

keeping secrets

born backwards

I am beginning to believe I was born backwards
through the fade of fog,
on a tree swing.
That one time I was pushed up too high
slipped into cranberry bushes
only to be heard from again
in rumors.

Can't feel my fingers

I think that I can dissect all of you,
Pocket knife and rosary limping from each hand,
and only see this reckoning.
It divides us because I let it.
A thin, tidy shelter folds over us,
as you lay hollowed and true
by my own illuminated fingers.

I cling to religion to escape my boredom,
and scrape my fingernails of envy.

I make myself lonely,
But it is also not my own fault.
I am sitting in a sterile, one-winged room
but I wish to be over there beneath the flowers,
holding hands with God.

silence and noise

there is a yellow tint to the sky now
like the whites of eyes when ill.
the sun is shaded by a violent pencil,
but I can sense the draft of its company,
i hope that can be enough for me.
parts of myself are lost and left places i can't remember.
i look out the door to see them
left in the rhythm between the fire-breath of wind,
and the slur of my pulse.
i visit them in my dreams,
in the house I was raised in.
in a chipmunks cheek,
somewhere deep in the woods.
the sap from trees will seal the wounds,
superficial,
on my skin.
i hope that can be enough for me.
my legs only walk slow out the door,
but the leaves understand.
they are facing downward now,
to signal that the rain has paused.
the natural world hides the Bad,
like eyes programmed to only blink.
now every tree branch points to me,
like I am naked on the stage of my doorstep.

Saturday in the forest / When I look in the basement mirror

there is a blade-like peak to the tip
of my left ear that cannot be explained,
and a thinness to my fingers.
I have rippled white, pale miniature cuts on my ankles,
and bruises that I don't remember getting.

I have been by the creek all day
Accompanied by myth,
Plucked from the dirt and given a weapon.

I puncture this poison under my gums
and decide whether I should freeze or fight.

This twinship is a sanctuary and my only home
Please don't make me go back.

When the sun sets at 5pm

I could be anything
but, when the sun sets at 5pm
I could be almost anything.

I miss how I used to be; this lovely, healthy thing
I could turn any vision into action, then,
I could be anything.

People don't seem to notice, my insides swinging
But I also don't try to show them
that I could be almost anything.

A string around my tooth and yank it, just to feel something,
freeze my feet in the snow at night, around 12pm,
I could be anything.

I know what I do affects my healing,
I will stop clenching this raw gem
so tight, and I will go where there is reaping.

I hope to exist as a unpredictable, powerful thing
Place my spirit back where you left it, along my spinal stem.
I could be anything,
I could be almost anything.