

rewritten into blasphemy

Break my bones if you'd like to -
As long as yours are healed.
Anoint my head with gasoline,
A crown of thorns my only kindling.
Set me aflame to fan the fire of your life.
Crucify me,
If my pain will sustain you
Anything, everything,
My god, my god,
Forsake me if you so wish.
Finish me, take my final breath at your whim,
But do not wash your hands of me.
I beg you,
Do not make me Barrabbas -
I do not wish to be set free.

i am a cruel and capricious god

I do not know how to ask for things.
It used to be that people always said no.
Used to be that I always said no -
Until one day I stopped asking,
Stopped allowing myself to want.
To need.

Now my knuckles are white on the counter
As I stare into unforgiving blue in the mirror
Dripping with tears.
My voice cracks around
“Let me be happy, please.”

mother of all

Driving through downtown Atlanta,
The sun shining down on me,
Filled me with an inexplicable sense of contentment.
And not for the first time,
But the first time this strongly,
I felt the need to lay in the sun.

Completely bare.
Listening to Led Zeppelin.

For a moment -
That turned into more
I understood the draw
Of nudity in Eden.

All the time under the sun.
Dark hair.
Dark skin.
Woman incarnate.
Woman divine.
No wonder Adam ate the fruit at her instruction.

“I can’t quit you, baby,
I’ll do anything you say.”
Just begging to get a taste of
Her fruit.

And she would lay in the sun
Listening to the music of perfection around her.
I wonder if the birds sang,
All that time ago,
“Soul of a woman was created for love.”

Oh Woman,
Oh Eve,
Teach me your ways.

a scythe has more than one use, you know

Starting a new medication,
My doctor looked at my history
And made sure to let me know
That a potential side effect is suicidal ideation.

Darling, not even I could kill me.
This medication will have to try a whole lot harder
Than messing with my brain chemistry.
It's a war I've already won.

I have life left to live.
I'm scarred, war-worn, exhausted,
But Death won't take me just yet.

They may stop by,
But it won't be to give me my final breath.
They'll be checking in on my garden,
Offering my tremor-ridden hands a respite,
Repotting my petunias for me
As I plant a new vine of ivy on the trellis.

part of me is still proud

I was a pretty kid.
There were a few years
Where I don't believe that statement applies,
But my father keeps a portrait
Of me in that stage of youth.

A family friend painted my sisters and I
Just because she could,
And in the time from beginning to end
I'd changed so much
She wanted to paint me again.

My father keeps the first one
Even though I despise it.
He says it's his favorite of the two.

My father's love aside,
I held my pretty kid status with pride -
Didn't know to be wary
Of the compliments,
The stares,
The adults telling me
I was too young to be so beautiful.

Even when I did know
What can happen to pretty kids;
When I'd earned my knowledge
In the worst of ways,
I still held my pretty kid face high.
Thinking it was my best quality.
That it held all the worth of me.

The woman who asked me
To go with her into the bathroom
"For a quickie."
I don't know if she knew I was fourteen.
People have always told me I look older than I am.

When I was thirteen,

A man in a grocery store
With a wedding band on his finger
Asked me how much it would be
To have me for the night.
Someone else thought I was twenty-one
In the same year,
So maybe we can give him the benefit of the doubt
Of not realizing the proposition he made
In front of his two young kids
Was to someone
Maybe five years older than them.

I've always given him the benefit of the doubt,
If just for the sake of those kids.
I don't remember what they looked like.
Fuck, I hope they were the ugliest kids you've ever seen.