

*On a Sunday*

*Split in two*

Who am I to myself?

I have to twist myself open  
to uncover that perhaps  
I am nothing but feral and unhinged,  
selfish and romantic,  
a clueless pile.

I am only now beginning to realize  
the implications of this life.  
I am burdened by my hypocrisy,  
burdened by romance  
and ridiculousness  
and imagination,  
but above all,  
I am senselessly afraid of myself.  
The gods must be laughing  
at me right now,  
Why can't I feel beautiful?  
Why am I drenched in sensitivity?  
perhaps,  
I should pray  
that you love her instead of me.  
Pray that I wake  
up as a girl named lucky.  
Pray that my heart could  
grow stronger than my dread.  
I am discovering darkness  
in the caverns of my heart,  
but i cannot sense  
what this means quite yet.

I have to twist myself open  
to discover that  
what i've found is,

at its best,  
why am I'm a poet.

I have to twist myself open  
to discover  
that the making  
of a hungry  
and powerful woman  
is writhing inside me  
like twisted yarn.

I am split in two,  
and a thin veil hangs between us.  
a thin veil between sanity and insanity,  
between certain death  
and certain survival,  
between cruel and forgiving.

I feel tipped over,  
empty of my once full contents.  
It's hard to speak  
for the two sides of myself,  
with all of our separate  
complexities and certainties.

I am feral, festering.  
I am seeking,  
yet nothing prevails.

I stood on the edge  
of the days and years  
unable to meet the eyes of strangers  
and when i do,  
my nerves open to  
the air like something skinned

Is it poetic to be a bitch?  
Is it poetic to be ugly?  
to be spiteful?  
to be wretched?

Self doubt walks confidently  
with sharp knives.

I twist myself open  
to uncover a force,  
an exposed column  
of nerve and muscle,  
a source of humbling mystery  
that cannot be met outside  
of the deepest caverns of my heart

I twist myself open to discover  
that soul is the masterpiece.

### ***Long Roads and Vast Spaces***

I feel unripe,  
unraveled.  
There's a lull,  
a vast space between myself  
and the person I see in the mirror.  
My blade of depth is dull,  
and my path is becoming  
more  
and more  
tumultuous.  
Is there an easier way?  
Would god know?  
Would my lover know?  
My feet are tired  
but i'd like to think  
that if they weren't,  
that they could deliver me to it.  
to you.  
to myself.  
to whatever it is  
at the end of this road.  
But, my feet are tired  
and my reflection is graying,

and i'm not sure  
what to do with myself anymore  
other than laugh  
at my own lack  
of ambition.

### ***Spilt glass of milk***

what is patience?  
what is acceptance?

i have to let the natural order  
of renewal  
veil my life like new skin,  
it will fall down  
on my existence like brutal winter

this is reality,  
an infected wound  
an uninterrupted inhale of frigid air  
a spilt glass of milk

regardless of all  
of this suffering,  
i want renewal to fear my resilience  
i want renewal  
to stand still in my swarm

renewal laughs at my impatience,  
it holds its breath  
but i am scared,  
because every day i get older,  
and change walks  
so quietly

### ***On a Sunday***

It is Sunday.  
Crows sing along

with the bells that dance for the  
chapel,  
So i sing along  
with the bounces of my favorite white  
dress.

Sunday is a day for white cotton  
and healing your disdain with mint  
tea.

It is a day for loud worship  
and quiet sin,  
It is a day for fruit  
and laundry  
and missing your mother.

It is a day to thank god  
for your beautiful legs  
and the Cocteau twins.

Sunday is a day for  
pleasing and releasing,  
dancing and possibly screaming.

There is something so holy  
about the way Sunday  
holds a sad woman,  
and that is me.

I am a sad woman.

I am a boundless force of nature,  
quiet and desperate and scared.

I am scared of the prowling eyes  
of Monday and its men.

But Sunday is mine,

It is mine for worship  
and sex  
and mint tea.

So the crows  
sing along with the bells that dance  
for the chapel,  
and I remain holy and sacred until  
Monday.

