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the latin roots grappled me cold

foiled me a second wonder
beyond sabotagethelatter
wandered into formerly cared
spine as if i'd asked for
permission begged for a
cruelerdearestlonger
condition followed me home
under the streetlight

for reference

the spray paint on abandon dragged me to despicable ~~you~~, were forefront of dignity gargled, my tender with a grin leaked a saint, can't send me to hell goes, so well with ~~your~~ trouble, held out for a middling royal like wicked damned and born again delirious, kissed the fire and a boy i, once knew crooked ruled a revolution mouthpiece spent words on running, gasoline through the wrists coated a church in black and marked it, down on ~~your~~ list as E for

artsy white boys

am i artist to hurt you whole
hurt me whole
ripped open rib gates
clattered to the soiled
sucked off nurture
gratuitous
in the bathroom with no ground
to ground me
up a quirky decay
spitting vulgar
and the reasons
i am
traumatized a greater woe
weak in the knees
and guilty
of the dirty cursive stall
for trigger
you discomfort
wrote the sign
that reads
title me ruin

*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.*

someday

couldn't care more
but if i could,
like an addict to
affliction, would
stuff my mouth full
of rotten cherry
stems, pull them
tight around tongue
centerpiece, would
bloom hurt
me, gather in only
cut too close and
bruised. i already
wallow at the point
of attachment, but
if i could, peel open
just to feel i'd, think
maybe i'll have a
name

whimper

lulled in
to vacancy
my lungs speak misuse
of the extraordinary
romantic a serenade
reconsidered like
a sob deemed involuntary
weeping the gut wrench
turned soothe in
to crumble

//

it has something to do with terror/ and a home vandalized/ and lonely/ and maybe the letter left on the counter never sent/ maybe the survival that lived a life/ or a power in politeness paused/ and reset **“you/ do not belong” “do not belong”** to sunset windows/ that cannot see cannot read the heart unconditional/ has something to do with terror and less to do with you/ but that does not mean the home has not been vandalized/ and it does not leak lonely onto letter unsent spoken sunset/ seeped into the skin less like poem and more like soaked before drowned in/ the rosé smoked out and blue and it is not you/ nor is it survival or a power/ in politeness paused/ and reset **“you/ do not belong” “do not belong”** here/ but that does not mean you are not love/ you are not/ unconditional has less to do with a home vandalized and more to do with terror/ and lonely you are/ you must let go/ must send the letter left you/ it is alright to miss you the sunset/ can bring a new way and at least/ that is some or a nothing of you

ptsd

some nights
i wake to crying satellites
and i try to
pretend that they are stars
with dirty reflections,
treasures in open attics
leaving my lips dry dust
and my throat with remember,
such a burn,
that they are little
decrepit darlings,
somehow a/sleep
recollection
and shining scars,
just a waking skin collection
and maybe they won't hurt
if i treat them
like bad first impressions,
even if i
don't dare to touch them
like i used to, because
the ripple in the sky will feel far

too real for a dirty mirror
i am only half
a/wake so please
don't turn
the lights on
i do not want to be
cracked, like nightmares
are not dreams,
there has to be a
lesson somewhere
if i am forced to
remember them
the satellites must be stars
if i wake to them
even thrashing,
i must still fear for
a reason;
do satellites get lonely
or are they only
echoes left to
nowhere

broken

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.