

Stop Touching Me In My Memories

I am holding broken glass
And it catches the light in
The most innocent way and
I am holding a baby
And it screams for me
But I scream louder and
I am holding flowers
And I died when I plucked
Them from this Earth and
I am holding my own hands,
I am reaching across the sky
For my own fingertips
As the rings that identify
My sense of being
Peel off and
Flutter to the floor.

Safe Keeping

It is not that I want to
Bury this past-
I mean, sometimes I do.
Sometimes I wish it
Had never happened,
Sometimes I think that none
Of the turmoil was worth it-
Sometimes,
I miss it all.

More than anything,
Though,
I just want to leave Her behind.
I will keep Her safe in a
Grave-
This way, She cannot follow me.
But I will visit.
And I will leave Her flowers.

This is My Letter of Resignation

I regret to inform you that
I am not a writer.
Never have been-
I am much more suited for
The position of elegist.
I can only write when I am
Heartbroken or
Grieving what has yet to
Die or
Depicting my sorrows.
I cannot write about
Joy or Happiness-
I am too distracted by Pleasure to
Ever tell you what She
Looks like.
Today, I am not a
Writer.
Sincerely—

A Mythological Tale of the Modern-Day Teenager

Act I: Chaos

Clothes are wet there is
Dew on the ground-
Soft sweet dew the
Mourning is crisp.
Matt threw Jane's
Clothes out the window
The sky is cloudy and
Grey and the clothes are wet.

Jane storms into her mother's
House and Mathew and John
And Mel are there and
Divorce.

D i v
 or
 c
 e

Mel is tired.
Math takes too long.
Dinner with Matt and Jane
Tonight the teac-Mr. Porrino
Has a humdrum voice and
He does not want to be
Here and Mel does not
Want to be here
Where is Mathew?
Mel dreams of the sky
And the mountains and the
Sea and Mathew is gone
Mathew is in Maine.
Maine. Cliffs and sea and
Sky and crash wet and math.

Act II: Tartarus

Mel needs razors and
Soap and toothpaste and
School starts on Monday
And shampoo.
The house is empty-
Jane? Philly?
Fiancé
Call Matt but Matt is
758.5
Miles away call him
Dad?
Empty home.
Hot slippery dishes do the
Dishes and
Laundry is there detergent?
Soap Detergent, yes.
Cold wet clothes
Wet Clothes ?

Get in the car
Drive tired so tired
Car, drive. Grey sky and
Trees along the highway and
Birds. Birds screaming.
Walmart. Make a left.
Entrance to the right?
Right. There, there's
A spot go-
Close enough. In
In to the left of the right
Entrance.
"Hello!" "You too!"
All the way to the left
Hygiene aisle.
Text from Mathew?
Fires forest fires
Mathew- Is he
Wearing all his gear?
Razors. Soap. Toothpaste. Shampoo.
Pockets.
Pockets.
Full pockets quick
Fill the pockets go
Did she see me? Go
Hands in pockets full pockets

Shh
Faster
Mel doesn't want to smell,
Can't be the kid that smells
The gross disgusting kid who
Smells
Go pockets faster
Almost there
Tired
Mathew- off to work
Almost there
Exit
Almost there
She sees it
Did he see me?
Mathew- fighting fires-
Go go go go go g o go gogo
No-
Officer?
No.
Officer?
You don't understand she needs-
And Jane is in Philly
And Mathew is he safe
And Matt is in Chicago and
Officer?
Officer these are tight
And cold.

Act III: Eros

“Hi! How are you?”

“Hi, nice to meet you! I’m Mel.”

People here are different,
Kinder and gentler and Mel
Is different here with them,

“Do you want help with the math homework?”

“Come sit with us!”

High, high off the ground
The sky is blue and soft and
Within reach and

Salty

Dirt and sand under fingernails

Albatrosses sing to Mel

Matt takes pictures from

Down below

Ocean is calm, quiet

Gentle and wet

Sand between toes and

It runs as quickly

As it says hello

Sand soft and wet like

Dew on grass

Hot sticky air

Mel has a friend with her!

Boiling boardwalk

Sharp sand

Laughter and children

“Tattoos?”

Scratchy needle, humming

Machine

Whispering into Mel’s

Ankle, a turtle!

Bustling traffic and lights

Lights

Flashing

Lots of bodies

Puzzle pieces fitting

In and out with

Each other

Man-made castles

Surrounding an oasis;

A city surrounding a park

Sad horses pulling carriages

Fifty dollars a ride
Orange trees and
Frozen water

Act IV: Gaea

Sophomore year of
College
Mel is ready to declare her
Major.
She will reach out to
That which has always
Been there
For her, supporting
Her world from the
Sidelines-
A guardian looming over her
With green and yellow and
Orange hands-
In the song of an
Albatross
And in the salty breath of
The ocean and in
The turtle on her
Ankle-
In the fires that
Mathew greets
With a hose-
In the grey tears
Of the sky-
In the screaming of
Thunder and in the
Wet dew on the front yard.

Environmental Science.

Sucker Punch

In a cloak of blood after you
Punched that wall as
Hard as you could,
Praying that it would release
The grip that your ribs have
On your heart-

Bony as you slide your
Meal into the dog's
Bowl, hoping no one
Noticed the shade of green
You felt you turned upon
Seeing that pasta on
Your plate-

Caressed as you hold
Your lover's hand,
Only to see it's stained
With a shade of lipstick
That you know you don't own-

Raised like mountain peaks
As you take another slap
From the one person
You trusted to heal
Your wounds,

And guiding your ligaments as
You write and paint and
Contemplate if the sting
In these knuckles will
Ever fade.