

## **PANTOUM #1**

I'm hanging up  
blank picture frames on the wall,  
peeling back but half-painted anyways,  
in the room of superstitions and stupid wishes.

Blank picture frames on the wall  
tell stories with holes cut out of the bottom  
in the room of twisted knots and wicked thoughts.  
I click my pen and clasp my hands,

tell myself stories that cut into my face.  
Let me out, I beg and pray  
click my tongue and clasp my hands  
for the door won't open.

Let me out, I pray but my prayers are  
lost in a drainpipe.  
The door won't open  
stuck and haunted by past dreams

Lost in a drainpipe.  
And I'm peeling back and half-painted  
haunted by dreams  
I hung up

## **PANTOUM #2**

The harp in my room,  
hung up and hushed,  
remains cold and untouched.  
And the strings hide their heart,

tied up into a knot,  
anticipating the warmth of a hand  
that could break the strings apart.  
Like spiderwebs spiraling around its crux,

the warmth of a hand can be too much,  
remaining desperate for just one touch.  
Like white light entrapped in the spirals of string,  
The harp in my room,  
it mocks me.

## **POSITIVITY**

is a tool. Must be used  
at all times

against all matters. Change  
anything without matter.

Even so,  
cold butter weeps  
when pie falls apart.

And the glass  
is half overflown.

Corn syrupy oats? No,  
a cheerful vowel.

Bleeding out? No,  
dying your clothes.

## **TWO EVILS**

When the Good outweighs the Bad,  
Bad is happy that the diet worked  
now skinny and slinky like a dot of ink  
blotting the margins of Good.

When the Good outweighs the Bad,  
Bad drinks a glass of blood and Good  
kisses everyone a goodnight  
with cherry stained lips.

When the Good outweighs the Bad,  
they hold hands behind their backs  
and take turns swapping advice  
while they sharpen their knives.

When the Good outweighs the Bad,  
Bad festers into a sore dream and  
Good uses their nonadhesive hand  
to wipe the blood off.

When the Good outweighs the Bad,  
they fly a jet plane and leave behind  
a parachute in the form of a smile,  
lacy with petroleum in the sky.

When the Good outweighs the Bad,  
Good consumes the public  
while Bad feasts on the fruits,  
ready to spawn again.

## **VIRGO**

Bend me back into whatever shape you want.  
I am your triangle, your rhombus so multiply  
my faces and adjust my measurements to fit  
inside you. Together we will be an endless  
circadian rhythm. You are the Creator  
I am your muse who cannot blame your hands  
for what they do. A chemical reaction is your fist  
on the glass. Where you mean to stroke,  
you stab. Swapped a paintbrush for a sword  
and I cannot stop the internal bleeding  
peeking through my pastiche. If you squint,  
you can see the mistakes, the messy lines,  
the anger that underlies. Festering into  
the bitterness I feel  
for you.