

Bitch

It rests on the tip of your tongue
 like warm honey –
the Sun is teasing with a burning
urge to water it down
so it can be easily swallowed –
 water it down with judgment
 water it down with regret
 water the tip of the stems
down so the root of the word will be forgotten

now the garden of Eden is over-watered –
flooded with mouths that never cared to learn your name

How do you get full off of the moon?

light – is present
even when she's not –
her silhouette still etched
in the sky – the stars point to
when the gaze is lifted
in search for guidance or
distraction from the point
of existence up until now.

How do you get full off of my body?

Every night, you help yourself to my
milk – suck on the root of my cherry core
and devour in my fragranced nectar until
the last drop of my sweetness lingers
on the rim of your mouth – the last bit
of sweetness lulls you to sleep –

I listen to the ebb and flow of your
breath – I'm left bitter and angry –
what use to be succulent and fruitful
is now all dried up and cracked

you compare me to the moon
every night – how she obeys her orbit
and still comes back

but my milk is still sweet –
even when I'm not –
my curves leave one final imprint
on your empty white sheets –
you finally noticed
when you turned yourself over
to match my gaze – now your dry
mouth wakes you up
every night – searching for something
to keep you full

I tried to imitate the clouds

Maybe if I breathe at a slower pace,
I'll be light enough to float above –
I'll keep space between friends
to prevent any ounce of sorrow
until I ascend – I'll be soft
to stay pretty.

But my heart anchors me
down – somehow I fall onto the
ground – and scrape my palms –
left opened – I count the clouds
to control my breath but
I belong to brown.

The earth grinds
against my cuticles,
begging me to stay.

Power

awaits me
at my tombstone –
a powdery coat
falling like snowflakes
down to play with my tongue.

I swallow
down
a spoonful

and wait.

I no longer
fear
death.

Silence

There's something soothing
to silence
the way it slithers

and sheds time's skin
away
coiling its way

until the empty space
between breaths

kills with content.