

## A FEW WILD STANZAS

### TO BE SEEN AND ILLUMINATED

What if I were transparent  
And my bones glowed phosphorescent  
Like the calcium moon  
As she betrays her skeleton sky?

What could be stolen  
If all that would be seen  
Are only the lungs inhaling as I breathe?

The howls of the banshees echo through the trees from which they blare  
And I am Beauty lost, at the ready for the bear  
While I'm walking through the webs the widows weave  
I am left wondering  
Will the water from my faucet eyes suffice  
Is the blood from my rabbit heart a good enough sacrifice?  
Are the love lines like telephone wires in my open palms  
Deep enough to reconnect the running veins static had once stopped?  
Because when you kiss me it is like electric shock therapy  
A million electrodes diverging  
Sending lightning running through me  
It's like you're the socket I chose to put my heart into  
And it's the most delicious electrocution  
A thrilling surge of energy  
To shut the switch would put a vital organ in a mass amount of jeopardy...

...And I exhaled as the sun paled  
Like the disappearance of blush from cheeks  
I once found myself lost in the forest of the beast  
What if Beauty isn't meant to be the one to go and seek  
The ribcage walls of brittle bones  
That a heart calls a home?

What if I really were transparent

Who would truly see  
Passed the ribcage walls and labored lungs  
Who would renounce their thievery  
And guard a fragile heart for safekeeping?

And yet  
It's like you're the surge protector  
To keep this heart from imploding  
Every time you hold me  
My lungs expand and one by one  
The light bulbs in the room begin exploding.

### I STILL BELIEVE IN MAGICK

I still believe in magick  
So I've decided to cast spells with my pen tips  
Light the page on fire  
The way I light the sage  
To keep the demons of the world out

I get emotional during the changing of the seasons  
I find solace in the moonlight  
And I think Apollo is sexy in summer  
Riding his golden chariot  
While I lie on the sand in my bikini

I meditate to the dancing flame  
Of sugared persimmon  
Bow down to queens of history's pantheons  
Because I'm polytheistic

### A universal being

We are all made up of stardust  
And I'd like to leave a trail of glitter where I go

And I hope my poetry  
Has meaning

For people I've never met  
Who might be in need of healing  
Because words can be band aids  
For all the worlds reopened scars

And if I leave this earth  
Let my words be timeless  
Incantations  
Let a little of my magick  
Get left

Behind

## WRITE YOURSELF ALIVE

I always find it so hard to get my thoughts out  
My tongue trips and slips over all the syllables; the vowels and the consonants  
I blank on the right words, the ones to best describe what I want to say  
I'm always looking for the bigger word  
The better adjective  
Yet they don't seem to want to come out of my mouth  
They fester there  
In the back of my throat  
I just can't seem to spit them out  
They don't taste as good as they look  
When they've bled out on the white of a page  
I'm a quieter type of person  
I hold my words closer to my teeth than others;  
I leave them there on the tip of my tongue  
Play with them, push them up against my incisors  
And they still have trouble making it out passed my lips  
I exhale and my breath warms my nose and my fingertips tingle  
The veins that run down my wrist reach the pads of my thumbs  
And throb with the pulse of blood sparking from my core  
I want to write until the page lights up  
Like my eyes  
I don't want to speak, my voice too soft, they never hear me

They do not listen close enough  
I'm writing like a whirling dervish dancing  
They may not hear me  
But my ink will graffiti their plain white picket fences  
It will burn through their freshly mown lawns  
Like the stray dog's piss after the sun scorches it in the summer  
They may be deaf to my words, but I won't allow them to be blind  
They will see, they will awaken  
To feelings they've kept repressed  
I will not be kept repressed  
There is lightning cracking in my marrow  
Thunder in my heartbeats  
My words fall like a downpour; raindrops slipping out from under my cuticles  
My thoughts form puddles easier when they fall on paper,  
Pavement, counter top, wall, stone, brick, tree bark, soil, sewer grate  
They sit better when they don't fall to empty space in front of a face  
That never bothers to reply with the same thought over words  
Carefully formulated syllables  
Rhythms that sing over the music made by blue collar lungs  
Artless dialogues in mindless conversations  
Mediocre performances lacking metaphor  
Yes it's hard for me to get my thoughts across the threshold of my cave like mouth  
But when I have the aid of graphite tips and tree pulp page  
Then it's easier to bring my words to their minds

#### WHO WOULD YOU IMPRESS IF THE WORLD WAS BLIND?

We were once such visceral creatures at heart  
But lately we rely far too much on what it is we see  
When so often the eyes are disillusioned  
So easily tricked by mere mirages into what they should believe  
    We forget to listen to the sounds of our souls  
    Murmuring in the velvet dark of our gut  
    Begging softly, "it's your instincts you should trust."  
The mind can be so easily lost to near sightedness  
And too slow to elucidate the truth from a lie  
    Even the heart and its much too eager beatings  
    Fall prey to propaganda at times

So if the lenses of your irises  
Were shrouded in the milk film of cataracts  
Would you truly lack your sight  
Or gain a heightened sense not seen  
From the tunnels of your eyes  
    Would you be human once again and

    FEEL

    The URGENCY

        The PAIN

            The SMILE

Would you recognize the scent of

    The grass

        The ocean

        Your lover's sweat

If you couldn't see any of it

    Would the texture of their

        Skin

            Their lips

                Their lashes

Be a familiar touch to you

Would you even be familiar with

    The calluses of your own palms?

We put so much effort into being seen

    But what is it that is wholly being felt

Your insides are murmuring are you listening?

    Humanity was always animalistic

        At its core

        And if this world pitches

            Into dark

            Love, be afraid

    Cause I don't think you could even

        Feel

        The tremors

        Of your dying

        Heart.

## I AM

I am the moor mud in a cold gray England  
I am freshly mown grass on a humid summer day  
I am comfort, but easily irritated- hot an cold and lukewarm like faulty plumbing  
I am that leaky faucet symphony at 2am  
I am the cold side of the pillow in the sweaty sheets of restlessness  
I am restless  
I am weak  
I am strong  
I am a WARRIOR  
I am a TOUGH BROAD  
I am nobody's DOORMAT  
I am a fighter for love  
And I fight for myself  
I am independence like the Fourth of July  
Lady Liberty with her torch blazing in a war torn sky  
Thick skin covers hard earned scars  
I raise a flag over my landmass of flesh because I've finally won  
The war against my own landscape  
I am the pirate who pillaged this corpse vessel  
Who ravished the seas of my soul  
Who finally found the treasured heart in the sunken chest  
I am a mess  
I am tidiness wrapped up in a bow  
I feel guilt in my marrow  
And sometimes I just don't care  
I am shy  
I am obnoxious  
I am selfish  
I am a bitch in the most femininely empowered sense of the word  
I will bite, kick, and scream, I will smash the glass until it shatters that reflection of me  
And then I will hope you don't hold it against me  
That you'll still see ME  
I am black with milk moon crevices

I am orange fire melting rivers

Turning stone into gold

I am voracious

I am star pulp

Burning out

Attempting one last time

For a

Comet.