

TOUCHHURTBLEED

There's a sweetness to her that only I can taste.
I search for the salt of her skin
in the salt of the sea.

My eyes begin at her eyebrows,
furrowed in constant thought.
Then, I travel to the lashes that cradle her eyes
filled with the shades of blue and green
that the earth is inclined to.
Oh, her lips,
her lips,
her lips.

Touch me,
Hurt me,
Bleed me.

I dissolve you on my tongue,
my holiest communion.
Unsacred sacrament.

My flesh tears at the thought of you.
Love is sacrificial.
Am I your lover or am I your lunch?

Our flesh lies sick with rot.
Decomposing,
but not all at once.

I tear my limbs off in a futile effort to survive.
FUTILE!
Do you hear me?
IT'S FUTILE!
I offer you my decaying flesh,
And I ask of you:
Consume me.
Eat me and keep me.

Body and blood of mine,
Touch, Hurt, Bleed.

i couldn't figure out how to die, so i swam

i have found myself at the shore again.

there is something unholy in the water. do you feel it?

i stick my fingers down my throat in a futile effort

to purge myself of the sea.

do you smell my salt-laden fear?

my saline crucifixion

tell me, do i reek of grief?

to be devoured by Poseidon is a noble death

at first, there is a roaring.

soon after, there is a burning:

in your eyes and throat and lungs.

there are terrible oceans inside of me

i whisper this unto you.

i am but a foul mockery of skin and bone

SEA, SWALLOW ME; TEMPEST, DEVOUR ME!

i am no longer at home here

scream penance at the moon as the hounds do!

if you cut me open i will not bleed like this world

grief conceived you, will you let grief devour you?

my ocean will spill at your feet

horrible,

wretched,

blue.

there was roaring.

there was burning:

in my eyes and throat and lungs.

then i surfaced in the middle of the sea

with all my tears and fears

i couldn't figure out how to die so i swam

Sweet Mother, My Daughter

I remember watching you as you watched the taping of your mother's funeral on the family television.

I watched you become grief, and nothing but grief—
a body fraught with the inexplicable weight of what it means to be human.

To be both my mother and her daughter.

To be you.

Time eats at us, mama.
I have grieved you time and time again.

You watched my grandmother's funeral on our TV because you couldn't go home.
Because grief is something that can be digitized now.

Sleep is its own little death.
"Petit mort!", the French say.
(They speak of sex while I speak of dying).

I watched you die a little death and I did not understand.

Now, older, I know too much.

Time eats at us, mama.
Take me back into your womb and save me from your mother's fate.

I have grieved you like no other.

I wish I could've mothered you.

dear mother, my daughter,
my sweet girl.

Oh, the misery you've brought us!

Watch how I bleed for you,
and bleed because of you,
how I bleed in spite of you.

I grieve you every time there is violence.

I want you to sleep, mama.
(with each little death, are we waiting to die?)

I have grieved you over, and over, and over, and over.
Sleep with me, mother, and maybe in another life,
things will be different.

Let me close my eyes and I will tell her you miss her.
I will tell her how you loved her.
I will not tell her about my tears.

or the screaming,

or the coldness that grew between us.

I will look her in the eye, introduce myself, and whisper:

Thank you for my mother.

I am waiting to die

and when I look at you, I can tell you are too.

I grieve you with every mother I meet.

Sweet mother, her daughter.

there's something foul approaching the western front

Youth is something that gets caught
between the teeth, sick like a cavity.

Silent sat the fridge—full of rot,

and, then, I laughed because I thought
that I, too, am silent and full of depravity.

Youth is something that gets caught

between your fingers, all-too-sticky, (like a mango or apricot).
the sillage of the nectar carries the promise of mortality.

Silent sat the fridge—full of rot.

Sick like sorrow, I find myself wrought
With terrible a musing of horrifying brutality:

Youth is something that gets caught.

The clumps of my hair plague my tub, like a clot
I feel I am too young to be warring with my anatomy

Silent sat the fridge—full of rot.

At age 16, you can get away with a lot
but 21 is a year of gravity.

Youth is something that gets caught.

Silent sat the fridge—full of rot.

two eyelids meet destroyed death girl

Let me tell you about the place behind my eyelids.
Here, I am everything and nothing, I am created and destroyed;
written, unwritten, rewritten; mother, woman, girl.
Between my legs, behind my bellybutton—fleshy graveyard. He touches me and I die a little death.
I am made where finger and crevice meet: I am the loving result of the holy matrimony of the two.

Let me tell you how found myself like cancer, incised from my mother's body on 02/02/02.
A foolish thing, seconds after birth, opens her eyelids.
I must've thrashed in her arms—unruly work from meat.
My mothers arms, heavy with the montage of dream destroyed.
The first to survive her womb, rainbow baby! (DEAR SISYPHUS,— I HAVE CHEATED DEATH)
Before, I was god. but here, I am girl.

Let me tell you how I take the crude shape of girl,
how I have my cake, and eat it, too.
How I straddle death,
How shut my eyelids,
and let myself be destroyed.
I am made at the shores where bruise and love-bite meet.

Let me tell you how my sweet butcher tends to the meat.
He baptizes me in all things carnal. No longer 'just girl',
I am sliced in two.
The holy words leave his lips: "does your god lie here, destroyed?"
My body tenses as I find myself, again, at the place behind my eyelids,
and die a fornicator's death.

Let me tell you about my grandmother's death,
and how our bodies never got the chance to meet.
Sometimes, when I shut my eyelids,
I think of her the way I think of me— the girl!
I think of her the way I think of sleep—unkind, but sacred, too.
Beneath my hips is her dreams of me, destroyed.

Let me tell you how I went to Catholic school for 14 years— since leaving, I have destroyed
everything I've learned about what comes after death.
Yet— there is something religious about us two.
In palm of his hands, I am tenderized— forbidden lenten meat.
There's something in the air between our chest that shifts from my girl, to sweet girl, to good girl
and I find myself, again, at the place behind my eyelids.

And God said, "Let the destroyed meet,
so that death does not become of the girl, and the two lay their weary heads at place behind their eyelids."