

won't you celebrate with me

after lucille clifton

i woke up today not wanting to die.
the floors have been mopped,
breakfast cooked. i shot myself
on a polaroid & let the sun bother
my skin until we smelled
like each other. i slit my
eyebrows in the mirror for the fuck
of it. used a banana as a microphone.
incredible. how stunning life becomes
when you suck at ending it.
floors mopped. breakfast cooked.
thank god for the little victories,
thank god the only thing i hung today
was laundry.

ode

to all the girls who carry phantom men
in the branches of their body: the women
never left in the right hands: child of crimson
cotton: *i love you*. tell me where you go to stop
the shaking. & i will crawl with you there.
i won't allow another boy to wear
your blood home, *do you hear me*. god bless
your womb alive & if you've ever tried
to drink your body dry of him or scrape
your skin of his scent, i will hold you
'til i break his refrain from your bones, sing
with me, songs of sunlight spilling honey
& staining our eyes golden i will hold
you : up to the light : you are not broken
glass, ghost girl, i love you. and your tremble
heartbeat. its staccato spasms. do you hear
it. listen. listen. fuck god
but may he bless your bones
alive.

oh anorexia, you kill the softest parts of me

When I wake up dizzy I know it's working.

Head rush heaven, I surrender to your split
second stars. The bathroom is my altar, my throat
pays tithes to toilet. I worship the filthiest things.

I count the calories in Colgate. My body and its daily
deaths. 5 pounds here. 10 there. I stand and it bloats
me blurry. I eat and it breaks my heart. Pathetic.

This sickness. Rots me gorgeous.

Coffee no sugar. Collapse. Repeat.

unsavage the boy

unhook his gaze from hers
unappetite the lust burning in his belly
dislocate the heat of his heavy limbs
unpin his shadow from her silhouette
peel his prickly pubic from under her hip
undress her skin the stench of his salt
unlisten his sweat from her eye
unclot her cold blood on the bed sheet
and send it back to the heart.
unfasten his fingers from her esophagus
return every vein that screamed against his grasp
return every silent swallow to her throat
return every stop he pushed into her pulse
return every *stop* his ears neglected
bleach the bed sheet back to white
repaint the night a kinder color
uncolor the memory from her mind
return the girl her sanity
return the boy's hands to his sides
return the boy to his mother

return the sin back to god
return the sin back to god

I Said Burn All This Shit Down

in honor of Breonna Taylor

I don't wanna hear shit else about peace.
fuck a prayer. If the lord was behind this then bring me
his head. only a male god could stomach such sin.
have his belly no mercy? another black breath inhaled
into heaven. I said set fire to that shit. Breonna I'd black
the skies for you. ash the clouds. I would've held you 'til
I broke every bullet's burst in your bones. loved you in
all your moonlit glory. may your voice be the prayer.
screaming even after expired breath. baby I promise.
with all the lung in me. I will scream & scream &
scream &

scream