

unsavage the boy

unhook his gaze from hers
unappetite the sick lust burning in his belly
dislocate the heat of his heavy limbs from hers
unpin his shadow from on top of her
peel his prickly pubic from under her hip
unglisten her skin the stench of his salt
unclot her cold blood on the bed sheet and send
it back to the heart.

unfasten his fingers from her esophagus
unshiver every vein that screamed against his
grasp as it pulsed into the lines of his palm.
return every stop he pulled from her pulse
return the bed sheet back to white
repaint the night a kinder color
undrive the memory from her mind
return the girl her sanity
return the boy's hands to his sides
return the boy to his mother

return the sin back to god
return the sin back to god

my friend ana

when I wake up dizzy I know it's working.
I binge head rush for breakfast, crave the split second
blurry heaven. The bathroom is my alter, my throat
pays tithes to toilet. I worship the filthiest things.
But I love the magic. Look: Watch me vanish
a belly in 24 hours, faint my body to sleep.
How could I not starve for this sorcery, this gorgeous
sickness *Ana, I love you*. I eat and it breaks my heart.
Pathetic. This sickness. Rots me gorgeous.
Coffee no sugar. Collapse. Repeat.

If you're reading this poem a month from now I'll have lost twenty more pounds of fat.
oh Ana, you kill the softest parts of me.

nineteen

you're grown now.
i watch you replace lollipops with blunts
that lullaby you to sleep.
you stomach a steam that will never fill you.

~

a boy stumbles his way
into your bedroom. into your body. the clumsy
violence of men.

~

he leaves the room but he's still there.
you bleach the sheets but he's still there.

~

he bled you dirty.
4:33 am. another blunt you burn clean.

~

i watch you grab the razor
i watch you study the blade

~

time has never been kind but you kill it
in the saddest ways

For Mother

My father whispers, *I love*
you. my mother never catches the break
in his voice. her skin always catches his knuckles.
she bleeds silently to not shock the children. or her body.
into running. every morning she runs to him.
shell shocked. my father bleaches blood from his hands
and feeds his children in the same hour.

he always held with his knuckles,
the dark cherries of his knuckles.

I Said Burn All This Shit Down

in honor of Oluwatoyin Salau

I don't wanna hear shit else about peace.
fuck a prayer. If the lord was behind this then bring me
his head. only a male god could stomach such sin.
have his belly no mercy? another black breath inhaled
into heaven. I said set fire to that shit. Toyin I'd black
the skies for you. ash the clouds. I would've held you til'
I broke every man's echo in your bones. loved you in
all your moonlit glory. may your voice be the prayer.
screaming even after expired breath. baby I promise.
with all the lung in me. I will scream & scream &
scream &

scream