

2019

The Beauty in Death

I am not afraid to die.

I love my life too much, to be fearful of such. Bury me deep into the earth from which I've grown so tall. I am not afraid to die; not today, not tomorrow, not at all.

There is immense beauty in this rugged road to death. So to honor the living, and to respect the breathless, I will show no distress, towards the promise of what life is after this. I will fucking live.

I will live against all expectations.

I will live against all judgements.

I will live my truth and my purpose.

I will live and walk down my own built avenues, without the dogma or stigma from those scared to die; therefore living in fear.

How can I take these breaths of air and not be grateful for every second shared? How can I not love the world around me; and the humans I am lucky enough to meet? To the sun, the moon, the earth, the wind, the fire, the water; you all make me so vividly complete. How dare I not love in this life? Give love. Receive love. Spread the oath of love. Share my mind, body and soul in the name of love. In the name of the living.

What a waste of a life, to not be wild and free, to not feel the sun beams; the sand underneath my feet, the kiss of lips against my cheek. From sea to sea. To be anything else but me?

I am not afraid to die. Not afraid of death and the imminent grip it may hold, the uncertainty of when it may finally unfold. There is far too much to live for.

I dare you all to be as bold.

Don't ask me how the fuck I'm doing

Oh me? How have I been doing? What have I been up to lately?

Shitttt...just shootin the breeze. Sometimes I get some sleep. Couple times a day I eat. I think a lot. Most days I'm laying in bed, contemplating whats ahead. I take showers in the morning and wash my hair at night. Stare at my body in the towel, and pick at the places I need to get tight.

I watch Netflix and Hulu and YouTube more than I should. On Sundays, I binge TV shows that are so damn good. I scroll from time to time. Up and down on the IG or Tik Tok for you page, distracting my mind. Admiring strangers lives that I wish were mine. Knowing damn well, I'm wasting all of my precious time.

I pick at my nails. Look at my skin and teeth. Bury my emotions deep beneath.

I respond to texts sparingly. I act like I'm so busy. I wash my clothes every two weeks. Change my sheets. I started going to therapy. I'm again, constantly thinking about what I should fucking eat (Vegan or meat?) The days have begun to crash into each other, so when you ask me how I am, I'm not quite sure how to speak.

Do you mean how am I feeling? How am I dealing? What has life done to me and taught me? Who's laying next to me as I sleep? What has caused me to feel such great defeat?

Well honestly I'm just here. Trying to keep a smile on my face and bare. Twirling my fat fingers through my hair. Gripping glasses of Chardon-nare. Hoping to create a life I can share. And I'm well aware, that you really don't care.

So don't ask me how the fuck I'm doing when you come round here.

The Cut

Today she tried cutting herself to feel something. She grabbed a knife from the kitchen. Lifted her leg, and just let the blade run softly across her skin. No pierce was made, but she imagined the top of the shiv piercing her surface. The red, silky stream of crimson running down her thigh. Watching the ebb and flow of pain and pleasure pour from her body. A nick, a scratch, a cut. Just to feel something. Anything. Just to force a tear down her cheek, where the well ran dry. Just to yelp a little, from a prick, by the cutlass, she butters her biscuits with. Just to remember her heart still beats. A cut for a cure. But she wasn't quite sure. So, she washed the length of the blade, crawled back into bed; and just prayed.

Black Ink

Black ink on white spaces.

Be careful for your ink not to smudge.

It must not be too bold or proud on these white spaces above.

Black ink.

In all of its broad, rich glory.

Black ink.

In all of its allure, love and pain;

It can breath life right into stories.

You can never evade a drop. No matter how small the dot, how tiny the spot, the ink still remains. Potent and Powerful.

Contriving beauty in white spaces. Showing wonder that never erases.

Black lines. Black drawings. Black circles. Black words. Black curves.

Do not be afraid to show who you are on these white pages. Be bold in your black ink, within these white spaces.

Drive By

Love keeps telling me to fuck off.

I hear it scream, "Fuck you!" loud out the window of the car. Like a drive by shooting.

I see it creep up, turn the music down, blow kisses from the door; Then BOOM!

Shoots me right in the fucking chest, as it drives off with a smirk saying, "oh bitch you thought we was gonna stop for you next?"

Every single drive by I think it's my ride. Every single time I think I'm bout to hop in the passenger side. Every single experience, and it's still never my time.

And there goes Love down the block... still telling me to fuck off. "Girl, fuck you," it shouts up and down the avenue.

Well you know what Love, I'm cool. Fuck you too.