

80's Power Ballad

I am the not so cliché, cliché.
How's that? One might say
I am the poor white
rebellious preacher's kid

My sister was too—
Just like in Footloose
A cliché 80's movie plot
My father seems to

Love me not
so sad how I am
Pretty in Pink, but
My sister and I

had to first live through my
father's Forced Vengeance,
black and Blue Thunder,
hiding from the Fertellis

Hunting treasures of a better
life. In caves—such Goonies.
Trying to keep quiet, but
longing to Say Anything.

I wish I could be Trading
Places with them, those
Ordinary People, but my
mind won't stop—

thinking About Last Night
When Madonna was
Desperately Seeking Susan,
Watching game me Tremors

Because I was watching,
I know Summer School
Is a Sure Thing—but
School is such a Money Pit.

After Graduation I'll probably
be Better Off Dead, as student
debt often makes for a society
of Ruthless People.

To that everyone's a Witness
But they never truly get to see
their own Outrageous Fortune,
it was already spent

Thirty-some years ago
in clubs while Dirty Dancing,
on those silly Troll dolls,
Yummy Mystic Pizza and

Juicy breasts from Porky's.
Yep, it's easy to go Overboard
if you don't stop and look around
once in awhile...

Life could be gone in
a Jumpin' Jack Flashdance
causing you to break down
and like when doves fight,

Cry tears of Purple Rain
because you were too stupid
to realize life and love are
a Risky Business when

messing with those heinous
Heathers—true Gremlins—
who will never know the
Secret to My Success

Which came from experiences
like Adventures In Babysitting
and traveling to planets
that look like Space Balls

from a telescope—I bet Aliens
think Earth Girls Are Easy
And, well, yes, they're
Some Kind of Wonderful

offering seldom, but real
Terms of Endearment
while remembering the
great ones from

St. Elmo's Fire— just how
flammable and Special
16 Candles can make a
girl feel like a Princess Bride—

A spoiled Valley Girl
who hangs out when she
And The Girls Just Want
To Have Fun, but beware

Of hot girls wilting in the sun
on the beach they can prick
You while you watch them
waging The War of the Roses

Just one Splash could cause
a Short Circuit sending you
into a Spinal Tap, leaving
you Once Bitten

But twice shy, afraid to
ask for directions in this
Labyrinth of life, when all you
really wanted to know was—

Who Framed Roger Rabbit?

Shadows of Inspiration

Chaos colored rapture
and unhinged noise
Never-mind the provocateur
Junkie whose vice of desperation
is a jagged muse
occupying Penny Lane

Hypertrophic Memories

Reaching to touch my hair that's no longer there, reveals softness in a new way, yet a stark chill from lack of length I once knew. I can no longer hide behind my curls that dangled like participles where my shoulders meet my clavicles.

My strands of what I thought were my strength, gone. I can't hide behind that blonde facade. Now, I'm a new kind of sore—bald as a buzzard and afraid to leave my nest. My friend—a golden eagle, wise in her years—warm with light—reminds me I can still be beautiful...maybe even loved. I think of her kindness as I cry alone at night. By simply remembering how beautifully confident she soars in life, her graceful reassurance gives me hope.

Chemo reveals a me I don't know—I am afraid to know. I feel her features, the scars on scars across a chest left mangled by surgeons she thought she knew because they told her they were the best. Now it's anxiety that takes hold and depression that dwell within the scar tissue giving rise to a bone-deep unrest.

Math like medicine presents with solutions disguised as problems and problems disguised as solutions as medicine seeps into my veins becoming a new kind of pollution. Slowly killing the current me to unearth anew—that I am still afraid of because I don't know her, or her potential for growth...I just remember who I was. The stories behind my scars, some unseen, untold, what if they unravel me?

What if I will never be free from the stories of my scars—the hypertrophic memories—these disembodied ghost stories?

What if it's all lost,
Wasted
on me

Hygge

She's no simple beam, but can cast
a glow in the form of banana rays
golden in experience, ripe in her richness
of understanding—to candles strung
from high above, she can dance as flames do.
she adjusts enough for those around, but does so
sans dimming her strength and it's that energy
which empowers those on whom she shines—
illuminating hope

Danish Modern

I want to go to museums with you.

I want to stare in wonder at the masterpiece beside the frame-
be in awe that two works of art can exist through
Living, and come into existence from another life.

I want to tour your world like it's an exhibit so I can
See your wonders and wander aimlessly with you as you permit
me to see you as the complete soul you have always been, bare
in your vulnerability, masked in your fearlessness.
Because you turned classic survival into a modern art that
defies all norms.