

mutiny

last night my neighbor blasted an r. kelly song.
i don't know how but i let him live.
my stupid hands. my stupid hands and their dumb
kindness. i could've killed him before the chorus
but i froze. the song finished. *is there a word for
when the body abandons ship.* am i just pathetic.
the night i was broken into my bones stiffened
until he finished. *i think the word is betrayal.*

when i survive my next suicide attempt do not
applaud. my body hates me so much that it lives.

same old same old

Nicole with the small dog. Nicole with the small dog
everyone loves more than Nicole. Nicole who feels
the same. Nicole the third wheel. Nicole the ugly friend.
Nicole no one looks at in group conversation. Nicole
the far back. Nicole the tag along. Nicole cut from god's
weakest side. Nicole the shaky spine. Nicole too sad to
sex. Nicole loved most on her knees. Nicole the pipe
cleaner. Nicole no one aftercares. Nicole no one
cuddles. Nicole staring at the back of his back. Nicole
who looks down ledges. Nicole who lives on the highest
apartment floor. Nicole who picked it on purpose.
Nicole whose poems worry you. *Nicole are you
suicidal.* Nicole tells you no. Nicole pinocchio.
Nicole magics another poem about rape. *Nicole your
work is so good!* Nicole the entertainer. Nicole makes
you happy you are not Nicole. Nicole the unluck. Nicole
the war body. Nicole nicole's abuser. Nicole the blood
blanket. Nicole the long sleeves. Nicole nicole's abuser.
Nicole the black bitch. Nicole the body curse.
Nicole the fourth floor. Nicole ready to fly

unsavage the boy

unhook his gaze
from hers unappetite the lust
burning in his belly dislocate
the heat of his heavy limbs
unpin his shadow from her
silhouette peel his prickly pubic
from under her hip undress
her skin, the stench of his salt unglisten
his sweat from her eye unclot
her cold blood on the bed sheet
and send it back to the heart. unfasten
his fingers from her esophagus. return
every choked vein that screamed
against his grasp, return every silent swallow
to her throat, return every stop he pushed
into her pulse, return every stop
his ears neglected every no
every please she begged like a prayer
under him. return the blood.

bleach the bed sheet back
to white repaint the night
a kinder color uncolor
the memory from her mind
return the girl her sanity
return the boy's hands
to his sides return the boy
to his mother return the sin
back to god return the sin back
to god

ode

to all the girls who carry phantom men
in the branches of their body: the women
never left in the right hands: child of crimson
cotton: *i love you*. tell me where you go to stop
the shaking. & i will crawl with you there.
i won't allow another boy to wear
your blood home, *do you hear me*. god bless
your womb alive & if you've ever tried
to drink your body dry of him or scrape
your skin of his scent, i will hold you
'til i break his refrain from your bones, sing
with me, songs of sunlight spilling honey
& staining our eyes golden i will hold
you : up to the light : you are not broken
glass, ghost girl, i love you. and your tremble
heartbeat. staccato spasms. do you hear
it. listen. listen. fuck god
but may he bless your bones
alive