

Six Fold Magazine Submission

Icaria

The wings failed me
as I climbed higher, to the sun
to be a son, to be
loved
yet the wax melted
dripping into my eyes
ruining my mascara
and winged eyeliner
(so perfectly done,
earlier that day).

and I, I drowned
and the blue waves
brought the whale-
ugly, white
made by white man
who consumed me whole
for refusing
God's will
(No wonder Ahab,
was so infuriated).

inside the entrails
I realized my crime
because to society
I am simply—
a metaphor
of desire,
textually defined
and confined
(when I, I simply want(ed)
to be loved).

wallpapered pantry

Sponging up words
Unable to wring out
Soaking up sun
Crisscrossed geometry
Dadaism applied to skin
Sipping wine, at first
Until dancing, but avoid eyes!
Only strangers, after all
After all, only a day
Thrown away. Got plenty
More in the cupboard
No need to run to the
Grocery store or
Doctors office, least of
All, to the pews
Marbled and cold
No need to run, mom
No need to stop smoking
No need, would you
Like my pinky as proof?
After all, calendars are
Always for sale
Discounted if you can bear
The sight of Irish seascapes
Traveled far away
To see some seascapes,
Anyways.

a recipe

sleep (6 hours will do)
food (green, just enough
to maintain the frame
of wrist bones)
water, wine,
shelter (can
only afford that house,
mass-
produced (one day
ill be better, i swear)),
mom, dad (preferably
in love still, after all
these years),
siblings, beer,
friends (one academic,
one athletic, one
artsy, don't forget,
one morally corrupt),
fears (death will do),
sex, boyfriend,
fidelity (love is
monogamy after all),
grades, job,
money, clothes,
enough, just enough
consume just enough
(so they don't look
at you funny, like
maria who ate
too many cookies at
the cousin's wedding),
moderation in
all the conventional,
right places (conventional
is right, right?)
sleep, sleep and food,
and water and sex to
keep the blues away
and be sure to check
Pinterest in case, for
a nice braid or a nice
Do-It-Yourself
headband to feel
novel and ridiculous in,
but enough just enough

stop goddamnit stop
I said enough with the
wine and why are you
kissing that piece of
trash in the bar what
if the other one finds out
enough, enough
i know the billboards
whispered sweet nothings
in your double pierced ears
enough, i understand
that it was girls night out
but one beer is the caloric
cut
enough, go to the gym
you fucking slut,
enough, you don't want
to lose the ones you love
enough
enough
enough
for you are
nothing
without a will
nothing
without a framework or
a value
nothing, and that word
nothing
does not trend, so remember,
sleep and eat and drink
like you mean it,
sleep and eat and drink
just enough
to get by.