

IF YOU KNEW WHAT WAS ON MY MIND

Study of a Roommate

Post-it noted Bible

Your truth tattooed on your arms

Dual halves of me competing for my attention

I'll work hard not to cry

When we say goodbye

Keeping my eyes dry

When the hug ends and we split apart

When I get in the car, put my hands on the wheel

I'll reach in and tear out my heart

Thanks for leaving the lights on so many times

For me

It was a way for me to see

I'm amazed how people's opinions of me

Never changed while I fumbled with the key

Thanks for sticking like one of those pink

Or yellow notes

While I always had to run and get my paper stapled

Since I'd lost all my desk supplies

Under a pile of oversized jeans that never cried

Listening to someone else start her day

While I remain warm and fuzzy under the covers

Pretending to be asleep and being lonely

She leaves and you have to wake up twice

Ruining the day with the first click of a button

Saying it's okay

That your integrity's nothing
Smearing a bug on your paper like it's a
Little boy in a concentration camp and you're the Nazi
My fingernail tapping the gummy paint on the wall
Reminds me of the thousands of jobs I have to do
Ticking one off a list while fifteen more take its place
Squeezing the skin cells out of my face
There's not much else I can do to change myself
What if I just don't know what to say
When your crowded life gets in my way
I'll hold yours if you hold mine
We can all eat and run, without the running
I can't stand being left out of the loop anymore
But I can't force you to jump through hoops
Why is it I cry every time I'm about to go
Pursue something worthwhile?

Illogical Progression

Rolled my window down
only because I can't go back
I'd hold and help you
if you weren't dressed in black
Wind on my face, solely to prove I'm alive
Music sharp, clean in my ears,
singing how I've survived
Sweater loose, warm, rolled-up sleeves,
cracked fingers freed for action

sense rough, soft, smooth, pain,
reach out to grip attraction
Hard feet, hair on legs, muscles sore
I need more indication of my actuality
Few exist
Unless I drink the orange juice after the toothpaste,
or catch my dry, flayed toe on the crinkle-edge of a sock
Five senses can at least persist
in the arena where my mind can rarely fight
Paces like a caged lion waiting to devour the infidel,
that pagan slave who is me
Free soul worried she's secretly religious
Closet mother, outward exile
Edgy and raw everywhere but home
Well-fed in private,
in public, skin and bone

They Tell Me I Think Too Much

Frustration exhumes buried issues
That weren't there yesterday
Racket of people around me
Uninvolved, detached from me
Are they engaged in life
Unlike my midday sweaty self, having accomplished:
One hundred glances at phone
Eaten twice
Spoken a little
Every day is fresh

Anticipation stirs in my stomach
At prospect of an empty day
It gets old so quickly
As soon as my feet brush rug
I've made a mistake
Wanting to start every day over again
Longing to get to the end
Wasting away wishing I could stop wasting time
Will I ever redeem it all back
Twenty-one years of food in, food out
Air in, air out
Why do I bother to take the next breath
Didacticism seeks to enslave me
Posters on brick walls for events I don't care about
Scream my apathy, my involvement in life
Do I want association with these people?
Immersed in their own coming and goings
Ambiguously colored icy drinks
Sucked down and fueling what I am not part of
Phones glitter, screens glare green
Smash them, I say, and talk to me
I honestly can't wait to get the hell out
My heart skips beats with caffeine I use
To keep me interested
Asshole in the blue shirt
Is this where we're all going?
The glory and bare barbarism of ancient civilizations
Reduced to this dull, modern disposalism

Who is disposable?

I have little reason to think that they are if I am not

Yet I can't stand them

I want to be the coffee

Not the foam cup you throw out

Bitter coffee, that actually wakes you up

Not weakened and palsied by chemicals

And sugar, artifice, queasy stomach

Where did the free outdoor days go

Sneakers showing sock

Because I didn't bring enough and have no money

Story of my life

I want the raw days back again

Rather, to make new ones

Having to wait five weeks is purgatory

Only not hell because I have

Something to look forward to, I hope

I want it to be now

Need it to be now

But what can I do when I'm

Crowded by so much brutality?

Much of it of my own making

That is what twists the gut-knife most

I want to be that great girl

Not to need anyone but to want them

None of it is working out in late-afternoon

Burying myself in what is right, in my own mind

Does not satisfy