

CAUGHT

I've spent my life caught in a series of cycles
that held me hostage to my inadequacies

a victim of fate
and a genetic predisposition to mental illness

I grew up in a house made of eggshells

where the cycle between high tide
and low tide
happened often
and unpredictably

I came of age in a world full of broken bodies
and broken minds

where the only things that stay in tact
are the cycles of addiction

abuse
patriarchy
colonization

And,
as I blossomed
the universe swept me into cycles of my own

so that the ticking of the clock
became the metronome for my gradual self destruction

until with a crack
like shattering glass

everything broke

And,
teetering on the edge of the abyss
I made the conscious choice to

take a step back
take a deep breath

and burn it all the fuck down.

So, here I am

new skin and scar tissue

holding together the fragments of who I used to be

creating a fertile foundation
for the cultivation
of completely new cycles

in which I am no longer a victim,
but a survivor

new cycles

in which I use the energy
I've spent for years
on running from my own power
to step into it instead

And,
as I release myself back into the flow of the universe,
I know the only thing holding me back this time

is fear.

RED

Today I feel red

like the blood pumping through my veins
was dialed up to 11

sending more fuel to my brain
than it's used to

and I can feel more sensations
than I'm used to

and see more colors
than I'm used to

but mostly

I see red

like blood

and color

and oxygenated brain cells

there's electricity in the water of my
molecules

connectivity in the fibers of my
hair

and fire in the pit of my
stomach

like the pit of a peach

with the contents of the universe itself
curled tightly inside

and everything feels like
pink flesh and sucrose

juicy freedom

why is it all so delicious? this red?

SCREAM

The wind howls through the hollow of my ribcage
but it is nothing to the screaming in my soul.

Why are my thoughts so loud?

When the voice of self doubt spreads like poison through them all?

Sending my heartbeat to my brainstem,
dripping electric pulses down my spine.

My fear is like a scream into the void,

sharp,
acute,
paralyzing,

with no one there to answer but

myself.

LOOK CLOSE

What do you see when you look at me?

Do you see the bright light?

Like a ripe fruit?

resting there at my core?

begging to be plucked?

soft flesh
tempting your teeth
to dig in and explore

something deeper
inside you,

begging to be seen?

desperate to be fulfilled?

This is the fire you see in my eyes

when they explode like dying stars
and you can't look away.

Not without feeling like you'll miss the answer to a question you didn't even know you
had

written on my lips.

Not without feeling like you'll miss all the wisdom you could possibly need

buried in the universe between my hips.

Don't look away.

Do you see it?
Do you see me?

ROOTS

There is freedom the revolutions of my hips

in dancing with my roots exposed
and my thirst upon my lips

There is thunder in the stomping of my feet

liquid in my spine
and lightning in my feet

There is wisdom in the jiggle of my thighs

the holy grail between my legs
and fire in my eyes

There is the universe in the way my body moves

history in my sway
and galaxies in my curves

I follow dance steps like magic spells
erasing all my fears

with the ghosts of all my foremothers
whispering in my ears