

Trigger warning

sexual assault, drugs, suicide, violence, mental illness

"in the forest"

the bear brawled for my
honeypot, that it
so eagerly sought
those grasping growls
sliced my silent pleas
the vigor blind bear
prided the pot I tried
to protect despite
matching claw to claw
it never savored
a single drop

it was my honeypot, and mine to share;
but not with that beast who didn't care.

“Soldier Hearted: The PTSD Perspective”

it's when you trade in your blueberry
uniform and dress for a funeral parade
to cover a bullet binged body still riddled
with aftershock. it's when you aspire to
become the forgotten sailor cap off the coast of
okinawa, drifting further and further away
to embrace tsunami tides rather than grazing
the shores where the laughter of waves slapping
the cliffs engulf cries of off duty sailors who
jump from the abuse for joy because
they have memorized their rank but
have forgotten their names.

it's when you look at your dog tags
and think about swallowing them
after ingesting misguided missiles that
were never meant to be launched in
your throat; and your voice no longer
chants cadence calls but snuffles sobs
into a pillow because it's far more
productive than consuming the mute
moans of spectral ak-47s in your ear.
either way, your feet still stand ready
when night becomes day.

after all: this is a labor of love;
and when i say this is a labor of love
right now it's more labor than love;
but dammit i'm still madly in love,
so i'll labor for that love

until that love is no longer labor.
because “No Soldier Left Behind;”
“Aim High...Fly-Flight-Win;”
“Always Ready;”
“Always Faithful;”
“Always Courageous.”

“Rise”

Inspired by Maya Angelou’s “Still I Rise”

Still I rise, not from ash like a phoenix
but from dust of Lexapro and Hydroxyzine.

Even when dethroned—

hair clipped, clothes thrown—

I rise, like a corpse:

dead walking to the lull of life’s tune

Dead. Walking.

But still, I rise with daybreak because

she knows how to fall with hope

into the night.

“On Timothy and My Pussy”

1 Timothy 2:9-10

“Likewise also that women should adorn themselves in respectable apparel, with modesty and self-control, not with braided hair and gold or pearls or costly attire, but with what is proper for women who profess godliness—with good works”

If my pussy didn't need to stand trial,
be crucified, then burned at the stake,
then my kingdom would never cum
and my will never done.

Nothing against Jesus, everything against Christ
I'll laugh at Christ and spit at his feet
when he tells me to turn the other cheek.

Timothy wants me to have self-control
but my twelve years of rolled skirts and
unraveled braids say “Fuck Timothy!”

I know this version of heaven wants me threaded in man's image;
besides, in the cold I wear my father's shirt like a jacket
because it will never be enough against a summer breeze.