

“The Poem That Scares Him Away”

I used to kiss you for the sake of my own desires, to feel your hot leather touch, like back seats of cars, questioning your sobriety, like laying on hot coals when you're already warm, I wanted your flavor, your heat, your arms wrapped around me so tight I thought we would collide- like a meteor hitting the earth you broke my surface and landed deep.

I kiss you now, because there is no way to translate the messy dialect of my feelings, like balloons they expand every time you breathe and I am filled, stretching too thin, trying to keep each breath to myself.

I kiss you now because like a beggar on the street I so desperately hope for each and each and every one of your secrets to be slipped into my mouth and stored in my heart where you now I will cherish them, each thought that mumbles out of you an individual jewel that I will store in the hearth of my being.

I kiss you now because there is nowhere else I'd rather be than in between your lips, hands sliding down my skin, I am an ice cube melting into the cup of you, you cup my hips with hands of pure porcelain, my Raphael you sculpt my heart into a renaissance of love, grabbing fistfuls of my clothing when I'm with you they are like chains these fabrics cling to my skin and I envy the ones that cling to your body, if you wore me like that I would let you strip me bare any day.

I kiss you not in search of satisfying the fantasy planted by your kiss on my neck but rather like a commandment carved into the ancient salt-slabs of my skin I desire to be with you in such a Holy way that only the moment you reside inside me will I feel I am with God. Mary blessed your mothers womb when she cradled the light of your being; I treasure the moments I cradle you now and hope you recognize your halo.

I hope you forgive my selfish intentions when I grab your body and kiss you like a child, I don't know my own innocence I abandon my wandering curiosity in the candy store of men, you are nothing close to candy my love, but a wine so rare my infant hands feel forbidden to touch. I almost wish you never spotted me for knowing your sweet elixir is being poured into someone so naive I will only use your sweetness against you.

When we kiss now, I feel our lips as violin strings, creating bittersweet orchestras swooning over Claire de Lune, my love for you is but a melody of awe and fear like an ocean before me your presence simply shakes me I know not where you end or what lies at the bottom of your magnificent soul but I can only pray in the sand that you never wash me away I can sit here and watch your ebb and flow forever, but I can only hope you'll let me.

And if one day you will pull away from my shore and find other lands with brighter beaches or rarer shells I will face life again, but in a new more blinding light. Because now I have seen perfection in another being and it cradled me in an effortless manner. I have held it between my small hands, and inhaled its scent in the evenings and felt it

inside me throughout the night. You have sparked a wildfire inside me and now it grows like a furnace warming from the inside out.

You are the first rain after summer that quenches the thirst of every dried weed growing from my skin, and we both know I have no problem in getting wet.

You are the darkest night and the brightest star my eye has ever beheld, I must remind myself to breathe sometimes when staring up into your cosmic eyes, If I could I would climb into them and capture each and every precious snowflake I find hiding in the canyons of your flowering blue mountains, if I could I would camp in them for weeks and find galaxies on hidden pathways to your mind, I want to sleep in the valleys of your soul and pick at your daydreams and hopefully find myself somewhere in them.

But enough about me, I try to cover my ego with the intentions of my soul I bruise my knees praying to something I haven't found yet, begging you see past every scar, cut, nosebleed, and wound I've ever inflicted on myself and others and know I will never do anything to hurt you.

When thinking of what reasons to tell you why I love you, nothing doesn't come to mind. You build cities within me, I am inspired by your stare, you lead me to write poems that I hope never scare you away, I listen to love songs and dream of your hips pressing into the back of my thighs, I smile at myself in crowded rooms, you make me blush without being near.

And our differences are nothing but bridges to open my curious mind, our similarities glow on my cheeks like dandelions making me feel at home in another persons arms, our secrets are nothing but gems waiting to be found in the treasure hunting of each others bodies.

I am broken in and have been used by less evolved, less courageous, less deserving men, and I have walls surrounding my too many layers of skin but regardless of what you have believed the moment I met you I was comfortable so naturally I felt okay being the true me I love so deeply I hope you learn to love her too. I am simply excited for you to see the sides of me that no one before you was privileged to know.

You bring out in me what I love about the world and I hope to do the same for you.

“Papa”

My grandfather's love has always been hidden
Hidden by his impatience, beaten by his crumbling knuckles, and silenced by the raw
disappointment in his eyes
To prove a man wrong is the greatest achievement of a daughter with a heart of thunder and
doubt stricken blood
But to climb a mountain of ancient slabs of mistakes, shame, outrage, and guilt just to reach
satisfaction...
I have never rock climbed before
Only ran on hot coals, jumped through flaming hoops, and maybe even tore mountains down
To climb a mountain one must of calluses of pure gold.

My grandfather's mistakes left bruises on his knees
He moans and shouts into the wind
Claiming they struck his body with no reason
They got there on their own for he has never been one to pray
His inability to believe anything that comes from another's mouth other than his own has
prevented that kind of patience.

My grandfather's teeth are small and yellowed, spread apart like they can't stand each other
Curse words and empty apologies curl around each one leave a stain that tastes like boiled blood.

His nose broken more than once,
Misshapen by the hands of God
So that no woman can any longer find sweetness in the craft of his smile
No other than the one that remains behind him, guiding him, both blindfolded.

The day I told you I never bared respect for you, you turned your eyes from me
And I feel they have yet to return

The day I told you I bared a child within me, I saw the last bit of hope you had for me drain from
your body slowly,
Like a balloon deflating
And since then you look at me flat
No expectations
No endearment
No admiration.

And with your eyes fogged with your ego, you do not see **me** anymore.

I see a man with a heart too big for his head, so he cut it out and left it underneath the bathroom
sink
Only sometimes does he look at it and feel it inside him again, when the cherry red wine blooms
his face
Or the light heart of a child laughs at his jokes.

I see a man with the weight of too many unspoken sins on his shoulders
Digging tally marks into his shoulder blades to remind him that it won't be long before the regret
and guilt buries him alive.

I see a man too weak to ask for help and bow his head and speak with the heart his body no
longer treasures
But too strong to give up and let his family crumble beneath him.

And I know when you look at me you don't realize not only who I am but who I'll be and who
I've been
But you don't see that I see you, truly, and that makes me resent your disappointment in me even
more.
I see your heart, your strength, and your courage.
I see the soul that resides in you also resides in me and to compare myself to you is almost
painful because I know you would cringe at the thought of it.

Knowing the man you really are
And knowing I have done nothing but failed your expectations of perfection curling from my red
wiry hair
And shining smile, little did you know I would crawl out of life with the burden of your daughter
so great
My wrists would be buried in the dirt holding me like cement on all fours
And even when the day finally came when I stood on my own feet and learned to walk,
Dirt had clogged your senses from too many years trying to dig me out
I don't even bother trying to make you proud.

And now my bitter guilt convinces me that you are nothing but a blind man trying to take too
many bites at once
And sometimes I believe the lies of my teenage rage to try to ease the burning burden of your
empty stares and
My empty promises.

If I could tell you anything now I would simply call you father,
And tell you I loved you so great my hands break and crumble trying to write out my respect for
you.

But until your body is planted beneath the soil you sweat and bled on
I will hold my pride as a mask and bite my lip as you spiral slowly into death.

“Remember to Love Yourself First”

Today I looked at myself in the mirror

And as I connected the freckles on my skin to create constellations of stories hidden in my hips

I watched my hands follow the trails of hair down my rooted thighs, where between them rests a fruit so sacred its juice drips gold

My fingers hold secrets between their tips; they are strong in crooked ways.

They tickle my rosy pink nipples that are planted pointed on my pear shaped breasts.

I looked at the naked creation of God in the fogged mirror. Fluorescent lights the crystalized forest in my eyes have marbled since infancy, shone golden through my pumpkin patch mane.

Today, I looked at the pearlescent skin and cried in the astonishing amount of beauty I beheld.

Months of scolding and scoffing at my own reflection, pointing out blemishes as if to give myself critique.

“Nope. Not good enough. Better luck next time.” I would turn away from the cracking mirror with my nose upturned and my self-esteem below my breaking knees

But today I looked in that god forsaken mirror and I held my hips with care

And let myself believe the compliments I’ve been forcing down my throat for weeks now,

They sank into my stomach and rose like bubbles from my chest and disintegrated like sand throughout my bloodstream.

Today I studied my strong jaw bone in approval of its statuesque quality

Chiseled perfectly to represent the struggle I bare in speaking the truth though my canines buried deep, I always snarl with defense, when necessary

My shallow, rectangular cheek bones traced with freckles I’ve familiarized since birth

They hold secrets of my unknown ancestry caving under my imagination of my true kin

My lips a planted rosebush, pointed petals of a forbidden pink as if to warn those who kiss me these thorns are buried deep

My exterior at first glance appears to be anything but average

My dark brow cursed in distrust create a wall of unapproachable energy

But I smile to offer compassion

I pray my green eyes shine comfort like natures presence

I hope that through my regret-stained teeth appears my heart, beating blue and open.

Today I looked in the mirror and did not need to hide

My ego welcomed my body as a young child and I saw my own perfection

And then I looked at myself in the eyes, frozen with salty tears straining in their stillness

And thanked myself for finally accepting exactly what I see

Though I may approach my life-long enemy, the mirror, tomorrow and curse at myself again

Today I paint myself with patience, and know that any masterpiece takes years of practice

I am a work in progress.

“House with No Home”

My room is beginning to look like an drunken teenage girl.

Clothes barely hanging from her shoulders, vomiting secrets and the past week’s alcohol all over her front, crying blood that she drew from her own wrists only a year ago.

When I am left alone there is shaking emptiness that feels like guilt, I am supposed to be strong, I know I am. But you leave me naked.

Being in my house alone feels like my skin is peeled away, I am just a skeleton- forced to examine the natural design of what makes me real, I am only disappointed with the chipped off-white shade of my brittle bones- I want my skin back.

Over the wind I swear hear someone saying, “Don’t ever leave me.” I feel rocks in my gut, my throat swells, and my hands feel finicky, I want you so bad, I want you to know how much you mean to be but because of the colorless promises my parents have made to me and always failed to keep, I can’t look you in the eye and tell myself, “Maybe he’ll stay.”

I don’t leave any room for thought, I crawl into the unmade bed that looks like my unforgiving past and feels cold. I stare into the HD television screen watching women just like me trip over tiny pebbles into the arms of men they swore they didn’t need, watching them cling to men who resemble their fathers, and they let these men stay even when their father’s were beating them. We forget when we had bruises wrapped around our hips, now we just think about pleasure.

I silence the subject of abuse, and feel hot, feel like I’m having open heart surgery when someone tickles the topic in casual conversation, they are snipping at my arteries, not even trying to gently put my heart back into it’s place, they think they are just talking. I told a story once on a drunken night of a man who hated me so much he caved in my face and ground my bones into small powder he would later use to drug my mother into absence. I don’t even remember how the story ends.

I would tell you it’s his fault. It’s an excuse I am familiar with, as are my ex-lovers, an excuse for my teasing behavior, my inability to remain in one place. I would tell you that though the black and purple handprints faded from my body nearly nine years ago, the monster that they painted has failed to leave me alone.

This man called himself my father. He pulled the picture frames together and placed everyone in the perfect shot for the camera, he had it all, he got the prize of saving some young woman and her bastard child along with getting three of his own and now I am imprisoned from outside the picture frame. He threw me to the ground once he realized he had lost his magic, once he realized he could no longer tame the beast that was my

mother, he buried me beneath my mothers resent, he broke me into pieces and threw them across the sea, I have yet to find a few.

And when he left, he left the burden of knowing that my mother was just as broken. That at 13 years old I was left with myself and nothing else, at that age I had yet to discover that was all I needed.

I wish I could tell you I am strong enough. Sometimes I think that I am. But it's situations like this- when I get home to find nothing familiar, I come home to feel more lonely than I was in the empty hallways of my old high school, I arrive at my unmade bed and without thinking an overwhelming sense of fear creeps over my spine like night crawling over a hillside, and tears fall like acid rain onto my skin leaving new scars that my father never even bothered to leave. The least he could of done was leave proof. Evidence of this burden I can't even talk about.

And now I look into your eyes and the trees and the stars and wind tells me, "Forever". I ignore the pressing of love on the backs of my shoulders, walk into the war zone of my house, face the mirror and find myself naked. I look at myself and say, "Forever. This is all that I need. No bruises or heartbreak necessary."