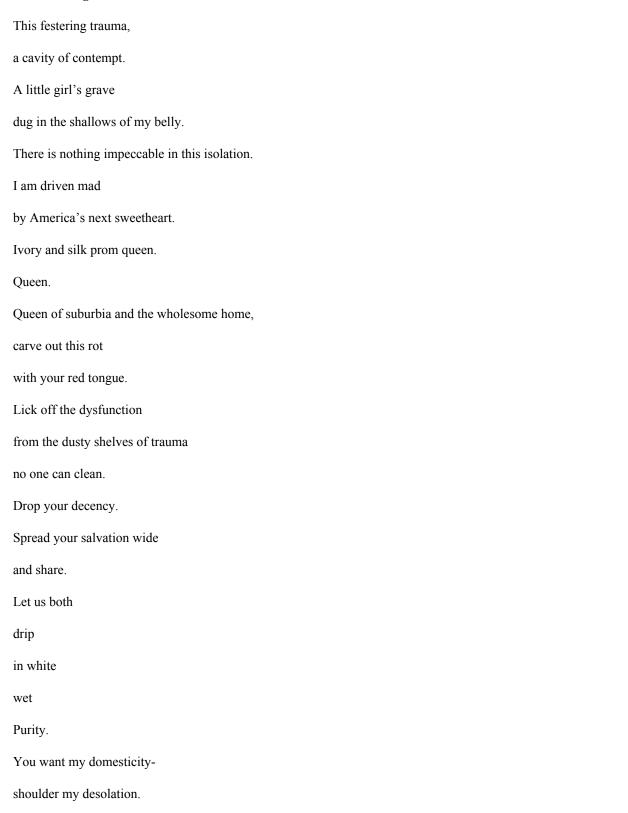
<u>Absentee</u> I. No relief. No relief. This August night doomeddoomed. I drove home drunk I fought my bitch drunk. I lost nothing. I gained nothing. How much death can you pour into empty love? As much as she can swallow. As much as you can take. You've got eyes like glass like stone. Your body doesn't want demons. Your cunt is empty relieved of me. While I am alone dressed in shames you can't fathom.

11.
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



"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

surrounded
surrounded
by ruins.
Grief didn't come in seven stages
it came in one.

empty

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.	



<u>FIN</u>

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.