

Pillow Talk with Monsters
(Excerpts)

Coming Out to Myself

I smell regret on my hands
Pungent against the raindrops surrounding me
Blurring my vision until she's nothing
But a hazy backdrop to my one-woman show
About a girl trying not to love a girl
Turns out love is a crazy thing
She made the rain disappear with a flick of her wrist
The same one that flicked ashes into the tiny space
We kept between our bodies labeled "Just Friends"
Her lifeline was a string connecting our palms
On the day we met and most days after
She spent months inside my head
Ravaging a mind that thought only of her
Stealing a heart that beat to her drum only
She ended every conversation with I Love You
And it was enough to keep me from floating away
Like a hot air balloon powered by the warmth
Of her velvet palm on my skin
She was so sincere in her declarations
That I forgot she was a compulsive liar
When she says she'll Love Me Until The Day She Dies
I must ask if she died three months ago
Because I don't recall the gentle curve of her smile
I don't remember the soft caress of velvet palms
She left me long before we said goodbye
There's been nothing but rain ever since

S.A.D.

They're calling for rain again
By "they" I mean "me"
And by "rain" I mean "seasonal depression"
It falls around me in heavy sheets
Like those tied around my shoulders to make me queen

The droplets turn to icy shivers
Racing against the hollow of my spine
Trying to be the first to reach my fingertips
Making everything numb until I feel nothing
Not even the heat of a flame against my thigh

The rain gets heavier in the winter
Weighing me down until I sink beneath the floor
Christmas lights becoming a noose by month twelve
December is when I become a walking corpse
A stack of bones with a bow on top

In the spring, it still rains
A flower crown adorns my mental prison
Thorns digging in to find shelter in my brain
As if a surprise lobotomy will cure me
Of the raindrops that turn me to stone

I'm calling for rain again
Watching it puddle around my roots
That stay even as the puddle becomes an ocean
And I continue to drown in the depths of myself

Ode to Toxicity

I'm not mad anymore
I'm not mad that you broke me into so many pieces
That I'm not sure I'll ever find them all
I'm not mad that I spent months patching you up with
Bandages I ripped from my own back
Leaving holes where you stabbed me
Over and over with false accusations
But I'm not mad, honestly
Not even a little bit
I'm not mad that you took my trust
And stretched it like a rope bridge
From here to California and back
I'm not mad that it took me a shattered window
And five years of lies and misplaced grief
To set fire to my end and leave you dangling
Left to hang for your sins somewhere over Tornado Alley
I'm not mad that you were my number one
And two
And three
That my world revolved around an axis
You carved from pieces of your own wicked mind
Manipulation was a hobby for you
And I was just a little too lonely
Why would I be mad about that?

Six String Thoughts

I keep a guitar case of dark thoughts in the corner of my room
Sometimes I open it and let them run wild
Glide along the faded walls and make a nest in the back of my head
I pop the clasp and watch them
Flutter soundlessly to the ground before defying gravity
And taking refuge in my weakness
I stand and let them wrap around my throat like a noose
Before they push me off the platform I built
With my own two hands and blinding self-doubt
I tell myself that they'll only play one song
Before I take back control
But I'm not the conductor anymore
And they play symphonies along my synapses
After a while I tuck them back in
The guitar like a hollow grave
Full of my worst skeletons, waiting
To be raised from the dead again in a séance from Hell
I finally snap the case closed on my fingers
The pain reminds me that I was once again too weak
My hands tremble as I pick up my journal of happy thoughts
And turn to a page that hasn't been tainted
By my constant need to make myself hurt
It seems that I only know one phrase
"0 days without an accident"

Bedtime Companions

My eyes open and close
Eyelids like mini guillotines
Slicing into my cheekbones
Until I'm crying bloody rivers
My bed is now a coffin
The sheets wrap around me
Cementing me to a mattress made of stone
Pain blossoms in my ribs
Lavender sprouting along the column of my spine
My breastbone becomes a rose garden
Steel fingers encase my lungs
Metal ripping into the fleshy pink of my esophagus
I'm suffocating on my own fear
My head moves, disconnected from my neck
Bang
Against the headboard
Bang
Bang
Bang
My scalp is on fire and dripping with nightmares
I awaken in a puddle that used to be my pillow
Blood, sweat, and tears paint a picture of my night
A deep red that swallows me whole
The metal fingers have departed
But my lungs bleed in their absence
The flowers of fear have wilted
But the thorns cut notches in my ribcage
Like a lucky teenager's bedpost

One for each time I almost died

The headboard is three shades darker

My fingernails are missing

Paint is chipping from my wall

Baby blue flakes that litter my room like the first snow

I'm awake but I'm barely alive

Just like any other night