and blue

blood drips  
green and red and blue

screens shiver from winter nights  
the electrical heart freezing over  
as the lights  
flicker

green  
red  
blue

**closings iv**

i'm more book than human  
i'm songs and stories stitched together  
with the autumn leaves  
you stuffed in my pockets on walks  
i'm the strum of a guitar  
played along side the flute  
my pages filled with symphonies  
the words of revolutionists  
is in the leather of my spine  
you pressed flowers between my pages  
wrote ghost stories in your sprawling script  
I said i dont want carefully chosen flowers at my grave  
i'd rather a hastily picked daisy  
you saw on the walk to me  
a letter in hand  
to deliver your words to my decaying body

i still have grass stains from when my pages  
were pressed to the dirt  
mud on my cover  
3 years gone to waste  
music that will never be played once the notes are dirtied  
and the strings broken  
and the valves stuck  
i'm the ghost of a story i told years ago  
when i made daisy crowns  
and hung the leaves i found in my pockets from my bedroom ceiling  
reading to you the words of revolutionaries  
as we prepared to take on the world

## I Am Not A Woman

I am not a woman

I am the spray of the sea over a rocky shoreline

I am not a woman

I am the taste of ash on your tongue

I am not a woman

I am the brown of leaves after they fall

I am not a woman

I am sleepless nights spent crying

I am not a woman

I am shaking hands and painted nails

I am not a woman

I am the rust of old keys

I am not a woman

I am the scratching of a pencil in the silence

I am not a woman

I am the in-between of space and time

I am not a woman

I am not a woman

## **closings v**

To B,

My darling, it has been awhile. We are two ends of a similar string, red in colour but invisible to most. I have bared my soul to you. I have given my name. It belongs to nobody but you and the shape of your lips.

We spoke of inspirations. Of aspirations. Never feel as though you need to know what way the path leads. I have found my favourites to be those that take me to the most unexpected of places. It is there that I can sit in envious solitude and write the words you described as "down to earth." I would say you are right, as the words are born of soil and stardust, as are we.

Please don't apologize for the stars in your eyes, they have been there since creation and will remain until eternity. You, my darling, are the blood of planets and the bones of the most ancient of creatures. What apology is there for beauty? For history?

We write to love ourselves, and love ourselves because of our writing. So please, darling, sing those words loudly. Music is the art of time and we are nothing but those who bear the burden of the brushes. Be bold, be loud, and never apologize, for names are a powerful thing and yours has come to me bearing new hope and renewed passion.

Thank you for everything, my darling. May we one day watch that last sunrise knowing we have been preserved in the depths of the earth.

Yours and Yours Alone, K

## **closings vi**

in any regard  
your words were true  
so farewell my friend  
my love  
isn't this what you wanted?

## Liminal Space

the art room is never the same  
new paint splashed across the floor  
scuffed boots on the counter  
a finished project hung in the window  
pencils scattered on tables  
paintbrushes drying in the sink

I think of the halls  
the yellow- gray  
the empty doors and faceless lockers

the art room is safe  
from liminal space

## my darling

my darling  
prying eyes have never been so beautiful  
abysmal sights tuned to a bewitching view

my darling  
the world is watching us  
glimpses of us captured by the centuries  
hanging in the perilous skies

my darling  
I see you  
you're twisted and stunning  
a creature of the loveliest dark  
the shades of night reflect the brightest lights

my darling  
is it twilight now?  
the sun is sinking  
singing  
as it loses itself into the horizon

my darling  
smile  
the camera is ready



## I Love You

Good morning!

(i love you)

Your shoe came untied.

(i love you)

Your favourite apple is McIntosh, right?

(i love you)

Your hair looks so cool now, I love the colours!

(i love you)

Are you okay?

(i love you)

This song reminded me of you.

(i love you)

Do you want to go window-shopping?

(i love you)

Do you wanna grab lunch together?

(i love you)

Here, I have band-aids.

(i love you)

I keep some ibuprofen on me because you get migraines.

(i love you)

Come over tonight, let's watch a movie.

(i love you)

Here's a poem I read.

(i love you)

Can I see your hands for a second?

(i love you)

Am I not allowed to look at you, silly?

(i love you)

You have the prettiest eyes.

(i love you)

I love you.

(i love you)

## Fragile

there are two types of fragile  
they were the second

the first being glass and bone  
the shattering of mother's dinnerware

the second being the ticking of a clock  
and the boom of dynamite

they were the latter  
a bomb setting its own detonation  
a shard of glass coated in gunpowder

they were fragile  
in the most dangerous of ways

## The Poet's Body

I wrapped sentences so tightly  
their tension became my tendons.  
My commas stretched into bone;  
my hyphens into the length of my spine.  
The adventurer slipped into my fingertips-  
the lover into my chest  
the dreamer flooded my skull.  
Quotations faded into muscle and  
the freak found my limbs to be home.  
The pencil works best not on paper  
but rather on flesh and skin,  
poets aren't made to write poetry...  
rather poems are made to write them.

## Religion: Verse I

The first sin was to trust.  
God has created such pure beings  
That they couldn't believe any  
Of his other creations  
Could be flawed.  
Eve trusted the snake and  
Adam trusted Eve.  
They trusted so purely  
That it became evil.  
The first sin was never to  
Bite the apple,  
It was to be pure enough  
To trust the snake  
That gifted it.

## Graveyard to Graveyard

The day I died I greeted the stars.  
From one graveyard to another  
We discussed our lives.  
Theirs were fantastical -  
Thousands of decades spent witnessing  
Yet they were more interested  
In my mundane stories.

They wondered what it was like  
To have a mother  
To fall in love.

I told them.

I told them how we'd fight and  
how my heart would beat faster than  
I thought possible at the mention of her name.

What is that?  
They'd ask  
A heart?

I'd tell them how our lives were the span of a single organ  
They found it perfectly fascinating.  
I return I asked them what gravity felt like.

Not to be pulled, but to be the center  
Of the universe.

I suppose it's like your heart.  
More weight than you thought you could bear.

## Remiss

We've never spoken for the joy of it  
But I've heard your voice more intimately than my own.  
We've never embraced after a hard day,  
But I know what it feels like to be encircled in your arms.  
I've never seen you smile at someone out of love,  
But I've tasted your lips as you tasted mine.

## Saturday

I was at a competition.  
Most difficult one yet-  
and the news came through

two dead  
one in critical condition

now I'm watching a bug crawl on the walls  
and i feel its eyes on us

my speech was- is about a woman whos mom died  
and now i know the pain  
not word for word  
but close enough to feel my chest ripped open

it was all seniors  
Aiden  
Kayden

no it was juniors  
Cadence  
Aiden

the words kept changing  
one too many times to process  
was it him  
or was it him

friend or friend  
which do you hope for

don't falter  
don't let your team down



it's sad but you have a competition

and despite it all

5th

a finalist

when you come home put on your dress

there's a dance

nevermind it's cancelled

invite your friends over

why?

something fun

as looney tunes plays over and over

as blue planet depicts the whales

and your lonely bones ache

and the pain fades

because you'll never see them again

and there's nothing you can do.

**anger**

I told you I was angry.  
You told me that scars were a  
"turn off"

I'm so sorry  
I'm so sorry that I survived myself  
I understand how disgusting it is  
how repulsive it is to see

ha

I wonder what you would say  
if I left those same marks on you  
would you see your reflection and hate it?  
would you cover your arms with pen to hide scars?

I know it's repulsive but if we are being honest  
so are you

you shamed me for my health  
you shamed me for my life  
you shamed me for my ability to keep going

so you tell me  
how you are so much better  
addiction is not a  
"turn off"

So yes, I am angry with you  
for making me feel ashamed of scars I let heal  
"don't open any more"  
you have no control over me  
not with that attitude

calm down and stop crying  
the world isn't yours anymore  
I'm taking it back  
and I look beautiful

I look fierce

I look like hell and I blame you  
but don't worry  
soon you will too

**16**

My brothers turned 16 today.  
They're twins  
inseperable...

I had my twin with me today as well  
the little ghost in my head  
"I should be the one living."

I chased them away-  
the words-  
one drink after another.

One pill became two  
and two- three.

It was my brothers 16th birthday today.  
I think I said "Happy Birthday" once.  
I cried four times.

How shit is that?  
That I spend more time crying than caring about my brothers?  
Gods

They turned 16 today  
and I'm sitting in a dark room alone writing about my feelings  
The poems are always about me.

"I should have lived."  
"I would tell them 'Happy Birthday.'"

I know, ghost.  
I know.

Happy Birthday to the best boys I know.

Stay inseperable.

Stay 16.

## Eighteen

I've always loved pretty things.  
Maybe that's why I never cared for the mirror- but that is beside the point.  
I loved pink when I was younger, a colour so soft and yet so bold.  
Purple is my favourite now.  
It doesn't look as meek.  
I painted daffodils where now my sketchbooks are filled with eyes.  
I used to hold up my sparkling fingers to tell people that I am four years old.  
Nine times out of then I was holding up three fingers.  
I can't hold up the number eighteen on my hands.  
I'm off track again, damn it.  
I like pretty things; sunsets, rainbows, rings, rocks that sparkle in the light.  
Somehow those pretty things filled a part of me that was empty.  
They gave colour to my world.  
Now, at eighteen- everything looks gray.  
My poems aren't about kittens and bunnies anymore.  
I'm terrified of my future.  
I want to be four again.  
I don't want to see that the sunsets are all the same shades of pink.  
I don't want to realize that daffodils are pale in colour.  
I don't want to be eighteen.  
The world used to look so pretty.  
Why doesn't it look pretty anymore?

## Shakespeare

Shakespeare's words

Attracted people in herds,

But his content was dense

And drove those poor fools up a fence.

## Composure

Composure is the beige of a new suit;  
It whispers like ghosts  
And coats the inside of your tongue like medicine.  
It smells of bodies forced against one another in a small room;  
It is the rotting body of someone forgotten.  
It confines me.

Composure is grass-green in the morning dew;  
It whips like the wind in trees  
And tastes like dirt.  
It fills my skull like the burning smoke of a fireplace  
And stands tall and firm like the trees.  
It empowers me.

Composure is the distorted clear of fresh water.  
It grates like stones crushing one another.  
It drips down the back of your throat like the blood from your bitten lip  
And has the unmistakable scent of rusting iron.  
It is murky like a dirty pool and filled with mud.  
It burdens me.



## **closings xii**

Last night I was up until 3 in the morning.  
Dawn's fingers yet to claw at the horizon,  
and I lie in bed awake.

It wasn't for lack of exhaustion-  
that much can be said.

With tired eyes and aching limbs, I watched the minutes pass  
on a clock that barely worked.

4 hours and 27 minutes off of pace,  
Yet it still held me by my throat.

It's nails biting into the skin of my neck-  
I watched the present leave me behind.

Last night I was up until 3 in the morning.

I turned on a video from some streamer I used to watch  
years ago,

and promised myself that I was doing better.

I've discovered I'm an amazing liar.

At least all those years ago I knew where I was headed.

Now, I'm facing this future that is too large for me to comprehend,  
too open with possibilities for me to know the right path,  
too scared to disappoint those that believe in me.

I was up until 3am biting my nails and lips-  
tearing off the skin until my body burnt the same as my mind.

Last night I was up until 3 in the morning.

At what point is there so much caffeine in your blood that it ceases to be blood,  
instead becoming a cesspool of your own insomnia?

I slipped out of my clothing,  
only wearing what lie beneath,  
and pulled out an old friend.

They had the habit of biting, of making you hurt-  
but not once had that pain been anyone's fault but my own.  
Not deep- maybe an inch- but just enough to sting.

Enough to get under your skin.  
It was too easy for a piece of thin metal to find its way into my body.  
Like I said- an old friend.

Last night I was up until 3 in the morning.  
I didn't have a real reason-  
I just couldn't sleep.  
When I finally forced my eyes shut-  
they opened once more only a few whiles later.  
My day began anew.

**closings xiii**

Deep in the darkness of my mind,  
I search for light, but none I find,  
Days to weeks and weeks to years,  
My fears and worries become my peers.

The world may spin, but my feet are stuck,  
A prisoner to this feeling, it's just my luck  
My thoughts they strike with new lethality,  
And I lose myself in this mentality.

Those years pass by, still I am drawn,  
Drowning in my burning dawn  
Into the grip of crippling doubt,  
How is it this is the only route?

The chains that bind me may seem strong,  
But I refuse to linger for long.  
To rid the heart of fear's abyss  
It's the little things I miss.

My soul calls to the unknown,  
Aching for space to call my own.  
I summon the courage to take control,  
To reach out and make myself whole.

## I've Been Lying

My own name slips off my tongue again  
So long abandoned, so uneasily embraced  
The veil now lifted, reborn is the old  
The old shell tossed away, my truth now revealed  
Though I'd tried hard to suppress it  
I feel its letters clawing under my skin  
To disguise the taste of her name  
Lies that paint my words begin to cower  
Now I'm done with playing pretend  
Time for the names to match the author  
And time to take my own identity back  
She can be her and I myself  
For months I'd been someone else, just like a game  
Yet here I am, recognizing myself  
Greeting the world with my given name  
Knowing that while she meant the world, it is my own time.

## Dust Jackets

Dust jackets are designed to protect books,  
Yet for some reason the touch  
Of their textile against my calloused skin  
Urges me to recoil  
And remove the offending papers  
At the detriment of the books I hold so dear.

I find people often remind me of dust jackets.

There is something about them  
So demeaning  
And disregardable.  
It's easy to recognize the way they rub you wrong,  
Irritating your skin and bones.

What is the most irksome  
Is the fact that I know people aren't horrible.  
Dust jackets protect books  
The same way a person's personality protects themselves.  
While I find those personalities to be  
A small piece of Hell,  
The person behind them  
I find I hold dear.

So while a dust jacket may be something easily removed,  
Discarded,  
I can't say the same of people.

You can't rip the life out of someone the same way  
You might unfold a book from its covers  
Despite the fact that you may spend years  
Attempting the feat.

So my shelves remain half-covered  
With half the books covered  
And the other half exposed  
To my life  
And to dust.

And my phone remains half-filled  
With numbers who haven't called  
And texts that are unanswered  
As the people I love  
Age and die  
And turn to dust.

## **closings xiv**

I like having a label  
Dad says I get too wrapped up in them  
But it is nice to know that I'm not the problem  
There is something else  
Something broken  
In my brain  
With chemicals  
And it is not just me

Bipolar Type II  
Anxiety  
Depression  
Recurring and moderately severe  
Medicated  
LGBT

I have a list of labels that I use to tell myself  
That I'm just me  
And they tell me who I am  
I'm more than my labels  
But I keep them close to my heart

## Puppeteer

Listen to them cry and worry their poor, unbroken hearts  
You aren't gone  
yet they still treat you like a walking corpse  
A broken body played on puppet strings  
And watch as they fall apart around you  
As you break them  
For the first time

Feel your joints disconnect  
Fingers  
Wrists  
Your strings snapping with the weight of a broken neck  
Hang from the wall  
Or shelf  
Or sit  
Crumpled  
In the dusty corner



## **closings xv**

Dig the knife so far into your wrist  
that there isn't a single blood vessel left intact

One line becomes

Two

Two three

Over and over

And over

And

Bruises

Anything you can reach

Selfishly deep into the flesh of your thighs as the blood spreads

And purples

Into greens and yellows below the surface

Over and over

And over

Until there isn't skin left unmarred

**closings xvi**

I've buried myself under the dusty covers  
Of so many half truths  
That when the pages are ripped from my spine  
All that I will have  
Is a blank piece of paper  
Among the wreckage of what was my identity

So when my tongue is held tight to my cheek  
The tarnished silver of second place  
Biting against the soft of my lip  
And my form  
Aching listlessly against a rotating sky  
I will lie among the strewn papers  
And watch the wind sweep me away  
As the world circles the living corpse  
Of a child refusing to die

In the meantime I watch  
the cigarette between my fingers  
Singeing the ink that has stained my nails  
Waiting beside my closest friends  
Until I can no longer taste the smoke  
that lingered in my throat

And I'm realizing  
that nothing has ever been more human  
That missing the feeling of dying  
on a sunny day  
Next to the person you love

## **closings xvii**

Your hand  
A collar across my throat  
Choking me  
As I beg  
To be loved as human  
Not a dog  
Not a pet  
But as someone of worth  
With ideas and dreams  
Yet your boot  
Presses against my cheek  
And the juice  
Of pomegranates  
Spills across the floor  
And stains my face.

**glass**

I've never much cared for organized religion,  
but somewhere in the sheets of stained glass  
I saw God in the shape of sunlight.  
And I realized He isn't permanent,  
but neither are we.  
So show me a permanent state of self,  
and I'll take you to the edge of Heaven on a rainy day.  
But, until then I'll stare  
at the halos around streetlamps and headlights  
that whispers the name of my Savior  
with the same quiet insignificance  
as unending change.

**closings xviii**

It is my hope that this bleeding heart  
never stops dripping crimson red across marble floors,  
as the love that once was  
sits like stone in the depths of my organs.  
And the love I have never voiced,  
takes its moment in the spotlight.

## Religion: Verse II

We are all daughters  
of Eve  
And I know  
Because the other day I was  
Hanging a wet rag to dry  
In the gentle heat of the sun  
Chasing after it  
as it danced in the wind  
And landed in my birdbath  
Where the ripples stilled  
I saw my face  
And i saw in me my mother  
And her rage  
And her tiredness  
That she learned from her mother  
Who had learned from her mother before  
And before  
And before  
And before  
Until who other  
than the first woman  
Eve