

The Self is the Torture

The Offering

lay awake at night
staring into mirror
at bedside, wondering if i
should
eat

leave reflection
behind take refuge on the roof
longing to be closer to the sky

feel the wind parting through fingers
pushing me to leap, taunting and laughing
i succumb to pressure so easily, does anyone ever stop to think
about how broken we can be-
come, bear witness to how fragile we really are

hunger is the feeling of being so far from full
my emptiness pools like
 water after
flood, dripping,
 spilling, never filling

made an offering to Peace, a sacrifice
like the Lamb on Calvary, this body
broken and from the tears this soul
leaks into the air, wandering

freely

an escape from fragility
the Night—She welcomes me
like i'm home.

The Betrayal

yesterday, i died again
i am always dying

this time it was right after i
told God himself
to fuck off, and
called my own mother
a bitch

i wanted to tear up my wrists
each one of them,
they became sore

never touched that blade but brain convinced me
i did

so i bled

and woke up today
to take part
in the killing
no, the carving
with unwavering intent

to take the fat out of my own thighs, and offer up what is left of me for the consumption
i want so desperately for someone to approve of me

but the body has its own intentions
but the body refuses to be devoured
the body remains determined
the body remains whole

tonight
God cries—tears teeming at my window pane
He whispers

suffering is love

but that blade is louder, like thunder
but my blood is warmer than rain

The Art of Repossession

write poetry because
you think you're good (at writing poetry)
but then you stop
because you're not
you've got
neither the talent nor the dedication
like someone stole them
but really you threw them
away
so far from you now,
giving up
your favorite pastime

yet still you rewrite
still,
reread
there's this growing need
to be more than the
shedding tears and shredding skin
the actions that have
defined
every
moment
of your life
those aching wrists, and fading scars
those starving veins
the writing and stopping and starting
again
everything you have been
a culmination of being afraid,
and hurting
all over
again

write a poem
that destroys the only narrative
you've allowed yourself to live
through,
then you won't have to think
just do

Remember the Body
(tenets for the paper thin)

remember the heart
is a liar and the mind
a believer and the body
a survivor

remember the heart
is an infection,
shutting down
the rest of your organs

remember the mind
is a victim,
cowering in the darkness
of your skull

remember the heart
is blinded and the mind
must keep its eyes
wide open

remember the body
is a keeper

remember the heart
is selfish
remember the heart
is alone

remember the mind
hears voices
remember the mind
seeks home

remember the body
is not blank and the body
is not blind and the body
does not break, the body
rips because the body
remembers that the self
is the torture and the body
cannot bear the burdens

of the torn any longer

remember what rips
cannot be put back together again and
the body
is only as thick
as the skin