

1.  
I stacked up eight years of my life  
Each in a book  
Where I've kept record of the days  
On and off  
All the memories  
Confessions  
Cathartic release  
Leaned up against the wall  
And for what?  
To stare at me?  
To bear judgment?  
To plant yesterday seeds  
in the soil of tomorrow?  
To have proof that the snow was in fact there and  
Damn cold  
As i waited for the bus  
In january?  
To have  
A dozen playbooks to act out for the cat  
In my underwear  
Playing the lead  
as she fills in for each of my  
Absent selves?  
No,  
I never asked to be gatekeeper  
I'm not fit for the job  
I'm only a girl with a pen  
But the angels of thought they  
Are relentless  
Bashing their air filled bodies into my mind  
I'm a clueless gatekeeper  
But vehemently aware that  
every word dog that stays chained to my chest  
Each song bird that remains caged in the heart  
They are sure to die there  
So this is the only solution -  
Be a true pacifist  
And write  
Never let anything die  
If your brave but  
its death you're still afraid of  
Then keep writing  
Keep the gate open  
It will immortalize you  
When you write  
A part of you lives forever  
And that's a nice thought  
Isn't it?

2.

Every conversation here is like being touched by a gloved hand

Nothing ever quite reaches me

There's this wall that separates me from  
the other

Like a spider trapped under a glass bowl

They look into my inverted world

With open mouths full of

human quandaries and

such strange convictions

Realizing they've declared my existence small

Yet still shriek like disturbed giants

Rotating on a bloated axis

I am a spider

I have 8 legs but

Move in a singlar motion

Traveling like a lone star

With broken light

They talk but its just

The sound of voices

moving through air like wild birds

A lesion of miscalculations

Thread my insides

Out of reach

They cannot touch me when

Politeness is a common cold

I cough through

When the world is sick and i am only

Nurturing my incurable parts

3.

The blunt trauma the earth received when  
We were thrown against her gut  
Caused a great contusion that became the sky  
And that  
Evolved into an open wound  
We must always question

Milky ectoplasmic moons  
Orbited our mere mortal minds  
And we did not know how to handle

Little scabs of stars  
Itched under the first nightfall only to  
Flake off  
Becoming impotent scars  
We did not quite know how to wear

We were given life  
The verdict of time  
Unsure how history would prophesize  
Now a discombobulation of bodies spills over  
The rim of the world  
There's too much abundance here  
We must push up the sky  
To make room for all our crowded hearts  
If only the segmented parts of our predecessors  
Could see just what would become of their broken bones



4.

We've only scratched the surface  
Here  
Digging for years  
Burying our toes in the dirt  
Searching for salvation  
Hoping for answers but  
Nothing ever grew  
So we decided on downwards  
On inwards  
We said deeper  
Deeper and  
Down we went  
One day

First  
Through the water its  
Fish pleasuring themselves with the sea  
Past  
The gutting of mermaids taking place  
The sound of Cephalopods gnashing their teeth  
watching  
An unstable manta ray pace the ocean floor  
We move down  
Past all that  
Deeper  
Deeper  
Running into  
Worms twirling their death silk  
Everything here holds its breath  
Each  
Hamster skeleton sits in its own shoebox  
And weeps  
We move  
Past that  
Past all the buried  
All the forgotten oxygen  
Head first  
Skull to skull  
Deeper  
Deeper

Flying fast  
Past  
Those being held for judgment

Caught in between  
Behaving like plastic  
their stomachs standing up in their stiff wooden chairs  
Mistaking us for god as we, fly by  
Past them  
Past their regrets  
Past their lithospheric dread  
Deeper  
Deeper  
Into  
A rush of heat  
Taking in oxygen warm as grandfathers breath  
Reeking of pennies  
Rocks melting  
Smiles stretching  
More alive now  
We are on fire now  
we have fallen through the earth  
Its swallowed us whole  
And we are glad  
To lose our bodies  
To be liquid  
Flowing down  
Deeper  
Deeper

Where at last  
We reach the center  
And there lies a door  
We must stop to open  
Stepping inside  
The deepest part  
Getting to the divine  
The divinity core

