

Something Eternal

I don't want to be good; I want to be Godly
And go down in a glory infernal

I want to be fearless and leap from heaven
Headfirst, beaming like something eternal

This restless flame has caused a thirst
That can't be quenched and won't recede

It yearns within me, burning, daring
Me to go where no one dreams

I'm born to fall; I'll kiss the stars
As I join hands with the unknown

Farewell Galileo, farewell Icarus,
The depths call me and I must go-

Being Brave at Night

At 3 AM I'm stupidly brave
These vague, stumbling thoughts
Haunt me irresistibly so
They draw me out of bed
Scribbling with red eyes
And a pounding heart
At 3 AM I'll believe anything I say
I'm frivolous to let it flourish
I'm generous to call it genius

I Could Tell You About the Illness

But I don't want to write about that

I want to tell you about a dream I had:

Something was stuck in my leg, it was squirming its way into my skin

I remembered how to dislodge a tick and went about it the same way, counterclockwise,

Twisting til' I pulled it out. Its head was stuck-

Which I knew, even in my dream, was bad-

So I dug and dug, and when the head emerged it was the head of a snake

I crushed it and threw it in the dirt

And for the first time in months, I woke up thinking:

Maybe I have the power to kill the things that want me dead

“A Letter to Myself” After Gabrielle Calvocoressi’s, “Miss you. Would like to take a walk with you.”

Miss you. Would like to take a walk with you, don't care if you show up as ashes. Don't care if you wear the Halloween costume from 1993.

Do you remember 1993? You were first walking at the time. Walking like you had discovered it first.

Miss you walking to think, walking to get away, walking for the sake.

Miss you funny. Miss you wild.

Miss you daydreaming in the backseat, drowning in the scenery.

Miss your melted popsicles and Sunday dresses. Miss you, wish you

Hadn't memorized the pattern on your bedroom ceiling.

Wish your skin wasn't a permanent winter. Miss you, wish you

Could count on simple things, like how you know the sky is blue. Like how you know the seasons change.

Wish you could know you would wake up every morning feeling okay.

Wish you could know you would wake up every morning.

If It Bleeds

Writing poetry is like
Fishing for a vein with a needle
The nurse stirs and stirs
And the method is painful-
But the prodding must continue
After all, with no blood, there's no life
And no life without words,
And no words without blood