

i miss you

My grandmother told me I planted those trees
with the small red berries
all around her house:
that beautiful mid-century modern
work of art
with the hundred-year-old oak trees
& not a single right angle

But I think she lied to me...
because it was her love for me that grew
Tall and Strong
like those berry trees
that had been at that home,
my secondhand childhood home,
where we spread her ashes
over her old garden
that her room with glass walls
overlooked

No matter what I did
no matter how many times I argued with her as a teen —
the way I would have argued with my own mother
had she been around —
she was there to nurture me
to hold me in her arms
when I cried about my mother

I still feel her all around me
in this house
that she built
of love and trust and reliability and support

And I wish I could see her face again,
hear her melodic laugh,
and tell her how much
I miss her

pretty woman

Everyone thought it was easy to be a
“pretty woman”.

she didn't believe that about herself,
but people had told her

people stared

or made disapproving noises
that masked their insecurities.

She could tell

because her boyfriend was
objectively the most attractive
man in the room

and women

asked for his phone number
when she was in the bathroom.

People told her she was pretty
she'd modeled a little bit

when she was thin enough
to slip through a baseboard.

A modeling agency

said she was pretty too....

but she drank so much the
night they'd requested photos
that she ended up in the ER.

People said she was pretty,

but she didn't see it in the mirror...
her reflection was full of flaws
and she could only focus on them
and her mind was full of flaws
and she could only focus on them
But people didn't see that
they just saw someone
whose life looked easy
someone who was an easy target
for venting their frustrations
at the world;
at the people who had wronged them.
But she was just a person too.
Scared and alone
because no one wanted to
talk to her.

shivering up

What if I just stopped eating forever

and just curled up into a

ball

of nothingness so cold that

you couldn't even pour

flavored sugared syrup over it?

I'm off in a

~different world~

experiencing life

in a way both muted

&

accentuated compared to

the conceptual abstraction

that is

"normal life".

Who is really "normal"?

A bunch of posers who

Don't know up from down

Cool from

Different?

Life is complicated

Most people are not