

tryingtobegood

i've spent too many days tryingtobegood  
tryingtobegod  
my body is bread let me break it for you  
there is less of me than there used to be  
rip my flesh apart to feed the people  
by my wounds i am healed  
a bastardized communion  
in search of community  
drink deep the sweet blood-wine  
i pour from my glass pitcher heart  
passed out like paper-cupped samples  
carried away by strangers i called familyloverfriend  
discarded after the taste leaves your tongue  
~~i was never good enough for you~~  
i am still tryingtobegood  
tryingnottofallapart after years of being scattered  
it isn't easy to hold the pieces i have left of me

you were my best friend

laying in the basement  
of your family's lake house  
i've been awake since 3 am  
never a good sleeper in an empty bed  
hopeless trying to sleep next to you  
your breathing shifts  
and i know you are waking up  
change my breath to match  
we shake off the sleep in a room  
that smells like lake water  
fresh sweat and sunshine

you were my best friend

if by best i meant only  
if by friend i meant i'd spend every day  
convincing myself slumber parties  
in the same bed were okay  
we hugged three times our entire lives  
meant *i love you* a little too much

i left without saying goodbye  
had no doubt we'd talk tomorrow  
we'd texted for three years straight  
didn't speak for the next five  
and i now realize  
that just friends didn't apply to us

episode 8: “when we are in need,”

thinking about ellie williams  
killing a rapist with a butcher’s knife

thinking about a fourteen-year-old  
killing a rapist with a butcher’s knife

thinking about being fourteen  
thinking about killing rapists with a butcher’s knife

thinking about blood and blood and blood  
and screaming and screaming and saying no  
and saying no and screaming no and screaming no  
and screaming and blood and blood and blood and

thinking about how i have never not been  
thinking about being so young

thinking about knowing too much  
and not knowing enough

how many times will i open this document  
immediately disassociate and still try to write a poem?

as many as it takes.