

Lady Macbeth

There's nails in my cheeks
Screws my husband left for the winter in their ghost caskets
Spring has come now
I eat the jam I made for breakfast, lunch and dinner.
A single peach could last me weeks.

I have a clicking in my ankle that walked 100 miles
Blisters grow moss and sprouts around my palms
the bathroom carpet stares red daggers into my eyes

I stare back at it
We are full of resentment, me for the stain, them for the disappointment.
Ghosts grab hold of my hair
Strangling my forearms with their firey branches, the water gluing me to the floor.
I dry in patches, the fire following along and down my legs.
My last moments stand in the eye of the hurricane.
she has never seen such beauty as that in the eye of chaos.
I am a mud pie maker and an academic servant
I am a girl playing dress up in her moms closet and a cog in the machine
I am the machine and I am the gears and the hands and the face and the clock

My map is only the setting of the sun as my soul rots behind my eyes
and I feel nothing but grief
Why am I so scared to experience the murky hell
What is the self that I bow to
what is the enormity of my own being to its fullest extent and what must I do to touch it
to know your own mortality is to brush hands with the grim reaper.

A raunchy google form

A thousand black teeth hanging on your forehead
You smell blood in my words
You find the cut on my knuckle
Like you find me in a crowd
Like I can find you in my childhood home
Biscuit crumbs trail to the drum sets
Arms in the cookie jar
Teeth against skin
You find my soft spot like orange in the crayon bucket
Like cardboard and tape
A lighter against rope
A flame against my lashes
I can find you in every billboard I pass
I could look for you in the bass player of every band
But you burn wax chandeliers off the tables
And I am not your compass anymore e
But what about for old times sake
What about the love that used to be there ?
What grows in the winter months ?
What love blooms through the frost?
You are a casket full of daisies and I would pick every petal before I missed you

Childhood fears

my moms smoke tastes the same
The same as my grandmas
The same as my aunts
It tastes like tears
Like the ocean from a far
Like flip flops in my cousins backyard
It tastes like long nights
cigarette butts on the edges of a beer
mornings filled with rolls and resentment
It tastes like my aunts bakery closing
My moms graduation
My cousins last trip to the hospital
It tastes like my family
Like my hurt and my love
It tastes like home
it tastes like an epilogue
like the last chapter of a short story
like the poetry I wrote on my wrists
It tastes like her wedding dress
Her shattered mirror
Her Smokey clothes
It tastes like her love
Like her joy and her fear
Like her cold spaghetti on Saturday mornings
She tastes like hurt
She tastes like lava and sharp stones
she tastes like the bump on the back of my head
She tastes like self soothing
Like the addiction in my blood
Like the itch I can't reach
Like the bleeding bite i scratched too much
She tastes like the bruise I won't stop poking
Like the blood in my ankles
Like the blade on my skin
Like the dread on my face
It tastes like our shattered platter
Our unpacked bags
Our worst fear
Our reality
It tastes like lipstick for Christmas
It tastes like my mom's
And it tastes like my grandma's
And it tastes like mine

Dead as a Daybed

My first grave is in a shower in Dallas
It's wet and covered in moss
13 years it's grown mold
17 years I've watched it grow

The first time I saw it after I cried
I looked my mirror in the eye and scolded you for watching
For not changing my fate

My second grave is 7 years old and supposed to be playing soccer
But instead she's in the bathroom
There's no air conditioning so it's hot and the blood sticks to your forehead like sweat
My hips ache and I understand why bridges are made
I too want to cross rivers and mountains

My third grave is 11 years old and just wanted to get water
I never thought these shorts were dirty
But I'm laying on the carpet with a washcloth and I know I'll never be clean again

My fourth grave is 13 and didn't know how to drink
The fan hitting my head
The foot under the table
The arm around me
The car that's 14 feet long

My fifth grave is 15 and smells like closet and pink burst
She's happy and giddy and wild
She's staring at the fan again
Im hearing me hurt again

Now I'm 17 and I lay each grave to sleep each night
I roll them around in my hand and place them under my pillow
I won't dream of them
I can break glass if I only let go

Pirates at playtime

Mutiny on the mothership

Silver spat in the face of strangers

I am quite frightened by a finger

They are appeased, undoubtedly enjoying the sound of their voice to a friend while I lay dead on the concrete

Sick and twisted fate of your secrets

Pyrite fills your mouth with gravel and spit

I am no longer a donor of heartbreaks and anecdotes

I am horizontal and reaching with the mold

Through sick and quiet

friends and foes

I will love the image of chaos equally with the absence of life from my world

madness n filth consume the wretched souls of the bright frilled dresses and ribboned shoes that line the halls

Hooks on the door to match the hooks on their hands

Rocking the boat and walking the plank I fear I can swim but I cannot sleep

A reflection of my fears

I am too far off shore

I am the sea and the waves and the drowning fish

I am the dancer who falls and the writer who dies

I hold a rage in my shoes that blisters and bites and whispers sweet nothings at dinner