

Celestial Beings Existence

With such force our bumpers met

the behemoth's and mine

enough to pull me backward at such speeds

There I was for a moment staring at the sky like I was lying

on the ground looking at the stars

except I wasn't.

I was rolling on the ground underneath going 60 mph.

Tuck and Roll. Tuck and Roll. A broken record on repeat.

My knees, thrown into my chest

I'm unable to breathe.

My back, scorned with the brute force

cracking under pressure

My legs running faster than possible

falling forward

Too much speed I fumble to the ground

I manage a front roll to spring up and roll again

and again,

and again,

and again.

Only to launch into the ditch facing the stars to question,

How am I even alive right now?

The Wake

We were homeless and we made the trip
Drove all night with the bottle to our lips

We do what we can for family, though
I hardly knew any of them so

It was quite strange to be greeted with hugs
Somber and sullen, all they wanted were drugs

To erase the pain they felt over a loss
They cried until their voices were hoarse

His body splayed on the table all dressed up
My heart is laced like the painted cup

That sat next to him for the offering
of solace. People held tight to their suffering

He was only three with cancer in his brain
A condition the doctors couldn't even explain

It's a sight I still see, his sunken eyes
and grayish skin, forever his disguise

Dr. Walter Freeman

My practice began with an ice pick.
Cadavers were my subjects,
I knew it would work.
Soon I

discovered a better tool
resembling its ice pick cousin
but used for something more.

Lobotomies are fascinating.

The others drilled holes in the skull
used alcohol to melt the nerves
Their failures never ended
but I

Went through the eye socket
far enough back to reach
the prefrontal cortex:
the reasoning jar of humanity.

Socialization is not for me.

I see the cure for you so
lie still,
don't move,
I'm sure you'll be fine.

Shove my way past the eyeball
over the optic nerve
until I feel the skull
at the end of my orbitoclast
a hammer in the other hand
and
C R A C K T W I S T

Sever the fibers and release.

A living sort of zombie now,
brain dead and broken,
illness symptoms cured.
No need to thank me.

Anger One's Own Memoir

Needles gather inside me
Threading through my skin
making me bleed
marking my bones
my marrow
 begins to leak
Every breath is agonizing
 I shudder
and die a little more
Imaginary demons come to life
Will it ever end? This pain
 i feel so insignificant.
He sparks my anger with his repetition.
The same phrase on repeat
 like a broken record
Nails on a chalkboard,
screaching at my soul
I have become toxic
Leaking my chemicals
onto him
Yelling at him
Slowly killing him
Hating me loving him
My anger is its own person
Spitting its demons
 out of my mouth
It's a show I can't stop
 or won't
 or don't want to
When will it end?
When will I feel just a little bit
 less dead?

Prying on deaf ears.

My brain is split in two

The one side begs for mercy
Tells me there was once a whole other life
I could have lived—the mystery
of what could have been incessantly claws me
The what if locusts buzz my mind.

The other side is based upon reality
A life I chose and the one I thought
Made me powerful
the act of motherhood felt right
And now
I'm powerless.

I'm torn between two worlds

The one that never happened and this life I've deemed necessary,

My sensibility is harder with decreased confidence.
I used to do everything
anything
now, I don't even leave my house

My mind is plagued
with the life
that never
existed

Deconstructs
the escape
I thought
I needed