

Mirage

Drunk on sunshine lust lost
In memory faded into
The tea leaves I
Don't look into your eyes lest I forget
Their mirage

The hours between our elbows,
Our eyelids, our hips
Afternoon tears my eyes red
From fighting we'd
Make love in your bed-
Sheets until sundown

Edge of the ocean edge
Of my sanity you
Put your hand on my thigh like
These are simple
Trespasses you pledge
Devotion to my lips

Tumbling into the dark
Parts backward straying
Your fingers straining my voice
Unravelling don't
Touch me I'm forbidden
Fruit and you're just Adam
Seduced by my
Hand-me-down lies

Isle upon a mattress
Empty of remembrance
Legs bare under my
Night dress and I try at
Comfort

It's war on the brown
Carpet; a leftover feeling
Here and now I smell
Your sweat turning sweetness sour
You turn on the shower drown out my
Crying wash me in cold

WaterlikeI'mgrapes
Inthesummer

Persephone2

Too Young

Iamstillso
Freshandyoung
IamPersephonetender
It'sjustspringtimestillhalf ownedby
Mymothershetellsme
Gotomyroom

Ifeeltheemptinessinside
Myuterusahauntingawareness
Whatcouldbe
Anunnamed
Creatureunwritten

There'sbloodinthe
Bathtubanditisof
Mybodyremindingmeofmy
Mortality/
Fertility

Theache
Theclawingandthenthe
Openedpassion-fruit
Blossomfilledwith
Pollen

Amysteryto
HimasI
Stillam

Idarenotask
Baby-be-made
Darenolongforthe
Nauseaandthedoctorbillsdarenot
Imaginelayingongreengrass-sweet
Cloverbloomingyellow
Fullofvirginlife

Persephone3

AsknotforSympathy

Asknotforsympathy
Onlygivenyou-
Thedefeatofrecklessrose-vinereaching
Toohighand
Hungry

It'sunnecessary
Tellyourheartbreak
Tofuckoff

I'moldernow
Imustlearnhowto
Dropthestone
Bythesideoftheriver

Persephone 4

Desolate

If there is a name for this feeling
It is desolate
I have arrived at the shores of a place
I never should've come to

Alone
And naked

A sick feeling in my esophagus
Creeping into my eyes
Making them blurry
Hungry

I sit in the porcelain basin of my bathtub
I put my feet in the hot stream
I look to the closed door
Imagine someone there
Seeing me
For the first time
Turn back and imagine you
Seeing me
For the hundredth

Wouldn't it be simpler if you could fuck me

You feel like a ghost
A piece of bamboo
Thin and papery

Nothing

There is nothing for you to say to me
And I don't want to be that girl

I talk about you like it can shield me from a feeling I'm afraid of
A feeling I don't want to write down
That I wonder what he feels like

I shouldn't see myself as trapped
Did I eat the pomegranate
Too early

I am too hungry
For someone whose mouth is sewn shut