

Absentee

I.

No relief.

No relief.

This August night doomed-  
doomed.

I drove home drunk

I fought my bitch drunk.

I lost nothing.

I gained nothing.

How much death

can you pour into empty love?

As much as she can swallow.

As much as you can take.

You've got eyes

like glass

like stone.

Your body doesn't want demons.

Your cunt is empty

relieved of me.

While I am alone

dressed in shames

you can't fathom.

II.

No one teaches a girl how to love another girl.

Perhaps your father

if you are an objective observer.

Forgive me,

I had no father

and I am still a girl.

You are a woman,

who deserves more

than this.

*Domestic Dog Deals*

This festering trauma,

a cavity of contempt.

A little girl's grave

dug in the shallows of my belly.

There is nothing impeccable in this isolation.

I am driven mad

by America's next sweetheart.

Ivory and silk prom queen.

Queen.

Queen of suburbia and the wholesome home,

carve out this rot

with your red tongue.

Lick off the dysfunction

from the dusty shelves of trauma

no one can clean.

Drop your decency.

Spread your salvation wide

and share.

Let us both

drip

in white

wet

Purity.

You want my domesticity-

shoulder my desolation.

*“I know what I did to you”*

In transience

in gold

I am wrecked

and you are-

What parts of you

haven't I interred?

(every silhouette/every fragmentation)

You have left me

with bones

and long red hair.

I dressed them

in flowers

drenched them

in oil.

The writhing promises you dragged out

with dripping face and fractured sincerity

wrapped around us

like my hand

never could your throat.

On this pyre

you are ashes

and beautiful.

And I am

empty

surrounded

by ruins.

Grief didn't come in seven stages

it came in one.

“iknowandimsorry”

*What she never did with me*

I.

This backwards sun;

pink stained peace.

The flat expanse of sea

ends at a horizon too close.

I'm trying to learn purity

without collapsed lungs.

The Atlantic is not the ocean

you come to die in.

(my brother laughs/my mother laughs)

II.

It's the shell of a horseshoe crab-

intact.

He carries it with two hands,

more gentleness than glee.

I'm relieved.

The shore is littered with fragments.

These are bodies or broken ornaments.

Bodies and broken ornaments.

(how many bones have I brought back?)

((How many graveyards have I begun?))

The remains of love

on shelves I can't visit.

"iknowandimsorry"

I've ended too many poems with apologies.

"iknowandimsorry"

*FIN*

To Self-Immolate

in the golden dawn of morning (mourning)-

a cleaning fire.

(Destiny is a big room

filled with several gods

known for their humor

not their kindness)

The inevitability of your fate

is the decision between two doors

both locked

without keys or answers

but you know you'll be going

out the window anyways.

Self-immolation is not a stage of grieving.