

Little Miss Sunday

Little Miss Holier Than Thou.

Little Miss I pray on Saturdays not just on Sundays

To make up for the sins of Friday night,

To make up for the black lace panties and tequila shots.

Little Miss I don't just have daddy issues, I have mommy issues too.

Hair too teased,

Like the boys on Tinder.

Boys... always wanting to be men

By sleeping with a girl with black lace panties.

Like Little Miss Sunday.

Like Little Miss tries too hard.

Little Miss baddie.

Little Miss rebel without a cause.

Heels too high to care

Attention too craved to share

Does anything once on a dare

Little Ms. and never Mrs.

No fella could ever fair.

Little Miss I don't give a fuck

Cause you've been fucked too many times to count

Which is why you pray.

God save the soul of Little Miss Sunday.

To All the Boys in the Lost & Found

I pick them out of line-ups
Of barstools
Of mosh pits
Of apartment buildings
They come to me wearing
T-shirts
Hoodies
Italian cologne
And low self-esteem.
Speaking with
Different accents.
Expectations,
Body counts
And condom sizes
I find boys in the lost and found,
Given away by former lovers
Traded in for newer models
Waiting for someone to pick them out like a menu item
Pluck them open like guitar strings
Pet them to sleep like puppies
They're all
Mommas boys with daddy issues
Commitmentphobs who just want to be loved
Nothing scares them more than a woman
Holding the keys to their apartment
I've seen them on sidewalks,
On TV screens
And overseas.
I want to tell them, they have the strength of tree trunks
And should wear their hearts with bark taped to their skin.

I want to tell them their value
Is not monetary
And future is not fastened to their father's approval
I've watched them grow-up
Saplings of boys turned to men
Sipping up sweetness like water
But with every year they walk further away from the stream.
They exist both in my dreams and nightmares.
And none are exempt from the other.
To be a man is the definition of dichotomy
Pressured to maintain institutions which will eventually destroy you.
They think I hate them
But I only hate what I fear they'll become
Boys who pull themselves up by their bootstraps instead of their bravery
Selling themselves short of sensitivity every time.
I find boys in the lost and found
Boys who will become best friends, boyfriends, one-night-stands, and friends with benefits
I think the same thing about them all
That men are made war stories tall
With blue-prints of self-worth they're still trying to build.
Skyscrapers who rarely let anyone inside
To see their undeveloped interiors.
Unfinished art galleries
And empty album covers.
But I've seen what happens when the curtain of their sarcasm is pulled back.
Don't let their bells and whistles fool you
Cut them open and they will spill out sunflowers
Bleed them dry and they will beat out love ballads.
I meet boys in the lost and found
All of them sound the same at 2am
When I open my body like a museum

They treat it like a bus stop
A hop on, hop off, asking
How long until I can get her panties to drop?
They are trained like military officers
With weapons made from sexism and homophobia
That they shoot themselves in the foot with.
There is nothing logical about shooting at your own reflection
But they can't find the targets.
They are special for this reason
Not because they lack power
But because they wield it all and still somehow believe they have none.
I meet boys in the lost and found
For the same reason I meet girls in the customs line
We are all vying for approval
Selling ourselves short to a society that will never pay up.
When I meet these boys
Among the water-bottle graveyard of my self-worth
I begin by telling them
“Hi, I’m here for the same reason.”

Bluebird

One Spring I wanted to turn Bluebird so bad

I made feathers out of fat, carved

A beak out of collarbone,

Sharp talons from a row of toes.

I wanted to be so light when I walked my feet barely touched the ground

I was divine.

I was weightless.

Like Jesus walking on water.

But, to starve yourself is to see how long the body can go without sunlight.

To watch a Bluebird think it's flying on flat ground.

Whispering wings *flap flap flap*

I can make feathers from thigh gaps from

Cold fingertips and furry arm lifts.

I can perform a magic trick

If you promise to stay?

Watch carefully

I can make myself

Fly away.

Me, But Healthy

The best part about having ice cream
Is that it makes you feel good
As long as you keep eating it
But once you stop
The stomach ache comes
Or worse, the calorie calculator
Which is as constant and coherent as television subtitles
The best part about loving you
Is that it makes me feel good so long as I keep doing it
So long as I stay spooning through the tub,
Giving you a reason to stay
Lapping up the creamy glucose
Like it's daily bread.
I can binge on our love
And fill the void the doctor's call depression
Poets label it loneliness.
One is a much easier prescription to fill.
But when you leave
The stomach ache comes
The pain is so intense I want to amputate my organs.
It's like my body wants me to know
This is what healthy feels like.

Barcodes and Other Broken Things

Maybe I like Europeans because they've always loved tiny, broken things

Like art

And the euro.

In Athens, I whispered to the wind

“Did you know, I like broken things too?”

Perhaps this is why they build cities around their ruins

They just like the idea that they built something

Even time couldn't tear down.

This is why I search skin like an exhibit

Trying to find cracks in the tile from Turkish invasions

Covered up smears from the original Roman photoshop

Yes,

The Greeks like tiny, broken things

Hearts made from shattered glass and oil spills

Eye's carved out into elegies and epic poems.

In place of everything missing, something remains.

Like sea waves taking you up and down

And up and up and up

 And down and down and down

I heard once that the reason Hades took Eurydice

Was that her and Orpheus were too happy to remain.

 So down

 down

 down

Went the bride and groom.

Like Walt Whitman would say,

Nothing gold can stay.

The Athenians tell me

Life is both written in the cosmos and on the sand.

Waves come, crash, break every day

And the granite, the rock, the wind

Only arrive so you may appreciate when they let up again.

Tourists may soak up the rays

Santorini? Serotonin

Up

Up

Up

“Look at the ruins”

Panos would say

It is a reminder nothing good will stay.

I know why they like tiny broken things

It's the same way Maya Angelou knows why the caged bird sings

I see it when they stretch up and open their barcodes

See them, scan them, on arms young and old.

A hostel worker, a graveyard lurker,

Aegean or Adriatic Sea

No matter where I go

Tiny broken things follow me.