

Introspective

Eat my Ears

I watch them and wonder why
they can't seem to understand the solution.

Logic holds no place in their mouth,
and feelings are the only things that float in their eyes.

I don't get it.

I don't get it.

I don't get it.

I try.

I show them a path, weedless and paved.
I offer my shoulder on a silver platter

Yet it gets sent back flayed.
Followed with the message
that it didn't suit their taste.

On a fundamental level, I know.

I know that they do not want solutions.
I know the holes in their hearts were self-made.
I know they will lay in the graves they made.

But why are they words they say
so different from reality.

I don't get it.

Consume my Soul

Eat the dirt
from under my nails
and tell me if you
know what I have created.

Bite the flesh
off my feet, my calves, my thighs
and tell me if you
know where I have been.

Lick the dandruff
from between my hair
and tell me if you
know how I've grown.

Swallow the fluid
from my eyes
and tell me if you
know what I've seen.

Tell me if you know me.

Tell me.

Mine is fine

How do I make Friends

I came off to strong,
and tried too hard.
I wanted a friend,
and you didn't.

Maybe that's my problem.

I always dive head first
into every new affinity.
Leaving social cues
at the door.

Maybe that's my problem.

I try to pry
into every nook and cranny
your life hides in.
Only to find no space for me.

Maybe that's my problem.

I can either push
or say my goodbyes,
But if I always find myself
staying silent.

Maybe that's my problem.

Kip

Bone deep;
carved into the marrow
etched with conception.

Slithering under skin
constricted around muscles
like knotted electrical cords.

Ligaments are replaced
with worn rubber bands
and rotting blades of grass.

Organs feel like playdough
squished between a child's fingers,
and function like a rusted blade.

But my brain
is fully and wholly human.
Maybe that's why it makes
so many mistakes.

Convinced that every issue
could be solved
with the closing of my eyes.