

Women Castigate Their Own Being

The Shrodinger equation collapses perfectly....

and love rides particles of waves

carried to dark places where it

releases poison and rings like

St. Matthews on Sunday morning

you collapse me

I wipe the walls of my box

guilt out my cunt and

wonder why a man with no brain

insists on wearing a skull

sometimes

it's better to be all blood

and truth than hard

a gavel waiting

to break my bottle of secrets

left hanging over the door

that makes me wish

I could be a lady

demure and well-behaved

but everytime I speak your name

I send you to your grave.

Stuck in Concrete

I try so hard to believe
in the hymns my mother sings,
so I speak to god,
about you.

I think my words get lost in the stars,
the ones that come down to earth at dawn,
disguised as little white birds
who hide their heads as they
dangle on trees,
defecating out my prayers.
I always feel alone.

You're not a very good lover
but I'm worse,
maybe that's why you shared a kiss with her,
I saw your kiss and raised you a wild night
with a girl who found all the places
you were never able to,
I can always open my mouth,
my legs for you,
but not my heart.

I see you there,
you're passed out on the couch, again,
the bottle still clutched in your hand,
I turn off the heat,
pull the blanket off your body and think,
god I hope I'm not stuck with this one.

Re: last night

Sun hits my face like a spotlight. Cat walk, walk of shame.
Another Dear John letter to write, their name is never John.
This whole thing feels like a forgery.
Call my mother, she tells me to stop.
I think I should. Still, I blame her for all my poor choices.
Throw my phone on the floor, take some aspirin-forget how many I took.
Take a few more aspirin.
Find the cigarettes I left in the refrigerator. Why was I in the refrigerator?
Try to remember the cat's name that would always sneak in the refrigerator-
something so sweet for a tabby who munched mouse skulls on the patio.

*You were on the patio with me last night, some bar on the
west side of town, I told you with my fair skin, drinking doesn't look good on me.
One more shot you said and I felt glossy under the neon sign.*

Mazey the Crazy Kitty. I would laugh when she crawled on the shelves.
I cannot stop following my eyeballs around.
They lead us to the bathroom.
The urine seems stuck in my bladder.
I imagine the yellow blob trying to stumble its way down my urethra.

*One more shot we said.
My sandalwood perfume invaded your chest and I folded into myself as we embraced.
Unfolded, tried to whip out all my wrinkles.*

*One became too many.
It made me forget my heart is contaminated, stuck inside a biohazardous material shell,
the red one with big black letters where doctors fling bones of patients like me.*

The room starts to spin, I reach for an axis to hold, an anchor,
my hands hold on while my urine lets go.
My eyes reward me with a constellation of planets to count.

I light a cigarette and stay on the toilet.
I don't smoke in the house.
I keep smoking and think of a shower.

I lied and told you I loved you. Then puked on your shoes.

*Between apologies and tears and demands for a cab, you carried me to an Uber.
You still smelled of Sandalwood. I puked outside the door of the Uber.
You held my hair and told me to drink water.
Kissed my forehead and said you loved me too.*

I throw the cigarette between my legs, watch it simmer in my waste.
Mazey never came home one day, mama said it was coyotes.
I think Mazey found an escape.
I purr as I wash my hands.
Wonder if you will miss me gobbling skulls on the patio.

He Wants to Say He Loves Me

The mosquitos are thick, their wings add
breeze to this summer night

as universe hangs the moon on its hooks,
she leaves us here

spinning. I never liked your face, used my
body against your

desperation. Wary about what you might say in
this moment, I walk

disdainfully into mud and sketch a heart
with broken toe,

your eyes trace my movements as you
try to balance words

on tip of tender lip. I start to tap, Morse
code into earth,

whisper of signal for water to shoot out of
earth like rocket ship,

Sputnik, carrying me someplace else, then
anywhere but here.