

Dear Hiring Manager,

Chat GPT could do this job but
you should give it to me because
I have a mouth to feed,
a big mouth whose slurped up several dictionaries
that will undoubtedly impress you
God,
just give me an interview.
Do you pray?
I don't but if you ask me
I won't
stop submitting these until you respond.
So maybe cover letters are little prayers
I guess I pray after all
and you,
are my confessional.

I have adhd and am highly unorganized,
I need adderall to wake up in the morning time.
I binge eat and read backwards because
I don't know how to feed myself,
I want to be a mom I want to be a mom,
I want to love a man
but I don't trust them,
I can't.
Sometimes my skin is blue
and I have stress scabs on top of my head
I pick them off and collect them in jars
like cousin Morgan said.
I want to be swallowed whole
and live in a whale belly
Some place dark and citrusy.
God

I am stuck in a world full of things that do not feed my soul.
Dear Hiring Manager,
You are more like God
Than you know.

Sincerely,
An agnostic

Job Interview

Black ice on cement sidewalks
schoolgirls tripping in
Bronx boulevard.

*Give me an example of a time you faced a conflict while working on a team.
How did you handle that?*

I never liked playing with others,
independent and dainty
and I don't handle alcohol well,
clean bleached throats
and freshly pumped stomachs.

How have you handled a conflict, give an example.

Mom sips wine before bedtime.
It helps her tell stories
and scratch my back.
She has a limp now like a water witch.
What was the question?

Oh,
I promise if you hire me, I'll never be late.
But no, I didn't know how to handle
an alcoholic at age eight.

The Doctors Stole My Razor Wire

Sometimes I am so lost I draw maps on my belly,
some wild rendition of a north star
but like an over sharpened pencil
who snaps
I never know when I've gone too far.

My shavings become useless-
dull, decaying skin
and my thighs look like tree bark
ragged carvings of what's within.

My doctors know nothing of geometry,
map-making cures for anxiety
that my stars, these scars
are not battle wounds
but graves for warriors
who led me through.

So what if I avoid intimacy,
cotton beds
and boys I admire-
The Doctors Stole my Razor wire.

The Doctors Stole my Razor wire!!!

These telephone wires
crayoned into me like
red marble
will heal and scar,
but my head will remain
netted and marred
with mother's screams,
and how footsteps sound when angry,

the way eggshells can sink into skin
when my toolbox has been taken.

Cover Letter Part 2.

Dear Hiring Manager,

My friends are working for senators
And congressman on Capitol Hill,
Insurance banks and marketing schemes
They're changing maternal health policy!
My friends are punching the world in its belly
And collecting the guts,
Yes they're slurping it up
And I am waiting for scraps
On my sofa.

They are dissecting the LSAT
and MCAT while
I am SAT with my CAT
Wondering where the M and L went.
I tell them I will be a scientist
(hey, I gotta pay rent).

My lab cages rats and infects them
We're not allowed to name them
Makes it harder to dissect 'em.
Yes my friends have their hands dug in this world's roots
while I weigh unnamed rodents
in a surgical suit.
I record their weights
just like Mom did for me

God we really DO turn into our mothers
Don't we ?

Sincerely,
A poet cosplaying as a lab assistant

P.S. Don't tell the lab,
but I named all the rats.

I Think My Dieting was a Misguided Attempt at a Spiritual Experience

You say
our face genes are strong
but slow metabolism is stronger.
I look at my mother
fighting some urge
to scream why do you hate me why
why why do u hate me
when we have the same nose
my soul is your soul
And the way I need salt
on everything
because life is too plain
and we like that deep pain.

I starve myself because you say *that is love*
this is what it feels like-
weight written on the fridge
for everyone to see.
And sometimes I wish you would swallow me whole
like a whale.
Mom I have dialed the devil on my telephone
She looks just like us. Same soul
Same nose.
I never knew hell would be so cold.

The devil lives in our freezer Mom
I saw her at last night's binge
like some sick santa clause,
surveying my hungry sins.

Mom please don't go I swear
the devil's right there,
Can't you see her?
In our freezer?

I stopped eating so much my eyes sunk in

and she carved out my extra stuffing
with a pencil sharpener
so we don't look alike anymore.
Mom,

We don't look alike anymore.