

## **Physical Manifestation of My Inner Angst**

Rocks fill my head  
Bumping into each other  
Rolling against my brain and skull  
Breaking the nerves  
Pushing against my eyes  
What if they pop out?

Landing on the rug beneath my feet  
The one my mother gave me  
    I stole it  
Because the uneven texture,  
Heavy string tying strips of worn denim  
Faded with age and dead skin cells  
Forming a warped rectangle  
With frayed edges and bittersweet nostalgia,  
Every imperfection weaves into perfection  
The artifact holds the rest of me together.

If my eyes pop out  
Then at least I'll see my mother's rug  
One last time.

## **I Thought I Was Egalitarian**

I don't want these shocking symbols  
or haunting hearsays.  
His hushed voice hisses "you're mine",  
as the fire envelopes my neighbor's tree.

I wonder *why*, but say nothing.  
I like to believe I can control it all.  
Control him.

His hands have turned to sandpaper  
and I ask him if he cares;  
he doesn't seem to,  
and who am I to judge?

He always answers in bibliographies,  
which breed  
serenity (or is it sycophancy?),  
Either way I listen.

Caressing me,  
he suggests gentleness and sentiment,  
if only he was not removing my freckles  
with every swipe of his hand.

We look without seeing each other,  
for the first and last time.  
His hollow expression mirrors  
my own ashen face.  
I have become a stranger to him,  
another woman  
he would never ask to see.  
He has become a shadow to me,  
an empty dishwasher  
stuck in stagnation.

I will only wash my dishes by hand.

**Dear Misunderstanding,**

“Am I supposed to say, ‘Where am I?’”

“Where am I?”

No one has to adhere to someone else’s proper purpose  
or listen to your sad-making syntaxy droppings.

By small and simple means  
even flutterings of the spirit  
one can find joy and purpose.  
Pivotal moments such as these  
are the strivings of life, I think.

Like a mantra, or an ode, anyone can call  
to the universe seeking peace and *mercy*.  
The words get synchronized with the person’s heart.  
This is how we can pray unceasingly.

It happens over time      creating yourself      becoming,  
never all at once      like a lightning bolt      to one’s frame.

“Who am I?”

Sincerely,  
Misunderstood

## **Surrender,**

I promise you're beautiful,  
heart exposed and free.

Its thumping threatens to break me open  
filling my ears  
forcing my heart to align beats  
keeping time to our life and breath.

The crimson drips down your chest  
Curling around slim arms  
Dripping from fingertips  
Pooling at your feet.

But the flow abates  
a river damming up  
some hidden cavern.

Thumping relaxes  
ceases and eases  
the force fracturing me.

Beat. By. Beat.

My ears empty  
my heart fails  
to align with the final                    faltering                    beats  
keeping time to your life and breath.

For an instant I thought your eyes said, "Please, I love you too."  
But I was probably mistaken.

Your knees buckle and crack when they hit the ground.  
A delicate and shrunken boy takes the place of a stalwart man.

Your head gives a sickening slump  
dark cinnamon hair thrown forward  
and masks what was left of the you  
I thought I knew.

You once told me  
"I want to create beauty"  
Well, you're still beautiful  
I promise.