



BREAST

PUT SOME ELBOW GREASE INTO IT, GIRLS!

baby

BONE

YOU

He was pinned in the darkness

The Disaster Artist

My name built between your teeth
Sugar sadness dressed in blank bricks
They squeeze my hands // Wet towels in the sunshine
Salt water crawls in between lost seams, let's not get off track
My mind fills with red thumb tacks
When you say it like that
The sharp stems pin my elbows on the bulletin board that is your chest
I stay there until the light switch turns down
And I get lonely
A dictionary with no meaning
The corners of my pages drenched in gasoline;
Only a fire that you can start

Lemon lady

Pink tongue goddess

Saturated with steeped tea, you are soaked in chamomile roses

Peeling in tangerine layers

Only to have honey drip from your lips

Spring will come soon, I promise

Continue to paint the morning in your favorite color

The acid-washed-horizontal lines

Will keep them from entering without permission, I promise

The sun will shine soon, I promise

The frosted lakes that winter's tide

Left behind

Will keep you from drowning soon, I promise.

KEEP MY HEAD
ABOVE WATER ONLY
TO REMEMBER YOUR
CHOCOLATE EYES
AND YOUR STRONG
HANDS ~~THAT~~
THAT BEGGED

TO BE A
BOY AGAIN.

The girl has fire breathing from her belly.

The girl has popsicle stained teeth, bleeding in crimson puddles.

The girl's mind is like valley fog, it grows in shades of white wine and bleached t-shirts.

The girl speaks in unfinished melodies with the lyrics written on the steps of her collar bones.

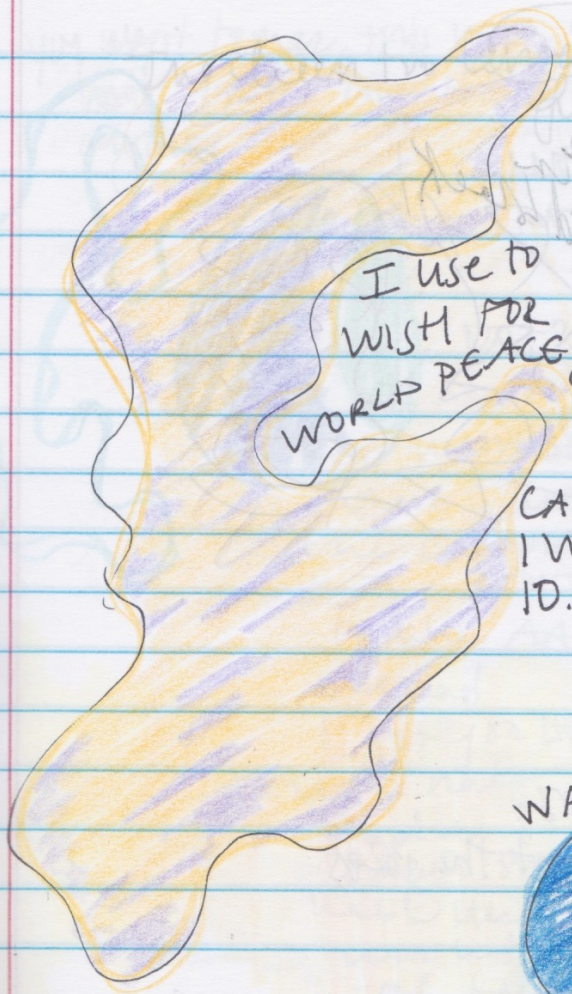
The girl cries when the world's spine spins on its side // dizzy vision.

The girl has a "FOR SALE" sign etched into her forearms without ever asking for it to be there.

Your hands are candlesticks
Melting into apricot puddles on the top of my naked feet
Comfortable discomfort
Screaming your name from two street's over

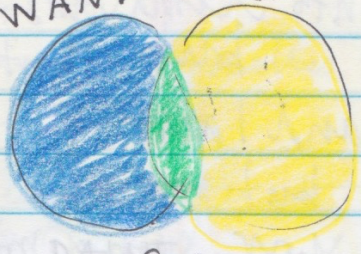
Some trucks don't halt at stop signs
Some lights stay green forever

My voice echoes into shards of glass
That I leave behind on your pillow case, you like it
Cherry-skinned face with combat eyes
Thick split hands
You like it.



I USE TO
WISH FOR
WORLD PEACE
ON MY
BIRTHDAY
CANDLES WHEN
I WAS
10.

WANTING TO



CONNECT
WHEN YOU ARENT
THE SAME COLOR.

Do you remember when you had
to go to class and you left me in
your bed. You almost left but
came back to kiss me. A long kiss

He makes me feel like I am not brand new
The same cannonballs and wave pools
That have taken me so long
To get used to
Haunt my empty mirrors when the sun goes south, freaking my senses out
They hide around the indigo corners
Of uninhabited armchairs
Where are they
When I need them to disguise this damage?
Too fast.
Too fast.

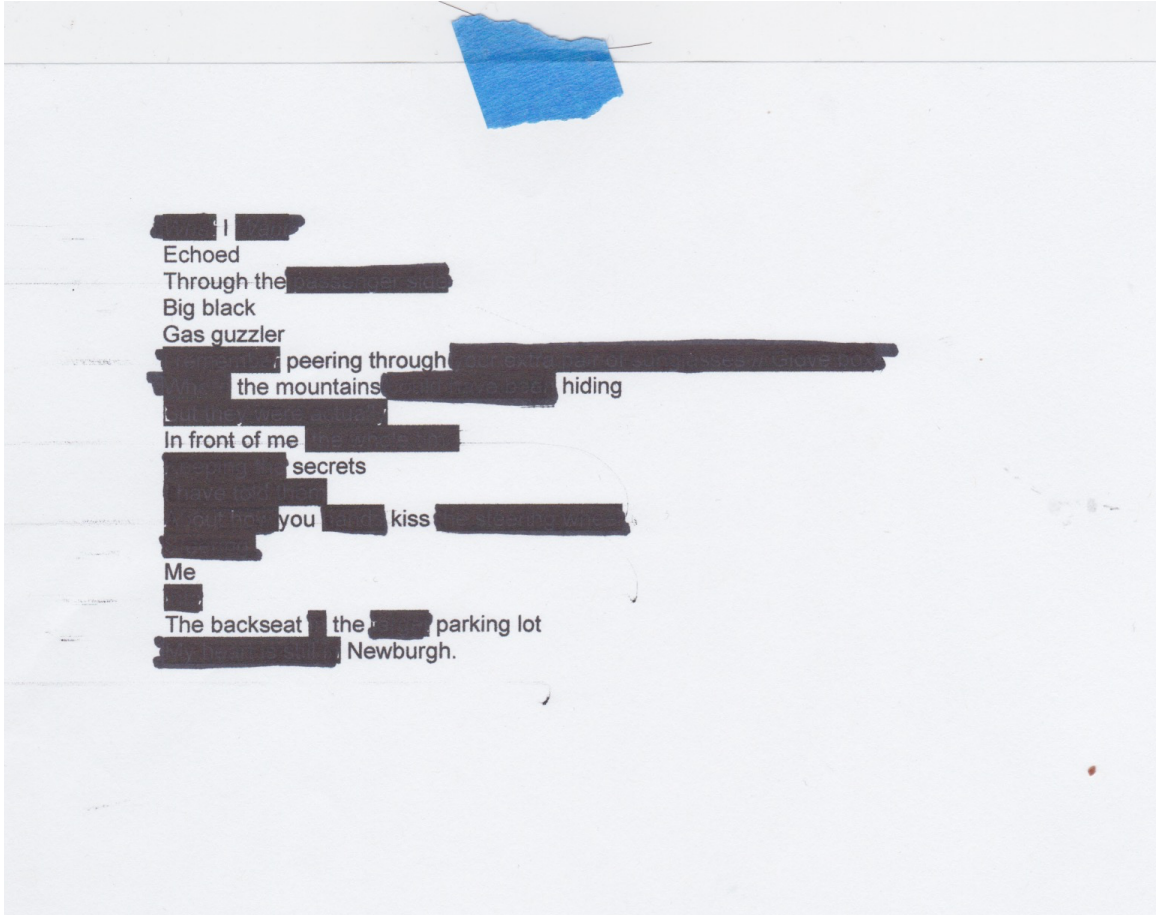
Girl,
Remember,
Everything in moderation
Those walks alone
Holding the stars in your throat
Only to call your Mom when you get home

That smooth
Self-control
Love // Don't get too
Close, girl
You might scare him away
With those big eyes
And nothing-but-love-lips
Hips
Those hula hoops
Will drive him crazy
But only if he can't have them


The blanket stained
With the smell of his skin;
A hungry reptile
With nothing to give
But the opposite of the truth
What will you do
When your clothes make their bed
Under the bathroom sink
Bruised
But not enough for anyone to see //
You sew the seams shut
Take your walks and drink your water
But girl,
Make sure your tread the unknown
When those hands find you in the dark.

The ocean sharks
Feeding off of my sad blue blood
Underneath where the humans can't breathe
Didn't you know, it sank there
Ancient sail boats
When you locked my heart in the bedroom closet
Dusty doorknobs where spiders stack like dominoes
You could hear
That thumping all night long
The beating
Beats
Unfamiliar hymns
That time I thought I knew your favorite color
How my arms turn into broken umbrellas
That don't open the way they're supposed to
Wind storms in the middle of June
It arrives
In a blanket wrapped in smoke clouds
Crying murky puddle patterns

Things
Will
Never
Be
The
Same.



The grocery store aisles
Are filled
With the love letters
I haven't written for you yet.



OUR LOVE STICKS
LIKE BLOODY FINGERS
IN BETWEEN LINEN,
WE ALWAYS FIND
THE RIGHT TIME
TO BE
TOGETHER.