Mirage
Drunkonsunshinelustlost
Inamemoryfadedinto
ThetealeavesI
Don’tlookintoyoureyeslestIforget
Thiermirage

Thehoursbetweenourelbows,
Oureyelids,ourhips
Afternoontearsmyeyesred
Fromfightingwe’d
Makeloveinyourbed-
Sheetsuntilsundown

Edgeoftheoceanedge
Ofmysanityyou
Putyourhandonmythighlike
Thesearesimple
Trespassesyoupledge
Devotionontomy

Tumblingintothedark
Partbackwardstrying
Yourfingersstrainingmyvoice
Unravellingdon’t
Touchmel’mforbidden
Fruitandyou’rejustAdam
Seducedbymy
Hand-me-downlies

Isleeponamattress
Emptyofremembrancemy
Legsbareundermy
NightdressandItryat
Comfort

It’swarmonthebrown
Carpet;aleftoverfeeling
HereandnowIsmell
Yoursweatturningsour
Youturnontheshowerdrownoutmy
Cryingwashmeincold
TooYoung
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

Astoryto
HimasI
Stillam

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

AsknotforSympathy
Asknotforsympathy
Onlygivenyou-
The defeat ofrecklessrose-vinereaching
Toohighhand
Hungry

It’sunnecessary
Tellyourheartbreak
Tofuckoff

I’moldernow
Imustlearnhowto
Dropthestone
Bythesideoftheriver

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