

NINETEEN

*But then there was the tender touch of frostbitten fingertips.*

*Faintly scarlet, like the slight blush on my cheeks*

*And cradled gently in my hands.*

As I thought, maybe the hurt doesn't come.

The gentle glances and hand grazes along frostbitten fingertips are forever.

But I'm still unsure, mixing up my already cluttered thoughts,

As the unease in my stomach remains.

Because forever is a long time.

It was a thought lashing out at me like the freezing air that hit my skin

And ate away at me until I was raw to the touch,

Glistening white bone, as I walked over the cracked pavement to tap his shoulder.

Letting him know that I was here, that I still existed.

But there was more than that,

Exchanging quiet whispers and supercuts of our lives on a windswept balcony,

A motel at five in the morning.

I couldn't look at him, but I would glance out of the corner of my eye

To catch a glimpse of his silhouette,

Staring out just the same at the road below.

Our backs against room 408.

I'm selfish, I know. To keep the thought of you - it sits in the back of my brain.

The cracks of your smile,

your constant nods to everything that's said, like you understand

- still embedded on the inside of my brain -

Is it strange that I want to stay because of you?

*MANIC*

I want to break open my skull  
And slowly tear the gooey mess apart  
With what I wish I could say,  
Was with the tender touch of fingertips  
And cradled gently in my hands,  
Not the violent grasp and rip I truly make  
When I dig fingers in sticky pulsating flesh -  
Squishy and faintly scarlet  
Like the slight blush on my cheeks,  
And gripping my brain so tight it might burst,  
From the few safety pins holding it together.  
“But she did it first,” I want to shout.  
My fists balled up, as they always do when she’s holding me hostage. . .  
And suffocating me  
Until she squeezes the laughter I shoved down, right out of me.  
Right now, I’m full of wounds but I can’t,  
No, I won’t be empty.  
Not yet. . . until you hate me  
Enough to shove your hand down my throat,  
To throw my guts across the floor  
While you scold me saying, “look at what you’ve done.”  
My bones ache each second from the pain and desire  
That keeps knotting in my stomach  
And I never really care if tender yellow-blue bruises dot my skin,

Because I'm the prettiest girl who has ever existed

And I'll love demolishing my soul,

For the most beautiful thing I'd ever feel

And I wish I were manic all the time.

*THE DIVINE CHAOS OF AN INSIGNIFICANT PERSON'S LIFE*

A soft light illuminates the glittering reflection of someone who I don't recognize.

They're always constantly changing,

Following blindingly after an ideal image

With the hope of reinventing themselves,

As if that will help fill the void,

As if altering yourself each time

Will solve the unenjoyable stagnant life

You despise so much. . .

. . . And then, she said, she read my story. Wanted to know more about my life.

But I don't think I can offer what kind words sincerely ask for.

So much is displayed:

Yet I feel like there's still nothing here.

Sometimes it seems that my identity is written by other people.

I live under a façade. can you see right through me?

I hope you find out who you are.

Because I still haven't.

I'm a mess, are you too?

*BILLET-DOUX*

To be with him – is to be moonstruck.

Honey dripping from his tongue, smooth and sweet,

His voice, a mellifluous sound that I want forever to ring in my ears.

To be with him – is clinquant.

A sempiternal euphonious blend of soft whispers and sighs,

Yearning, you fall like the night.

To be with him – is to be encompassed by primrose.

A delicate light, a heavenly metamorphosis of

Unearthly scenery.

You are loved, my beloved.

*THE BALTER*

Aflush with breathtaking, heartbreaking beauty

He is winsome, quixotic, an aubade I'd sing every morning.

The redamancy is overwhelming – one I did not expect.

But it's a carefree dance around one another.

As we hold hands, away from prying eyes.

Tender is the twilight that falls steadily through the windows

Drenching us in the divine.

He spins me and pulls me close,

My name a sweet lullaby on his lips.