

Water Breather

I watch the delicate features of my body ferment
into withered pods of cartilage and bone,
tightening muscles shaking fists at one another.
I bite my thumb at their black sand
trickling through my blood vessels.
I gaze at the heels of my feet,
hardening like the end crusts of bread, and
I fill my mouth with water
to see how long I can hold it in,
my cheeks, swimming with salt, inhale into pufferfishes
and I sprout gills too weak
to supply me with any air.

Maiden Mother Crone (not yet)

I emailed about bras this morning
asking about a restock in my size: 2+
that's 34 band, sometimes DDD, F, G,
band too tight,
face overlooked.

Maiden mother crone

I dreamt I was pregnant,
four black cats on the back step,
sexual favors in my baby's blood,
a mother bound to come undone.

Maiden mother crone

I wrote a Mother's Day poem for mine,
compared her to a lemon,
put lemon juice in a cut and
it stings, but heals—
that was a lie.

I'm mothering myself to heal.

Clementine

Have you ever tried to peel the skin off of a clementine
all in one piece?

You can try to shape it back, but it will never
glow with the same rounded intensity.

You had to break off small stubborn bits by the
green nub to get the process started, and
maybe you didn't mean to break off that much,
it just happened,
unconsciously.

Even if you strain to mold it back into that
clementine circle,
its emptiness is immediate.
Close it in your palm and the walls collapse,

(Gutted by greedy fingers).

Canned fruit sets my teeth on edge,
so, for now, I will hold you
in my stomach
where you may blett in time for next harvest
if you want to be unearthed

What ever happened to old red?

It was a sort of abortion really—controlled, risk-riddled, but
Necessary...

I've been inside her only a few times,
she was a battered woman
windows grinned fierce teeth,
she let those moss fingers climb up her skirt,
past her rotted chastity belt.

They held weapons inside her
things that cut with rust,
things I couldn't name or
didn't know how to,
mechanical things that fed on stifled growth.
No bugs or birds lived inside her—just dirt.

I never wish to hear her sigh again
from when the men with ropes and virility
beat in her brittle beams.

I guess you could say her unbirth wasn't bloody
when it dried up in a different time I will never see.

Destroying Women

I want to bite her teeth, would she let me?
I crave the warming feeling of her guts
when I open her belly to greet her inside
her own skin. I want to pin her down by
her pearls and spit dirt in her face.
Can I shave off her eyebrows and throw
them aside? Can I bite the letters, “fearless” on her chest
and affix the thrift store candle stick
to her heart, blow out the flame, re-light,
blow, re-light?
Wear her black headband and stomp around
her room and bare my teeth
in joy to her glued on the bed.
I want to hold her hand, hard,
kiss her cheek, with tongue,
and go to sleep.