

### A Composition on Decomposition

I am more than my wooden parts  
But not much.

This death encroaches like the awakening of cherry blossoms  
And soon are the petals doomed to flake me to the ground,  
For becoming soggy sodder in someone else's tomorrows.  
After all, I am only a nerve impulse and a bloodstain away  
From putting my roots back six feet under;  
My veins already carry nutrients  
Through the damp loam of my muscles  
And organs.

If the strongest thing carrying me forward  
Is caged in the grey matter archives of my loved ones,  
Then I will be historically invisible so delectably soon.  
Fragile human memory could never protect  
Even my greatest accomplishments from vacuous disintegration.

T I M E is such a funny way to spell the word "change."  
Time rubs me slick like a railing,  
Time burns char into my face's creases,  
It dampens me, tempting the rot,  
Willing it to collect in dinner plate fungi on my abdomen.  
Decomposition is the opposite of stagnancy--  
Total stillness is an activity for the living  
And I am growing tired of standing still.

I used to believe I could be the stout, bitter stalk of a sunflower  
With seeds that sprinkled from my smile,  
Or that I would remain the tiny sapling magnolia,  
To one day carry porcelain flowers in my smooth dark leaves,  
But one day, too many grooves folded in the bark of my palms  
For me to pretend they were eventual petals.  
If I am to flower one day,  
It will only be to foster my own fertilizer.  
My former self will have to decay before I'll be able to grow.

When I first sprouted teeth,  
My tiny toddler body knew, even without words,

That my jaw was of the trees.  
I lost them, dropped them beneath my pillow like seeds  
And pretended Mother Nature was a fairy  
Instead of prophecy.  
For now, I continue to unfurl my chlorophyll imagination  
And swallow the sacred rain, develop in spite of my fate.  
Still, I am keenly aware that one day  
I will grind to sawdust  
And assimilate with the soil,  
Granulated, formless, eternal

### **My Savior, Mediocrity**

I used to choke on my failure till I was retching  
Its constant residency was inescapable  
For it was long burrowed into pockets in my lungs

Inadequacy dug within and beneath, then died and began to rot  
It was hard to tell where I stopped and it began  
After all, I am rotting too, even still  
But the decay of my past exists in its own receptacle:  
My memory. The deficiency I used to let pollute me  
Clogged any drain which could have flushed me out  
And rid me of that stagnancy

I don't recall the day I finally was liberated  
Maybe still, I am unclean  
But I pick up after myself, wash my dishes and dreams  
Before they crown with mold  
I discard things I no longer need  
Last year's papers and bad coping mechanisms  
And I cut both my hair and friendships  
When they start to show split ends

Sometimes my laundry still piles up next to my abstract fears  
Both needing to be dealt with, but not urgently  
For now I shall recline and relish  
The happy peace I finally feel I deserve:

Mediocrity is my savior  
I worship my own inability to attain perfection  
Cut open and sacrifice my art: my soul  
The debris that flakes when I crash and fail  
Drowns me no longer, though my throat sometimes  
Still itches just beneath my skin  
From where desperation once made its parasitic home

### **To Be Divested**

I cannot slumber but between wretched thoughts

Catch my ticking heart in the cleft of your collarbone  
Maybe the pulse in your throat can inspire my chest to start its own

Bodies are the world's candy, chewy and sweet  
That the tongue of society devours in wet heat  
My marrow sticks in its molars like concrete

I love the track marks nails can leave on damp skin  
It reminds me of the vulnerable violence within  
Which pleads my brain for a chance to begin  
But for now, at least, my rationale will win

One day I'll divest myself of my stitching and thread  
And finally let my skin fall to the ground, dead  
My muscles would flop atop it next, bright and red  
Then the last thing to drop is my bones on their fleshy bed  
Yet such a fantasy surely exists only in my head

I cannot perceive what makes me so sanguine  
Perhaps its from contentment which remains to be seen  
I haven't ever minded the fertile fresh green  
That will one day sprout up beneath and between  
My lungs, femurs, nostrils, ribs and spleen  
And I'm sure my own carcass can't wait to be free

## **Vessel**

I don't know what will save me  
And that is why I'm not looking for it  
Not only am I missing a direction to find what I need  
But I don't even know what treasure such a map would even lead me to

This is the foggiest I've been in a while  
It's kind of nice, it's easier to compare my body to a ship  
A vessel with wide sepia sails  
Swarming with pirates in pursuit of their booty  
They sit on my ribs and sing sea shanties  
Tunes I feel I've forgotten the words to  
Rather than to have never known them at all  
I am wooden mast and hemp rope and billowing sail  
A creature of skin and blood no longer  
Yet I still crave sunny skies  
And no matter the body I inhabit  
My pull will always be toward that which I'll never obtain

♪ What shall we do with a drunken sailor, what shall we do with a drunken sailor, what shall we do with a drunken sailor early in the morning...

**I Am Not My Home**

For now,  
I'm just haunting this house

I feel as though, sometimes,  
I am not the only ghost in this body  
At least, I know I am not a consistent one  
There are days I drift through the basement instead of manning the machine  
This is when I suspect there is another resident here  
For someone else must have piloted the day  
While I was so rapt within depression

I forget how I died here  
This house still creaks,  
Whispering to me the answer I'm on the brink of remembering  
Barely inaudible, infuriatingly inaudible  
Yet at least for now I am blissfully innocent  
I can spend my time wondering instead of trying to forget

Perhaps one day something will exorcise me  
At long last free me from this rickety shack I call a body  
Allow me to power wash this skin away and splinter apart my bones  
Carefully shut off heating and AC and water pressure  
And roll out my red carpet tongue for no other soul ever again