

at twelve, i would pretend to lose my voice.

i mark down on blank sheets  
of wide rule, or start  
those started,  
but never used notebooks:  
*i can't speak today, it hurts,*  
hurts like notice me  
fall, clogged by  
confrontation feels like rubbing  
alcohol on the lips and  
i can pretend sticky  
dry tongue compressor cough,  
but when not enough,  
i spend late nights  
and early mornings  
with a pillow between my teeth,  
on blank sheets,  
biting back bitter conscience,  
constricting, throat deprived,  
of linger letter stuttered moist,  
breathing forced into only,  
only hospital exit,  
out of my mouth,  
*scream out of yourself*  
*and hope no one will hear you,*  
no one will hear you,  
i whisper,  
hoping to lose something,  
and when i finally lose,  
foggy windshield window,  
somewhere between mind and pillow,  
hit the ambulance door,  
a day when a friend  
sneaks up behind me,  
says he didn't mean to,  
yell behind my skull,  
make it ring,  
gurgled white-coat siren,  
i let out a scream,  
begin to choke  
eraser wipes out the median blue  
and i cough up all that i swallow.  
at thirteen,  
i begin a two year span in my life

where i lose the ability to scream  
i try to force it  
and my throat hangs itself  
on wide rule memories and  
cotton cloud gag,  
the mask is anesthesia,  
i try to lose me  
until i can  
no longer try to use me  
as a body bag of  
to be lost  
or to be found,  
only reminded on occasion,  
in a shock, a fit of  
lungs fed up,  
when i try to make a sound  
above diseased speech,  
*maybe that will teach me.*

~~yours,~~  
sincerely,

~~you~~ fire them down. molotov flames bring back the city lights with passion fruit cocktails, curled ~~your~~ crushed against brick, never broke my word, only name signaled drop another beat against my hopeless, ~~you're~~ only hope less than blacked out list eyes that wander in the desert, sucked thrill out of bitter left behind in the backseat, struck charcoal vain, gave ~~you~~ life again, popped a pill, fucked ~~your~~ grief again on the hood, and burnt ~~yourself~~ outside in, outside in.

sought out the feral doors, smoke locked between ~~your~~ teeth, tongue pushing ash like sleep, said all ~~your~~ life ~~you~~ wanted an adventure, of private loving overwhelmed the backdrop clothed ~~your~~ walk, stopped the moon in its place, called something i lost in the farthest one.

pardon me, i meant to say ~~fuck you~~ in the last one, scraped the blue off ~~your~~ sudden, feeling never felt me better than cold, always been here, sucked the request out of ~~thank you~~, plastered ~~love you~~ on the drywall will never speak again, don't think ~~you~~ understand what it means to breathe, but never see, ~~you~~ dragged the last letter out and out and

~~dear,~~  
to whom it may concern.

bad habits

it's august again  
and you find yourself  
searching for december  
beauty, in the bare  
mornings  
and just slept skin,  
examined  
for imperfection, signs  
of hassle for the day to come,  
like taking your anxiety to tea  
and being drunken  
by its unkempt words-  
tempted to catch  
the tremble,  
sips, your silken  
fever broken, illness  
put to bed, pink  
in cheeks from char  
of open wound-  
described lovely  
you are, summer sick  
from being in  
december,  
smells the tragedy like  
lavender or gentle  
ease in the summer  
you, must sure be cold.