

Inhuman Parts

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Integument

Skin is natural, enveloping animals and their kin,
Are we really more than breathing organisms?
Or just layers of membranes and skin,
Divided, cut, broken into different schisms
How different are we from seeds?
Our coats provide warmth from weather
What varies us from weeds?
Ovules protected by skin, cows enveloped in leather.
Kill the cuticle on the nail
Prick, prod, stab, cut, pull
Make them luscious, make them frail
Cut the leaves before they're full.
Coat the skin, enclose the membrane
Cover the organism, the cuticle of its parts
Protective seed, surrounds the brain
Pistons, stamens, grunts, yelps and farts
We're all fragments, mechanisms working in rhythm
Layers upon layers to peel away
What does it mean to be in a kingdom?
What difference does it make?

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Unhappy Returns

I dreamt about you last night
And as soon as i woke i wished to return to my slumber
Not to return to my dream
But to take it back
To return it from where the dream began
And banish it from existence
You see it's not that i don't enjoy dreaming of you
It's just that you're usually smiling
But this time you were dying
I've already had to say goodbye in life
Don't leave me in my dreams, too.

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Girl Words

Girl.

Twirls her fur, on the tilt-a-whirl
World's a blur,
Birth to nurse.
Her words.

Girl.

Learns a slur,
turns to assert
Stirs the dirt,
Birds are irked.
Her hurt.

Girl.

Sirs are heard,
hers are blurred
Worry her work,
Earns her worth.
Her world.

Girl.

Worships her hearth,
burns the turkey
Purple the worm,
Third the term.
Her girl.

Girl.

Curles and skirts,
circles and turns
Her mother thirty,
Her first birthday.
Her turn.

Girl.

Her thirteenth turn,
her zipper firm
Sir circles her,
Her words are slurred.
Her concern.

Girl.

Learns her turn,
curses the world
Her verses are curbed,
Terms are blurred.
Her worth.

Girl.

Injured by the world,
lured by the cure
Circus is eternal,
but Earth is burnt.
Her urn.

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Darling Deceased

I killed all my darlings
 Now nothing means anything to me,
I scrubbed my skin clear of idol worship
 And submerged myself in a bath of apathy.

I placed the necklace of jade upon my chest
 They say it's fashionable to turn away,
I polished my nails with a clear conscience
 My perfume smells of resent and decay.

I take pride in nothing
 My expectations are low,
I hold no one in high regard
 I have no fucks left to show.

I linger in the darkness
 I bask in the shade,
I avoid all human contact
 My mind has been made.

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Exoskeleton

Never take someone else's internal monologue personally.
You know better than anyone that our thoughts--
when uttered aloud,
freed from the trappings of the mind
and given an earthly exoskeleton--
that they're only meant for one.

Even when directed--
an assault, an attack,
there are four fingers pointing back, gripping a stone.
A suicide.
A side of lies.
It's not meant for you.

Take those words with a pillar of salt.
Just enough to add some flavor to the steaming pile of dung
that's been plated and served.
Chew on the bones of deceit and misdirection--
but do not swallow.

Give in to negative malnutrition.
Die from a thirst of jealousy.
But never become full from someone's own sickness.
Do not relish in the company of another's misery.
Instead, be skin and bones in your truth.