

High highs and low lows

(Poetry Submissions)

1. 'FableTale'

Fables about repairing
fallen angels broken wings
and placing band aids over punctured bibles
which seep with bleeding vulnerability
became the sorts of bedtime stories
that I read to my
not yet fertilized fetus' who I would meet
if I continued on the graveled,
fate ridden path
of the twenty-first century.
After leaving behind a trail of breadcrumbs
that would in the best case scenario
lead me right to the left side of your bed,
I poured apple cinnamon dusted
porridge hot enough
to give me second degree burns
down my throat because I wanted to feel
something even remotely close
to when we gave ourselves
matching scars by putting cigarettes out
on each other's tiny, flimsy,
writers block possessed wrists.

I witnessed a fawn walk herself
to the very edge of the Erie lake
to do what I childishly assumed
was take a life giving drink,
yet instead she held herself under
until her neck went limp
and her clumsy, hoof embellished
limbs no longer
squirmed beneath her,
leaving her to fight
to compete amongst the fittest
no more.

2. 'Don't Fall in Love with a Poet'

Don't fall in love with a poet,
for after kissing one of us,
we will try to find the words to describe
exactly how you made us feel
because if it was a swell encounter
of lips crashing upon the shore of lips,
we will give you no time to yell mayday
before we come up with both similes
and hyperboles to describe the butterfly sanctuary
that is now planted in our tummies.

Don't fall in love with a poet
unless you are prepared for inches
upon inches of the most intense of emotions,
for we constantly find ourselves looking
for a person to love just as much
as we adore our idioms and
painfully stretched out attempts
at personification.

Don't fall in love with a poet
unless you are prepared for us to become
just as-
if not more attached
to you than we are to every carefully
placed syllable that differentiates
each of our works,
for what is written in pen

cannot be erased,
and our love is far too
head first to be etched in
something as noncommittal as pencil.

3. 'Inner Child'

My inner child takes the fragile form
of neither an infant nor a toddler,
but rather a caged bird who has yet
to be tamed by her maker
and who has thus far
been taught only trauma,
timidness, and to fear the possibility
of opening her wings out wide,
for others may be offended by the
peacock-like
holographic array
that her multicolored feathers take.
She is hunted for she is
the devil's dessert,
and unfortunately he has just had his dinner,
so he plagues her nest with guilt and shame
and makes her torture and starve herself
as a result of abuse in the past
that she will not heal from
until a fellow fowl chirps to her
that it was never her fault
and that this burden was never hers to carry.
When she is faced
with the option
to either fight or to take flight,
she flaps her pinions
and swoops down in anguished search of
of an anxiolytic antidote
to help her stop absorbing the lies
that her mind so easily soaks in
like a sponge placed in warm, soapy water.
She begins an invocation
as she presses her talons
against the metal bars that have
kept her enclosed for her whole life,
and it is only when that prayer is answered

that the rods collapse and she realizes
that the cage was her mind
and that she was never trapped,
for freedom has been hers
the entire time.

4. 'Mental Illness'

The little man in my head
behind my eyes
whom controls my brain is hungry,
yet I only feed him last minute responsibilities
that are now due
and stimulants
that I cannot consistently afford.
He slices open the sides of my head
without even bothering to numb me first
and programs me to argue, to assume,
and to only be comforted
by thinking of the several scenarios
in which I may soon die.
He cruelly changes the film
through which my cornea peers through,
and finds joy in
the notion that I see the world
in a dimmer, dingier light,
and once yellow daisies
are now just gray tinted string beans.
He knows that I hate string beans.
No amount of yoga,
meditating, or water drinking
is ever enough to keep him both quiet and full,
for he insists that there must always be a thunderstorm on the horizon,
and my serotonin is the houses that flood
because the families inside of them
did not do their research
and now refuse to move.
The little man in my head
behind my eyes
whom controls my brain is hungry,
and I am running out of food....

5. 'Fall'

Weeping willows finally sob no more,
for their wispy switches are given solace
by the almighty artist
who never deviates from His plans
of blending the sanguine color scheme of summer
into the brown, bare palette
that quintessentially represents
and escorts fall.

Fronde form into tiny, crunchy craters
after they dribble from their branchy nests,
and although they are no longer living,
they find joy in the jovial juveniles
who make them the current objects of their steps
because they have grown tired of trying to break their mother's backs by stepping
on sidewalk cracks.

Thanks begins being given
just as soon as the tantalizing trees begin to die,
and at the near sight of her equinox's arrival,
Autumn releases an umpteenth sigh.

