

Beauticraft

It's very depressing to recall the exact moment
when my life became an ode to all the lies that have
ever crawled out of my mouth.

I once knew who I was, but those days had
long passed. A different man for every person, friend
or foe, known or unknown.

Those vicious untruths piled high, strapped to my
back. Precariously perched on the edge of my mind.
How could I?

Was it necessary? Was it fun? How could you
keep up with it all? You asked me, but I couldn't
tell you because I didn't know myself.

A change for the better when our lives melded together.
You set me free, opened me up to the benefits of honesty.
My transparency morphed into clarity.

By getting to know you, I discovered myself too.
The lies I never needed died as the old me withered and receded.
I am now who I wish I had been,
but I hadn't known you back then.

Of Grave and Gravy

He hath no form,
only function.

'Tis simply to wreak havoc upon our daily lives,
drifting in, naught but a shadow.

He slithers o'er our souls and pollutes our good intentions
then silently slips away, leaving only chaos in his wake.

This beastly being, who taketh sons and daughters
prematurely from loving mothers and fathers;
who darkens the night 'round us while we
attempt to avoid depression, drought, and misery;
who doth restrict the accumulation of mucus
to but one nostril, to which end upon sleep we cannot focus.

This detestable demon, who imploreth us to steal
while our friends and neighbors must work for every meal;
who resides in parchment, ink, and feather quills
and guides innocent hands to warrant unnecessary 'scription pills;
who most assuredly taketh pleasure in deprivation,
war, famine, death, plaque, poverty, and constipation.

Our frightening fiend, who hath been the subject of our
stirring conversation, grows impatient. His mood is beginning to sour.
He's sitting beside me in this chamber stained with red.
Or is He nowhere but here, inside my head?
Either way, We must get to it.
Just remember: 'twas He who made me do it.

After a Brief Confinement

As we were both forced outside, my eyes began to sting with the sunshine they had so been craving only minutes before.

Arms bound, legs shackled, I felt the hands upon me—those of my captors, my accusers. One man for each arm, tugging at my body. But my soul was indeed leading them.

After thirteen reluctant steps, I committed one final crime: I stole a glance at Her.

Her hair ignited like a roaring flame as the fortuitous wind caressed her pristine figure. Porcelain skin, untarnished by the months we shared in filth and confinement.

A cool stream reflecting the spring greenery flowed in Her eyes, sometimes spilling over at the thought of death. I cogitated, “What such lucky liquid that is; able to kiss Her gentle cheeks, while my lips’ only notion is their cracked dryness.”

I wished I were the dirt beneath Her feet, to experience Her weight upon me, if only for a brief moment—but to die with the audacity of never having known Her touch. . . it seemed immoral.

So that was my truest punishment. As the darkness took me and gave way to silence, I longed to be the Fire, the Air, the Water, and the Earth.

No Wailing or Gnashing of Teeth

A future Martian genocide would really make me cream
my saggy, baggy Walmart handmade cargo jeans.
Take the time to tell me why magic isn't real;
Nobody wants to hear about the way you fucking feel.
The days of old
are bought and sold
with no regard for Truth.
Well, truth be told,
it's time to fold
this page into a paper airplane.

Neon Green Peppermint Dream

Car trouble in the middle of nowhere
to bring me back to you.
Avoiding cannibalistic thoughts but I don't care
what it could lead to.

Yes, I end my sentences in prepositions,
see if I give a shit.
Circumventing your sunny disposition
and just trying to get over it.

Realizing you meant a lot more to me
than I thought you had.
Forgetting all the things we used to be
or was it really that bad?

Sick of becoming what I thought was wrong
all those years ago.
I think I've been this all along
but there's no way I could have known.