

Words

sometimes i read the words of another and want to live inside of them. not in a way meaning i have a dislike of the life i am currently living, but in a way where i have somehow managed to fall in love with the way in which a certain concept or moment or thing is articulated and wish to be completely suffocated by said articulation for as long as time allows.

i want to create pairings of words that others and myself would like to live inside; make homes and friends inside, find love inside, experience pain and grief and sorrow inside. allow my words to be the place you lay to rest at night; my sentences the sustenance you consume to survive; my stanzas the oxygen you breathe that gives you life. let my words be beautiful.

sweats on a dandelion

opinions encroaching the spirit of
a dandelion swaying in the breeze
rot her down into the weed she
is claimed to be.

no longer concealed by petals of sunshine
and leaves of infinite vallies.

she is an invasive species,
taking over even the least deserving victims.
those that nurtured her growth
and held her up
in times of drought.

very easily surmised,
said dandelion is myself.
younger, not immune to the falsities
and manipulation of those meant to guide,
not direct.

children are easily susceptible to
being fleshy parrots;
squawking exactly whatever is fed
through their tiny
little ears, with no realization of
the weight behind
such powerful, powerful words.

i now live in "lazy clothing."
in hoodies
and beanies
and sweatpants
and slippers
and fuzzy socks.
the exact apparel i was trained to
despise and look down upon
as if it transformed the wearer into
something lesser than

something worthless

something easy to feel indifferent about when it is in pain.

How to love

conversing with a friend i recently rediscovered how i love.
how i grasp on to certain people who share the affection i hold for them.
i cling to their speech and manners.
i cultivate affinities for the way in which they draw breaths,
the rhythm of their steps,
the timbre of their voice.

i learn to love what they do not.
i learn to love things in them which i would hate in myself.
i learn to make room on the sofa,
to clear the passenger seat in my car,
to stop mid-step to answer a text.

i learn to let them in.

the moment i bear the encroachment
upon my being,
my sanity built upon two shaking, breaking twigs,
i fall.

for them.

they're not there to catch me,

though.

and all i am left with is my
affinity
for everything they are
and everything they made me

and all i am left with is my
animosity
for everything i am
and everything i made me.

fire in a crowded ocean (2021)

laughing at the prospect of
igniting a substance which
is inherently the fire extinguisher
of earth.

humorous concepts are only such when
disconnected from the bubble.

the ocean is in flames and
i'm laughing from my sand-
soaked baby blue towel
of intoxication.

To Make A Distinction

memories swiftly change to movie scenes
and highlight reels from reality tv shows
that are too unimaginable to be true.

can one act but not be an actress;
sing but not be a singer;
dance but not be a dancer;
write but not be a writer;
be but not become ?

using my parking lights as lights
and my lights as brights
and my brights as nothing
even though they are instrumental to the journeys i must make.

the innate urge to separate and make distinctions between
a jumble of content is inherently counterintuitive
to the reality of thought.

i wish to make a distinction, though,
between myself and the singer on that stage;
between myself and the dancer in that studio;
between myself and the writer being published.
but we seem to be in the same place
although i am looking back on her
and i receive all her accolades and words of support
although i cannot comprehend their merit.

and i wish to make a distinction.