

Don't Touch My F*ing Laundry** (Respectfully Please)

It's *the story of the hour*: you asked
me to accept this rose, waiting cusps
of breaths, prickly pricks, surging lust, under
duress do I accept. The idea more
appealing than the real deal. Do I love
thee? I said don't touch my fucking laundry
and you touched it. With bare hands you held us
sloppily, wringing us out while I beat
us on the stone. Left exposed shuddering
in summer heat. We work to kill this love
by Beltane's feast. It's the love *story*
of the hour. I said it before now
but won't say it evermore since I left
you, laying in a crumpled linen heap.

Cruel Intentions

Did it hurt you when you did it?

Wish I was there to watch it?

This act you do. All the worlds your stage.

Did you smile just a little?

Like a sadist, how bad did you bring that hurt,

I bet I'd see a smirk drawn upon salty upturned lips.

Obsidian eyes twinkle,

with opal eyes pleading, just tell me,

did it hurt just a little?

Did you take your sweet, sweet time?

Or was it done in haste?

Did you think of the aftershock?

Do I come back to haunt you even once?

Did my face flash across your memory,

with an incandescent glow

tell, me what expression laid upon my face?

a simple token of affection would be to simply,

write my name back into being.

Don't forget your assignment is due

Did you vacuum yet? Do that.

Oh, and your library books are due.

Maybe overdue?

When did you get the laundry done?

What's this page for?

Are those clothes out on the line?

They'll be soaked in morning dew.

Did you dust yet?

Where did page 2 come from?

You didn't vacuum yet!

Put it down!

Your assignment is just about past due.

What else did I have to do?

What happened to page 3?

Shit, you left a book outside

Which is soaked in dew.

Now the assignment is definitely overdue.

Just forget it, let it all be past due and overdone.

Mirrors

A glance of someone's daily struggle with mental illness, not knowing who they are. Struggling to find peace and focus.

The morning mirror- fogged from steam

Dripping I try to wipe it clean

It fogs again, and again

A finger writes Enola across the sheen

Is she me? Am I her? I am Enola

(you must see me in reverse)

My mind can't make it through its morning

quagmire, foggy like my mirror

Like tiny hands reaching in

Grabbing, pulling, searching

Like taking books up off a shelf

Never put back in any order

Chaos is the order of the day

Back at me through the mirror she writes

Alone am I

