

Wonder Woman in the Garden of Eden

To all the men I've allowed to come inside of me
I don't just mean physically
I mean come inside my kitchen and make a meal here
Something I can't quite stomach now
My intestines won't digest
To those men
I hope you have no regrets
There is nothing worse than regret
Expect maybe the wish
Of having done more
To those men
Who've come
And had their piece of me
Do I glisten more in the sun
Now that the pieces are missing?
Do you still remember me
I remember which piece you took
How I glue the cracks with gold and call it art
I have been birthed brand new
In the kiln
My ribcage and window
Always open
So you can hear the birds and their beating
My heart beating
"Like the moon I am made brand new"*

If you knew what I kept inside
The whole time you were eating
Would you have loved me differently
Would you have loved me at all?

The sustenance
And the cure
For all your starving
A marvel
A marvelous girl

**Excerpt from Terry Tempest William's When Women Were Birds*

Taking Up Space

The evergreens grow into space

Where a sunset used to flourish from my window

What I wouldn't give to be like that evergreen

Growing above and beyond the clippers

Rudely reaching like a dinner guest over my plate for the salt

The branches pulling the tablecloth

Spilling the stars

They fall

And before

Scorching the earth

Like cigarette burns in carpet

They disintegrate like ashes from smoldering fires

I just want to roast marshmallows

Breathe in the char when sugar burns

It caramelizes

That the granules can be made even sweeter yet I burn bitter

And inward

A marshmallow in the microwave set to imploding

I burst outward

But I do not grow above and beyond the confinement of my chemistry

If a marshmallow is sugar and air I am the air the lungs can't hold

A constant force is needed for whipping

To create the confection you deem worth eating

Am I only

Meant for consumption?

Oh to be the evergreen but more so the sky

Because even if you can't see the sunset from behind

Branches touching planets

Finally aligned

I can be the moon still rising high

I surpass the sweet and bitter thing

I am the savoring

Of all your fading days

The birds twittering in the shadowed dark

The pitch remains

A far-off thing even evergreen

Tinged treetops cannot touch

The space the night takes up

She's all encompassing.

Time and Again

One day the armies of little boys who saw no other future than to sacrifice their bodies for money
Will come home from the foreign countries
Whose languages and cultures they were ordered to burn
One day old men will realize borders are pretend
Gates we erected with spikes because white picket fences could not exist for them

One day maybe in another decade little boys will stop fighting wars with little boys
Reminiscent of days on playgrounds where toy airplanes were built from paper
Could not propel bombs the bombs were crayons

Today I can't read the paper
Most days I can't face the news
This does not make me naïve, a poet hippie who believes love will save us
It won't
She hasn't been loved back for a while she knows
It takes more than love to save the world

But these days I am afraid and my nerves jangle like plastic skeletons on Halloween
They don't look like decoration anymore they look like warning
My dead walk the streets each morning
Slowly dying at jobs we hate
But they pay for our portion of the world
 We stand ready to defend our corner
I feel like I am suffocating to protect a corner patch of weeds
Nothing has grown here for awhile

I do not have my father's green thumb
I do not know which seeds I have inherited but I do not want them
The seeds are on fire
The kids are not alright
I must admit I grow more terrified of walking to my car at night

I do not know what more to write
We've been typing out the same old ink
I argue in my own mind each night
Try to reconcile poetry as medicine
When it's medicine we cannot afford

I do not know anymore the point.

Tomorrow I will get out of bed
I will commit to do the work the only way I can
So tomorrow while the new decade burns I will write a poem
Again.

Parallels

The birds with conviction
Tap out their lyrics in the snow
And their chatter descends upon the mountains

Look how the flowers still struggle to grow
Like lungs filling with air
The soft despair
 of endings
 of so much life lived

It must be written
And then it must be sung
Like the chorus of a sun after a lightning storm
The bees like oboe players thrum
The morning sky an afterbirth of blood
This is how we love

It's also how hate seeds in the veins
But mostly

Morning's birthing is how the stars are made

Occasionally

The stars burn out
Like flames in church hall candles
Their ashes floating on the wind
But for centuries death is how time begins

Infinite explosions and black holes
All the songs the Earth sings that we don't know
The words to
Like psalms in a foreign language
But they have always been my favorites

Like Autumn's blood red season
Her heavy soil and decay
I love how a little death choreographs
The sycamores in a grand ballet

Emo Rock of the Early Aughts Taught Me How I Want To Be Loved

Say anything

Say you would carry me through the hell I made

Of myself

Is it too much to ask of you to stand in my flood and get your shoes soaked wet

To drown a little with me

As it all rages behind us

Won't you do the devil that kindness

Won't you kiss the fountain lips that lie

Say she never loved you once

Lay down your harp here and clasp my hand

Where the gates of white no longer fence us in

Don't you know by now I'm not allowed in

I burned that bridge with my own flint

I was never going back

So won't you follow me into the dark

You said so if the vacancy signs burned out

I busted each bulb with my boot

Like Johnny at the stage

Praying in a way the rest of us couldn't hear

Would you reign with me over an empire of dirt

Would you still love me after all the hurt

I think the best parts of you could

So you can and you do

And you become the moon

The gravitational string

The sign that makes me believe

I'm loved

Even if god never shows.

**Excerpts from: Say Anything's A Walk Through Hell, Death Cab For Cutie's I'll Follow You Into The Dark, Johnny Cash's cover of Nine Inch Nails' Hurt, Panic! At The Disco's Nine in the Afternoon and Ballad of Mona Lisa, and Fall Out Boy's thnks fr th mmrs.*