

Do Not Applaud.

I will turn an empty castle into a ballroom of my own red gowns dyed with the blood dripping
from the needle wounds on my fingertips
I will make music from the instruments of our bodies
The strings of our hair will play the violin
The drumbeats of my heart will shatter the chandeliers
The fractured glass will mold Cinderella's missing shoe
Allow the rain to seep through the decayed roof, play the piano keys for us, make us dance
without umbrellas, create a rainbow with our reflective auras, remove the blood from our dresses
and make wine.
Can we all be drunk off my infected mind?
The rotten roof can be our Globe Theater
I can perform with the spotlight of the moon and the stars your pamphlets
I do not want roses. I do not want you to applaud.
We were already clapping while dancing in the rain
Don't you remember?
Do not call me brilliant.
Do not leave because the doorman is commanding or your parking fees are mailing
I want you not to know when to clap, to stare out of focus trying to unblur what to feel
Please feel the alive, electric, floating, breakable, warm
I will sit on the edge of the stage and wait with you
Melt into your seat with only your heart remaining
I will protect it like the Beast's flower
I can make the sand castle you built as a baby alive and never let it wash up
I'll be the diving board to chase your dreams but do not open your eyes.
Or open them until the saltwater burns and the wounds close like the red curtains on our stage
The stitches in my costume will heal but will my glass mind? I know I can do more
Can I have my standing ovation now?

A Broken Penny

I can fill a drained fountain with the Garden of Eden and make flowers out of my pennies
I can visit you every day until there are no coins left in my world
Until the fountain cracks from my own storm
Until I can sew this cement with a needle and thread
Until I stop dreaming of you and my eyes take the shape of your coins
I only will if I find something better
I'm sorry.
Soon the metal will burn through the garden you made.
Mother Nature please remove the thorns growing on my vertebrae
Before the thorns reach my heart let's wait until the frozen rain fills this empty fountain
Our minds will glide on thin ice
Skate with me and spiral with your uncontrolled thoughts
Make me dizzy.
Skate backwards over the cracks and don't look up.
My arm is here if you fall, I am no longer afraid
The bones in my X-ray were transparent, someone erased them like a coin on a scratch ticket
Now I am winning.

Forbidden Art

My mind is wrapped with barbed wire
I am a blank canvas burning with flames
I will turn these ashes into a charcoal painting of myself trying to make something out of nothing
Paint will bleed through the canvas like an open wound
I will soak in the paint through the palm of my hand
My blood is vibrant.
Are my veins now pretty to you?
Water will leak from the edge of the portrait, make watercolors with the tears from my blue eyes
The end of my hair will conform to my brushes
My new coiffure will only last till puddles are colored from the rain, yet my portrait remains in
the dungeons of my brain
The layers of my past shed like cracked paint
Someday the museum will sculpt my skeleton statue for display
There may be a "Do Not Touch" sign on my face, but if you hold my heart the clay will never
break
If it does, the smudges on your hands can be a stained glass window and my atheism a forbidden
cathedral
My teeth will gnaw the wire until the bells at church disappear
Will my canvas ever make it out of here?