

I wish I ran away with her ashes

Run away

I wish I ran away with your ashes
Took her home and propped her pieces up
on the bed's bedside beside me
make mounds of her filling
lump together the leavings
like thanksgiving leftovers
Left behind so I could
burden her with hugs
the hardest part about burying her
Is not holding her
at least sitting on my mantle piece
she could be a memory
let me keep in tact the last picture I took of her
Nothing like the wax figure she'd become

How to teach a Mongolian orange breasted orangutan about heartbreak

1 word 8 letters

Blushing

You will see a cute guy

Excuse my language

A cute guy orangutan

And you'll shy away

Either pass or play

Odds are you will pass

Because you're scared

1 word 9 letters

Rejection

You're scared that he'll think

Your back is too hairy

And you'll say but hairy backs run in my family

Or maybe you're an orangutan from
Across a lagoon
And he likes the Gorillas from the valley
The ones who get more sunlight
Cause there's more sun
But where you are there's
no sun where you are
And you're not a gorilla
8 letters, one word
overlook
You'll overlook that
Sweep it under your hibernation chambers
You won't remember the time
He said that he hated black eyes
From that day on your eyes were blue
6 words 19 letters
But he's not here for you
Only you won't see that
And one lonely lunar full Saturday night in November
He'll ask for your hand
2 words, 10 letters
You're happy
Orangutans are smooth
Especially the ones with colors on their chests
Like a banner, they carry it high, and is lifted in the light of the air
The air is light

But, clothes are heavy

And you lay

1 word 11 letters

Fornication

3 words 13 letters

And you're happy

You feel good

It feels good

Only it stops

Feeling good

Cause he hasn't called

And you aren't happy

4 words 15 Letters

And we aren't happy

You think he forgot

You'll ask him and he'll say

Something like

16 words, too many letters to count

"Well I was going to hit you up but, my phone died

For 2 weeks straight"

You think to believe him

Because he has the cutest smile

You have ever seen on an orangutan

This far south of the border

You think to give him another chance

1 word 2 letters

No
No you won't give in
You can't, though-
It will hurt
Your breathing will run rapid
Your face will begin to leak uncontrollably
And you will either eat too much
Or not enough
And you'll know it's the latter
When your skinny jeans walk out of the room in a passion
You'll look at other orangutans
And compare
Their color chests to your own
You'll ask why theirs are bigger
Carry coconuts in your shirt
Walk with a limp so the weight don't hurt
Dye your hair blonde cause he thinks its best
Crash course diets to be thinner
Cause he says that makes a winner
Boy can he spit game, rhythm like a song
Stop
1 word 4 letters
Stop
That won't make you better
You'll cry because you can't be what he-
Needs you to be you

I need you to be you
But you won't hear my words
You'll think you're not enough
Your insides will burn like cigarette butts
Things you once did automatically
you'll find you forgotten
Like how to blink, the water from your eyes would have seeped out
Sleep will seem distant
And you'll avoid it like a plague
For when you close your eyes you'll think of him
And you don't want to think of him
2 words 7 letters
I'm sorry
I'd be lying if I said it gets better
But would it help if I told you
That I've been there too
It doesn't have to last
Cause it doesn't have to
Only if you let it
From one primate to another
I get it
I don't know how you're getting this
If you even understand
I don't spend a lot of time talking to
Mongolian Orange breasted orangutans
But if you can walk away with anything know that

This was your first lesson

In scrabble

Good Grief

Grieving doesn't make space for grief
It will move over several seats
Carve out a cup for you to
fill up with piss
waste you need to rid of throw by the wayside
A corner that you can mold into
save you a spot
but it wont
Save space there's a
Difference between the two
we can be in the process of crying
yet not know what each tear carries
not know what
we are crying about
not know what it means
grieving doesn't compartmentalize
make boxes out of our sad
what we choose to grieve over becomes
the things we grieve
You can spend your whole life
Salty stains coded in the
layers of your muscles instructing
you to smile beyond the pain
you can weep for a lifetime and never
quite have time to wallow
you ever trip up on your cries
choked up you've been crying up so
long so moist so much
you don't even know wheres down
you can't breathe you haven't even remembered to
blow snot you leak you grin all the same
I can't do this all at once
no it
doesn't wait for ready
There's duality in being down
but being blue won't make room
for the both of you
when we are pelt
all at once by our grief

it's hard to protect yourself
your grief
is a kind of love and you'll never quite match it
it doesn't feel like any love you'll ever like
but it's a love that creeps somewhat sadistically
and you won't know your sprung until your grief consumes you
day and night night and day
and he's
all you think about
Irrespective to all the hook and release you
played with father you'll never quite
catch it
loss when catapulted to the top
of the pile gets weighty
it stifles you
and no allowing for intervals of breathing
there are times I feel
I don't know breathing never met a breath I cared to blow
now I warned you of the induced asthma attacks
and soon your grief is normalized by your body
tears you don't
quite curl around my
lids
hang like you used to
like before
why it would seem as though time
doesn't give me time for you
no one expects you to be here
I'm sorry
when I sat in the hospital hallway
outside your bedroom someone said to me
"my child this is the kind of pain you'll feel
for the rest of your life"
a smirk ran across my face like are you kidding me
I sat I sighed
and exclaimed
good grief

There are far better things to have lost

There are far better things to have lost
He's gone
So you indulge in inequities
Stick gunmen up for corroboration
Taking from the rich like Robin Hood for the thrill of the steal.

Playing pool with blank bodies who rather shoot up than feel
This is not what we had in mind for you
So you keep turning tables like turning tricks
Moving men over body cause you like the selection of the nights pick
There are far better things to have lost
You let some church sink in
Your kingdom has come
on a heightened pedestal of sacrilegious self love
Now your feeling like this had to be it
If not for me to turn some straight to a cloaked figure of my imagination
To him you owe your highest obligation
There's no need to ask of him any more
But then you are showered with praise and some bad news nestled in between
and figure
maybe Jesus isn't worth fighting for
There are far better things to have lost
Like your heart it broke undeveloped and unveiled
Without a case on your device you hadn't received yet in the mail
Nothing a geek squad couldn't put together but suggest you buy a new one
Scared that even if you did so you wouldn't remember how to use one
See I
Loved you when it was cold out
And then it was spring and then summer
You played with me sweetly on my heart you
sure did a number
Remember we chilled on the porch I had the classic fold out
Now you steady not calling porch sit bare
It's chilly out
and I don't know you anymore
We were more together
than alone yours would ever cost
As I cried to my mama she repeated child
There are far better things
You could have ever lost