

an open space to the left of the center of my brain

you sink your teeth into me
just enough to draw blood
just enough to draw me in
venom like poison
venom like power
you wrap yourself around me
squeeze
tight
so tight we are almost
one
but you still leave holes
in my skin
you slither away untouched
smooth scales
feathers unruffled
wrap me up again
so tight we are
almost
one

there's an open space in the middle of my brain

actually a little towards the left
if you cracked open my skin
you could see it
peel me open and then
after prying open my skin sharply
with your nosy fingers
blood on the bathroom floor
then you might see it
there's an open space to the
left of the center of my brain
where wonder dances
with reality
where questions slither
and intertwine with ego
where systems gridlock
and crumble
willy wonka's factory of
injustice
daydreams
identity
anger
hope
culture
hunger
creativity
pry me open and then you could
see it

I want to be good

but what if I was just honest
would we drown in the truth?
the Truth is thick
like breathing underwater
the deeper you swim
the pressure around you ears
tightens
the water gets darker
the water gets colder
but it also gets quieter
pure blissful deep blue silence
is truth
fish dance and glide
with color and grace
utmost grace
pure blissful tight tense
graceful deep blue
truth
would we drown
in the truth?

Standing Ovation

creeeeeeeekkkk
opens the door to
my heart
seven year old me sitting
in the middle of that room
dancing amongst the cobwebs
and doubt
visions of the future
so hopeful
and so wonderfully detached
all she wants is to
escape from that room
so when I revisit
I let her out
and what does she do?
oh how I love that entitled
bitch
crrreeeeeeekkkk
she pulls out with her
beefy slippery eyes
staring at her most embarrassed times
she pulls out 30 pounds overweight
she pulls out not white enough
she pulls out courage and ballet
she pulls out wonderful friendships
miserable hikes enthralling science projects
the pressure to be seven and the
joy of it too
let her out
let her out
she begs to be free
all the treasure she pulls
out of that treasure chest
in the middle of that room
in the middle of your heart
she dances with it all
she turns your heart into
a theatre
and all that you once feared
and hid behind your cold
stiff heart
is the opening number
of her one woman show

a white man stands in your hallway

and denies your existence
denies whether feminism is a fact
whether your existence is a fact
what is a fact
you decided what a fact was
six hundred years ago
you decided
you always get to decide
why do you always get to decide
what if i say no
then you'll grip your fingers
squeeze so tight you
suffocate my
existence you
swallow my reality
the truth that pulses through my experience
is not truth enough
because it's not a fact
to you
empirical data
imposes
rigid truth
imposes
your truth
because you always get to decide
what is a fact