

My Heart and All of its Feathers

my emotions feel robotic.
like I cannot give a part of
my soul to someone who needs it.

I don't understand grief,
or the rope it can use to
choke you.

I don't understand how
to give sympathy to
someone else.

I've gotten so good
at hiding these parts
of myself, that I expect
others to do the same.

I've filled my heart
with apathy, full of
feathers and dust and grime.

and I can't say I care, no
matter how I push myself to
feel anything at all.

Metal Under My Skin

giving a poem teeth.
biting down on what it means
for my body lying back
at home.

my mind is lost in the
spaces between words
on this page.

it makes me feel like
a creator, moving images
behind my eyes.

but the power of words
is too fragile to handle inside me.
it explodes out of every inch
of my skin.

it is not I who controls them, but
they who control me, their weapons
aimed directly at my heart.

Live to Please

it is not within me
to look out for myself.
so if you're disappointed,
tell me, and I will crawl
into the flames until
there is a smile on your face.

Inside Me

the garden in my stomach is full
of trinkets, of tiny mementos from
a life that isn't mine. the hoarders
in my lungs fight with each other
on who gets to keep the best pieces.

the bees living in my throat don't
get a say in any of this. They're too
busy trying to visit the world
outside of me.

there are flowers lining my spine
and I feel them bloom in opposite
of my heart, as if they know how
its edges are charred from the fire.

this nature inside me has made
itself a home and it's never stopped
growing. soon it will be the only
thing here.

a forest instead of a body.

Rolling

a flash fiction
show of my life
plays on repeat
in the center of
my eyelids.

all of my
mistakes get
their debut, all
of the triumphs
hide in the corner.

when the show
is over, in the
seconds before it
starts again, I can
see it all clearly,

an adulthood in red
with the lights off.