

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 live You.

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

I Once Fell In Love

Stuttered breaths and panting voices filled the air
The words filled the silence
And the breaths took the feeling from my lungs.

The grass swallowed me whole
My back grew damp with dew
The sun blind ed my poor eyes.

I blinked away the sweat.
The panting was coming to a halt
I lie there for long moments.

Soon the sun was closing its glittering eyes
The trees in the distance
Stretched
Uncurled
Released
Reached
And bent their spines to their tallest points

She lie beside me and I allowed my hand to crawl through the grass
Her rings scraped my fingers
Her warmth buried itself inside me.

She smiled and my breath caught
Her eyes reflected the diminishing light
Her skin was lit by the fireflies around us.

Stars.

The bugs were stars as they floated around us
She was everything
She was the world

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
Made 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 ten 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

I live You.

i live you.

not love you-though of course,
that, too.

but more than anything:

i live you.

i wake up into you.

into the quiet fact of your name in my chest
like a heartbeat I said yes to
over and over.

this is not the easy kind of love.

this is

the morning kind.

the eggshell daylight kind.

the do-the-dishes, pay-attention, stay kind.

i choose you before i remember my own name.

i choose you again at noon when i forget
how to be gentle, and you are still
gentle with me.

i choose you when my hands are tired,
when my voice is too quiet to call you by name-
you are already beside me,
as if you were always there.

i don't just love you.

i live you.

i make space for you at the table

even when the day has been loud and unkind.

i keep your toothbrush next to mine
and my heart where you can see it.

i let you in,
every single day
as if it's the first time,

as if it's the only time.
this is not a fairytale.
this is a life.
our life.
the worn-in joy of it,
the stubborn loyalty of it,
the reaching out again and again
even when the world says turn away.

you are the map i keep learning.
you are the reason the clock feels kind.
you are not a chapter in my story.
you are the pages themselves.

i live you when i make you flowers.
i live you when i fold the shirts.
i live you when i am too angry to speak
and still reach for your hand
in the dark.

and if anyone asks-
why stay? why try?
why love like this?

i will not say the usual things.
i will only say:

i live him.
i live him.
i live him.
and every day, he lets me.