

what about *my* feelings?

nobody warned you.

the chasm is agonizing when it makes its home inside the dark recesses of *your* body.

one day you'll fill it with a distraction.

something nice, possibly daisies.

they're garish and they look out of place

one day you'll even weed out the crevice to make room for new growth.

today is not that day.

the vines have thorns, and every single thorn has a name.

did they ask your permission before they twisted right into your ribcage?

i didn't think so.

do you have room to breathe now?

the way you did before the roots of their sin occupied that space.

your lungs have been punctured by the burrs they tracked in.

you're out of your depth.

have you considered hiring a gardener?

the gnats feast upon your internal damage.

every twist you attempt to unearth is like music to their glucose-filled gullets.

you never had much of a green thumb.

shrunk

some vile kind of creature i am;
an apothecary draped in capes of doom.
if i were lighter i'd spare pity in my heart,
for hordes of hedonists i lure into this room.

we peddle remedies to ailments of another age.
a fellow lost to the concept of time makes sparse stops,
he speaks in tongues yet i gather he sings my praise.
the antimatter in his eyes seems to move hands on the clock.

absolution is a far cry from the bittersweet of chaos-
i grow frail to my rotten labor's kiss.
here none but one,
my heroic patron,
could bear to lend an eye to the expanse of the abyss.

“a deal we should strike, and a good one at that;
preservation of a dark tainted soul.
and a fair price, you'll find, i ask in return
to untangle your vast mental toll.”

i accept the vagrant's pitch for which my heart leapt;
he grabs me by the hand- with no words spoken we take off.
in the cover of darkness, for hours we crept,
'til a ghoulish looking figure strikes me paralyzed with shock.

this crumpled, pallid twin lets out a shriek that rings for miles;
they've been inching from the living while we stand in dead of night.
my fingers twitch in haste to heal,
a cold sweat drips-
"this fate's been sealed," my escort sneers.
since then, i've felt as if my heart's stark white.

union busting

if my organs gained sentience,
i don't think they'd like me very much.

lungs with a mutual distrust,
still sweeping resin from the floorboards.

a heart with the weight of the world on its shoulders,
counting its steps and begging not to trip.

nerves racing around a small track,
they don't know what it means to stop for air.

teeth that never had a proper home,
they're dirty, beaten, and shaking.

the stomach is going for early retirement,
begging for a reason to stay obsolete.

a liver with wanderlust,
it lives in terror of the day it's called in.

these bones are stubborn and jaded,
anyone would be after a lifetime of give with no take.

ears with faltering morals,
hesitant to carry back the things they heard.

eyes carry on in a morbid depression,
dull marks the days- they'd rather stay in bed.

veins haunted by their past,
post traumatic guilt threatens to slip from shut lips.

skin counting down the minutes til it's done,
bleeding out in a dented cardboard box on the highway.

a brain tirelessly sending out applications,
can't turn water into wine nor can it work with what it's given.

tissues scraping by on minimum wage,
my cells went on strike for a 10% raise.

where do i place a 'help wanted' sign for qualified anatomy?
it seems like no one wants to work these days.

helpless

take sustenance from my body,
then discard me like a paper plate.
see that every last drop of vitality is spent,
it's all deemed waste when you throw me away.

after all my burden's in your care,
turn a blind eye to keep it safe.
chanted as a mantra: life isn't fair.
you owe me nothing, seeing that's what i have left.
now faulty, left to spoil, grow soiled by mud and rain

it's a dog eat dog world:
hang your morals up on the coat rack by the door.
i offer my walls up and coax you to feast,
these open palms are cheap, yet seeking pure.

you stuff your gut on desperate sacrifice,
but hasn't anyone ever told you this before?
it's a fool's game, and it's weak;
there's no justice in natural order,
and not a hope to dole deliverance to whores.

“a sudden crash won't scare the cargo,
if their wails come out too loud.”
you found it's quite a stroke of luck,
when they all lowered this cage down.

listen close, place your ears to the ground.
“spare no expense” they all recite.
don't bother drowning out the sound.
repeat it every day for the rest of your life,
don't break your promise; make your ancestors proud.

so quick! you set off just as they did.
you sleep inside a palace,
tucked in by wide hips and fake tits.
it's all just a game to you.

don't you wish you'd listened to your father?
to carry the torch of generational trauma,
it's a right of passage; you act like you think you're smarter.
selfish, as if you spit right in his face.
now you wouldn't dare to break that cycle.

"she locked herself away" out from your lips
do you really think that they're that dumb?
behind your back like a magic trick:
one hand with crossed fingers,
the other has the key to my cage-
tucked right between your index and your thumb.

moral hygiene

i can't scrub away the sins.

can't wipe away the tired like grime-
it reaches to the bone and grips.
should i succumb to its will?

i'll soak my organs,
all in hopes that i can remove the singed handprints.

i'll wring the bourbon from my cells,
pray i don't recall the taste.

the soap on my tongue means this mouth never spoke his name.