

## Fresh: Mini Poetry Manuscript

### The Divine Feminine

Whore. Noun. One who desires.

“Grab her by the pussy”: an action. To spit in the face of all that is sacred.

Anyone who has known your body has known she who birthed the universe. Don't forget.

Fuck Adam. Fuck Eve too. Have you ever read the story of Lilith?

I am holy. Even when I am rude and violent and manipulative and crass.

I am holy. Even when I choose to share the secrets of the universe and give you a love you've never known.

Because you don't know yourself.

I am God.

Sweet girl, so are you.

### A Love Letter To My Karmic Flame

I didn't come here to waste your time with small talk and a mediocre summer romance

It's not my job to comfort you and tell you that my arms are home

You know that

I'm here to make you squirm with uneasiness. I terrify you.

I'm here to reflect every drop of bitter hatred you feel for yourself

You'll recognize it all in me and it will repulse you

But your soul will re-form ascended

Your heart will be so much stronger. It will have so much more compassion to pour out.

You'll master your fear. Your repulsion will subside

Then nothing will scare you and everything, in your eyes, will be sacred

I do it because that's my purpose.

Your growth, your journey, your heartbreak and your healing is my purpose.

### I Used to Hide From God

And beg my hands to lift the pills to my mouth

Find solace in the warm puddle I made on my pillow

And come home high

I used to wonder why everyone else got to be beautiful

Got to be desired

As if I wasn't already infinitely adored. What a shame.

### Word Vomit

Emotions are weird. I don't like the way they're so raw.

They're in charge.

You die that night, if your heart says so.

You cry your eyes out for hours, it doesn't matter if you're being rational.

If she's hurting bad enough, your heart will poke at your stomach. Make her empty herself.

I think she's trying to release the pain. She'll never understand that it doesn't work that way.

They come around when they're ready, emotions.

Keep you level-headed if it's in their best interest.

### Being An Artist

I am not overdramatic, you are shallow. Your narrowed scope and simple-mindedness is a joke to me and I would never dim my fire to become comprehensible to you. I don't know your anger, I know my rage and I've never known sadness but I'm very familiar with grief. The depth that I feel is not a weakness and though it intimidates you, it is not a weapon. Seeing the world with polished eyes is a gift, nothing hides from me. Your looks of doubt, concern and condescension

when I tell you what I see that you can't- it doesn't impair my vision. It couldn't even if I wanted it to and I have. So many fucking times before. Intense? Maybe. Passionate? Absolutely. But overdramatic? An insult. Reducing the tidal waves and landslides that have made a home in me because you feel at a surface level? Childish. I don't respect those that try to make me small. Just listen. Hear me. Let me know that I'm not crazy.