

Miserable Woman

Every day I feel more and more like a mannequin;
stand there,
look pretty,
stand there,
don't fall.

Teeth pushed against teeth
in my anxious sleep.
Trying to feel more human and less animal.

You're the apple that just never grew big enough
and I'm the one with the worm.
Shady side of the tree.

It's a graveyard they say,
where dreams and talent go to rest;
in sewing factories, and tired men,
and the boy who could play the cello.

I'm trouble I suppose,
but who doesn't enjoy a thorn in the foot
from time to time.
Something to complain about and pick at.
As skin turns a dark shade of pink,
I remember I'm alive.

I have become fat with guilt and heartache
My face has lost all its color
and I blend in with the snow.

Soon

I

will
evaporate.

Sit still

and be the blue sky.
He feared dirt on his feet,
even more scared of me.

I look in the mirror and have no recognition.

My eyes no longer sparkle with the fever.

Mean, they call me dark liquor.

They call you sunshine.

I don't know why.

An unstoppable love

that can teach you patience.

A miserable woman

that can teach you hatred.

Let Me Live

I wake up
and beg the world to let me live.
She says, "I guess"
and walks away in heels as loud as one million horses.

I'm on the wrong side of 25
with a hereditary double chin.
One day as I was checking the mail
I realized I never really lived a day in my life.
There was only junk mail.

All days I feel annoyed,
but someday I remember the times I laughed so hard I cried,
and my Mamaw singing me happy birthday,
and standing in Green River with a sunburn that made my shoulders hot like a coffee mug.

I've picked up a stutter and have started choking on food
and I wonder who this person even is,
Maybe I should ruin my life again?
I pop my neck,
I do the song and dance,
I decorate my mind with aspirations and gold,
I pretend to try
and I try to pretend.

There's a bubbling on my occipital lobe
and it's making my eyes hurt,
My skin is making my eyes hurt.
I rip off the bad,
I wash it raw,
until I look like a dead person in house slippers.
I wonder if this is poetry
or a pathetic little song
written by Justerini and Brooks,
appointed by the queen.

I go to bed
and I tell the world
I am going to live...

one day.

Fish Head

I jabbed at the eye of the fish head with a stick.
I wondered how its mouth could still move with no body.
Was it still alive?
Could it feel me jabbin' at it like that?
Had I been the last torture it would know?
I grew older
and that fish head turned to dust I guess.
I later met many other fish heads.
Buckets of fish heads,
factories, buildings, schools of fish heads.
Fish heads with their mouths moving.
Fish heads who could not stand to close their lips for one fucking second.
Fish heads who were already dead,
they just didn't know.
Fish heads that would just stare at me
or maybe they weren't seeing me at all.
I never once jabbed them
because sometimes I think
that maybe I too, am a fish head.

The American Dream

It wears a tie and is never late for work.

It signs papers, and types documents, and never fucks its wife.

It sits at a desk and has a smile like a tooth paste commercial.

It drinks too much coffee and is entirely too nervous.

It makes small talk about the weather

and when its mouth moves you hear only elevator music.

Its boss asks for it to be more creative, so it uses a different font.

It forgets its son's age.

It takes vitamin B, C, D and occasionally Xanax.

It drives a luxury car and picks the kids up from soccer, or basketball, or ballet,
or whatever it is.

Its wife wears a short red dress and stays late at her work.

Its wife's perfectly molded hair is out of place.

She said she drove with the top down,
but it's raining.

It doesn't question a thing.

It goes to bed and thinks about sex,
but ends up masturbating instead.

It wakes up in the morning and picks out another tie.

Ache

Her tits grew off her like a crab apple tree.
The sex was dry and her mouth was worse.
Lay Lady Lay played in the background,
but she couldn't relate.
The dress hung off her January bones like a garbage bag
or one of those onesies they put infants in
because infants don't use their feet.

She used her feet.
She walked barefoot over concrete and
gravel,
over flames, and heartbreak,
and wet grass that grabbed at her.
She trampled flowers,
She didn't care anymore.

The wrinkles set in overnight.
Her life washed over her
and she couldn't remember a single beautiful thing.
Ice froze and melted, and froze and melted,
and froze.

She tried drinking, and praying, and singing,
but it never felt like melted pain.
It never felt like blue sky,
it never felt like aching.
And that's all she ever wanted.

