

People Are Like Storms

Because when I was younger my father would
speak soft words or none at all
and leave marks on my toddler skin
before I could count one-one-thousand
between strikes of lightning.

Because when I was a little older but not much
girls who didn't speak to me would
whisper thoughts of me into
eager ears and laughter would erupt
within school hallways and it sounded
like dark clouds and my father's hand.

Because when I thought I was much older
I let boys with pretty eyes wreak havoc
and tear down my walls with their gale winds
before they evaporated and left me
in the rubble with what sounded like
my father's hand and elementary laughter.

So

People are like storms.
Because they destroy us they
ravage our hearts and minds and
disappear.

People are like storms because
we watch them and dance with them
and thank the sky and the earth
for giving us thunder and darkness
and angry hands and elementary laughter and deceitful eyes.

People are like storms because
they cause damage and anger
and hate and yet
and yet
we kiss lips and raindrops
we hold hands beneath dark skies
we gaze into pretty eyes and bolts of lightning.

Because people are like storms
and we love them.

It Rained Today

It rained today.
We woke to dark skies
moons beneath our eyes.

It rained today.
We gathered in too-bright hallways and
made little attempt to remove fallen droplets.

It rained today.
Our eyes glued to boards and sheets of paper
hands clutching vast containers of caffeinated salvation.

It rained today.
We forgot it did.

It rained today.
We were released and
shuffled through heavy doors with closed eyes and
felt droplets upon knitted brows.

It rained today.
We didn't pause
didn't glance at the sky or seek protection.

It rained today.
We trudged on.

Dolls

Because we can paint smiles
on porcelain faces and
blink our jewel eyes and
hold our china heads high and
you'll never realize

You'll never see the
cracks that
etch spiderwebs across
glass bones and
you'll never see
we're hollow inside.

Because we can't
speak through painted smiles or
let tears fall from jewel eyes or
lower china heads and
you'll never notice

You'll never know
tiny cracks form invisible wounds and
you'll never know
we're broken inside.

And Who Was I

And music was in my bones
smoke in my hair
burning liquid
at the back of my throat
and she turned to me and whispered
"Isn't this fun?"
I smiled
and nodded
because I had never been to a party
before.

And when his hands were on me
tearing fabric from my skin
and his nameless voice murmured
"Isn't this fun?"
I told him yes
because he said I was beautiful.

And when friends I didn't remember meeting
were burning sour herbs and
forcing powders up nasal cavities and
finding new ways to fly
and they showed me how and sang
"Isn't this fun?"
I sang, too
because I wanted to fly.

And when day and night
blurred together
when strangers showed me new ways
to forget
and when they gazed at me
between slitted eyes and foggy minds and
rasped in trembling voices
"Isn't this fun?"
I answered yes
because I couldn't remember why I would say no.