

## **unraveled.**

I've cried many oceans and created depths unknown.  
This empty void within my belly grows each day,  
With darkness slowly consuming every ounce of my being,  
As my identity slips away.

I drown in the ebb and flow of nonexistence.  
My womanhood was my life jacket,  
But I didn't get the option to keep it.  
Instead, it unraveled in my shaking hands.

My dear, They said, here are your choices:  
Three slices to dance across the trunk,  
And one cut hidden within the belly button,  
The door to which life began.

I hold more than just the scars across the skin.  
A cuff where the blood will flow no more.  
A guilt and anger, that it was I who failed my body,  
When really it was Them.

I don't think I could see the color red  
As bright as the day They told me  
That I had no other choice  
But to sever the ties between Us.

**fuel to your gaslight.**

there is a fine, broken line  
between your wall of broken bottles  
and my broken boundaries.  
my feelings don't matter  
and you expect me to apologize.  
i won't.

our bitter words are warfare.  
all is blood red behind my eyes.  
we seek comfort in resentment  
as we scream in the faces of  
who we hate the most.  
fuck this.

you have me question myself,  
and i accept my insanity  
because my imagination is as wild as my hurt.  
no, i snap back to reality  
because i know my truth  
and i will not be the fuel to your gaslight.

**onetwothreefour.**

onetwothreefour.  
dime-sized reminders are  
scattered across my skin.  
never forget the day when you  
had no choice  
but to have a piece of you taken away.  
142 grams, or 5 ounces;  
that's how much your identity weighs.  
it's gone,  
but it doesn't mean you are.  
onetwothreefour.