

Outgrowth in the Meadow

As i create, i am unto a God

I awaken from my 7th-day slumber-still plagued by mortal fallacies

with the passage of time, i carve myself anew (*at my alter, you will kneel*)

my mirror stained deep crimson with wept blood of cyclistic rebirths

pages singed flame of phoenix, journals hidden in a sea of ash

unfolding the weary lies of my own mythos (*worship me*)

the truth of myself changes with the eons

pages yellow then crumble, aged and with fresh ink am new again, rewritten

i make life in myself. i have created Adonis in myself.

but i kill them just to start again (*worship for i will kill again*)

my shadow selves are finite

myself infinite

i created myself i am unto a god

philosopher whispers that to create is what makes a God or a mother

though i don't believe Caravaggio's brush strokes made him a god, though he turned to
withered husk, cadaver as all mortals do (*you whisper of sacrilege*)

—there is something in artists
that is divinity—

the closest i shall ever get outside of myself

i watch, silent, as the mother expunges the calf from her womb, in a time lost to me was i the
same as the newly born babe marked for sustenance

my womb is barren, self growing within flesh, i bare no babes nor would the shackles of
motherhood leave me space to grieve myself as needed (*she plead for her babe, i cannot grant
life*)

how are gods born?

as i've torn at my skin and stood naked in the brush with only the sheen of my blood clothing me
and the mangled corpse of who I once was underfoot

i am no mother (*lay her to rest in my temple*)

i have both birthed and been born,

i am a god.

what's a god to a woman?

Ode to a Shallow Grave

Flowers twining around cheap cement

Growing up and over the shared space

A Headstone shy of being somebody to someone

How the darkness of the pit beckons them from
within

How it pulls at the strings of the soul like a tea bag yanked
too soon from the mug

Your occupants run amok in the dreams of your visitors

Calling to them from the inside like the men at the bottom of the ocean

Bones dance with fins; Siren singing intermingling with the cries of the dead

Bone linked with bone, dead calling living

And you, most darling of them all, must do
nothing but exist for them to hunger you

How life sits on her perch above, envying, vying
for the attention you naturally attract

How she emulates you, using her broken bird calls to action

Baron they're seeking you

Pity them and make a deal

Baron they seek your malice, your mercy

Baron Samdi, they want homecoming's triumph,

Lizzie protected them from Life's vengeance on the journey here

Baron, Baron, return them to us

The Children sing, And the Nursery Rhyme Goes,

All lives are lost when the lights go out

Dance round Mary Lou's old ball gown

Father drove Mo-the-rs coffin unbound

All- round- town

Mo-ther 'sleeps' when the lights are out

She rests six-feet-underground

Father creeps home, comes back shutout

The sun never comes back aaa-round

All-through-town

Freedom's Sister Kept Me Home

when wet craggy stone buffs against once smooth skin leaving an imprint of freedom's sister and stealing vanity and youth and health in turn for three dances around the bonfire of despondence/

like the summer mama ran out and the truck wouldn't start for two kids with no license and an old sick woman but who needs to keep warm when everything is just too hot skin melting like popsicle juice off bone in that july heat

hope just despair lingering in the musk dampness that is oxygen, that is life that is frosted lungs once smoky now withered choice forgotten/

like the summer mama ran out and nanas chest filled with cough and watching nana heave dry and alone with only me feel phantom asthma flare ups but it didnt and I learnt that August fear can rob you of breath just the same as smoke

grit lives between teeth scraping and scratching and crunching under yellow crusted molars until grit is no longer stone but dust laid bare as sustenance in a starving vessel/

like the summer mama ran out and the nights went empty and we went quiet— me and bubby around nana — with the latent taste of bitter lemonade pulp rolling against the roof of a moist hungry mouth and rooted in crowns of pasty teeth

and the bars are cold but the ground is colder and light has never met the place where deathless sleep captures faces not so picture pretty perfect gone and the shadows that dance across the walls and leathers masquerading skin are just configurations of a mind gone mad

like the fall mama crept in and nana went home and bubby drove off and I ran to the woods for the first time so only the ghosts lingered in space between the off beige drywall

(Freedom let Mama out the house and told nana to go home and gave bubby a license and keys but cuffed her sister to my wrist and sent me to the wood)

Vertebrae

For a woman,

There is nothing more natural in this world than to fear a man

Even when I rip the humanity from my teeth

Painstakingly pluck the terror from the crevices of my vertebrae

Removed from the lush feminine softness that gives and face life left with nothing

And I stand alone and uncaring closer to man than I will ever be; ruthless in my pursuit of ego

I gaze in the eyes of man in trepidation and know the violence he may wreak on me is something
I will always live in fear of

Even in the absence of the weakness, softness, beauty I so freely sacrificed

Three Kitchens and a Legacy (Maiden Mother Crone)

Standing in my mother's kitchen, never my father's
I whisper to myself about standing in my own kitchen and
Mothering beautiful, brilliant daughters
Singing to cherubic faces inside of wood-crafted cradles
This woman, so maternal so domestic I dub thee Mother
Husbands fingerprints embedded in my waist, his affection imprinted on my heart, tiny hands
press holly into my pelvis, pressing and pushing inward until pain so
Sharp!

Until I cut my own finger in distraction
Rivers of blood run crimson over chicken thigh
She stands behind me, she looms (always looming, always hovering) I dub thee Crone
Hissing the reminder that I cannot have both
I cannot sac greatness for domesticity, defecting from the path paved for me by a line of women
who suffered so immensely for my freedom to follow a cobblestone road to East Mediocrity
Street in Small-Town USA
Where they'll sneer at me and my tawny skin and big hair behind lulu masks after hot yoga
classes

Trading Dr. for Mrs, relinquishing my name for anothers', turning my daughters into his
I cannot sacrifice my legacy for anothers'
Crone's fingerprints marring my wrist yanking me from the homely kitchen my blood smearing
across the wooden island
I sob and wail and weep until I can no longer,
mine husband vanished, the children gone, and the storybook ash
What will I not pay for my legacy?
My maidenhood might be the toll

Whore of Babylon I

And though I walk through the shadow of the valley of death I shall fear no evil
For it grows within me
And HE is far darker than any serpent the devil could conjure
The valley shies from HIM
From us

HE walks in step with me and the sun beams upon my face as the shadows withdraw
And the tell-tale Stygian blackness inside me spreads
On this plane exist things far worse than a fallen angel with petty grievances

Fallen is devilry
Cherub cheeks, once flaming swords standing at the gates to true damnation incomparable to the
majesty of true immortality
Power beyond what HE could conceive stored in that which designates me lesser; hips and
breasts, the round of my stomach, the curvature of my back
Perceive me as men do, I beg you do not see me as I am

Before and After
In the end the Devil is no more than a man
Even HE will fall one day to the corruption of masculinity
As is the way of men, slave to siren's call and brutality alike
And I will remain
Bathed in that ancient darkness that bore the woman

True immortal; Pandora my mother, Lilith my mother, Eve my mother
Til HE falls prey to my forbidden fruit
And there will be no absolution of sin for his kind
HE will fall as all men do
As I send my final prayer to the Fallen fore' I worship his narcissism my last,
May the perverse prevail and my swollen breast bring mercy to those dying eyes