

Miserable Woman

Every day I feel more and more like a mannequin;
stand there,
look pretty,
stand there,
don't fall.

Teeth pushed against teeth
in my anxious sleep.

Trying to feel more human and less animal.

You're the apple that just never grew big enough
and I'm the one with the worm.
Shady side of the tree.

It's a graveyard they say,
where dreams and talent go to rest;
in sewing factories, and tired men,
and the boy who could play the cello.

I'm trouble I suppose,
but who doesn't enjoy a thorn in the foot
from time to time.
Something to complain about and pick at.
As skin turns a dark shade of pink,
I remember I'm alive.

I have become fat with guilt and heartache.

My face has lost all its color
and I blend in with the snow.

Soon

I

will

evaporate.

Sit still

and be the blue sky.

He feared dirt on his feet,
even more scared of me.

I look in the mirror and have no recognition.

My eyes no longer sparkle with the fever.

Mean, they call me dark liquor.

They call you sunshine.

I don't know why.

An unstoppable love

that can teach you patience.

A miserable woman

that can teach you hatred.

Let Me Live

I wake up
and beg the world to let me live.
She says, "I guess"
and walks away in heels as loud as one million horses.

I'm on the wrong side of 25
with a hereditary double chin.
One day as I was checking the mail
I realized I never really lived a day in my life.
There was only junk mail.

All days I feel annoyed,
but someday I remember the times I laughed so hard I cried,
and my Mamaw singing me happy birthday,
and standing in Green River with a sunburn that made my shoulders hot like a coffee mug.

I've picked up a stutter and have started choking on food
and I wonder who this person even is,
Maybe I should dye my hair?
Maybe I should ruin my life again?
I pop my neck,
I do the song and dance,
I decorate my mind with aspirations and gold,
I pretend to try
and I try to pretend.

There's a bubbling on my occipital lobe
and it's making my eyes hurt,
My skin is making my eyes hurt.
I rip off the bad,
I wash it raw,
until I look like a dead person in house slippers.
I wonder if this is poetry
or a pathetic little song
written by Justerini and Brooks,
appointed by the queen.

I go to bed
And I tell the world
I am going to live...

one day.

Little Babies

I use to have dreams about traveling with you
and little babies that seemed too fragile to hold,
but now I have dreams about sex with middle aged comedians
and buying soap.

I look at my hour glass
and I shrug my shoulders
because what am I to do?
I am too concerned about bugs crawling in my ears when I sleep,
and bugs crawling in my ears when I'm awake.

I shiver from the eyes that wash over me
and I gag at the person I want to be.
I use to have dreams about the Magnolia tree,
maybe a memory.
But now I'm kidnapped somewhere near the ocean
I get away, but they always catch me.
I can feel the sand on my feet,
I wake up with you next to me.

I use to have dreams
and I still do,
but I don't remember
and I can't forget.
I use to have dreams about little babies.
I use to have dreams about you.

Fish Head

I jabbed at the eye of the fish head with a stick.
I wondered how its mouth could still move with no body.
Was it still alive?
Could it feel me jabbin' at it like that?
Had I been the last torture it would know?
I grew older
And that fish head turned to dust I guess.
I later met many other fish heads.
Buckets of fish heads.
Factories, buildings, schools of fish heads.
Fish heads with their mouths moving
Fish heads who could not stand to close their lips for one fucking second.
Fish heads who were already dead,
they just didn't know.
Fish heads that would just stare at me
Or maybe they weren't seeing me at all.
I never once jabbed them
because sometimes I think
maybe I'm a fish head too.

I'm Always

My brain is always teetering
on the edge of a cliff.
It's always shuttering.
My heart is always filled to the brim
with ache,
and poetry,
and anger.
My blood is always wondering
what it would be like
to be free.
My fingers are always too weak
to hold up the world,
and too small for a wedding ring.
My lungs are always itching
from inhaling your smoke and selfishness.
My mouth is always too dry
to speak the rivers of my mind
and my soul is never consistent.