

HUSH

BY

ABIGAIL

AGERSEA

For Jan.

Thank you for being the guide through my recovery, my therapist, and my friend. You gave me the tools to bandage my wounds. You threw me a life vest and replaced the light that was stolen from me. Thank you for letting me cry on your couch, play with your dog and rebuild my identity. You alone convinced me to believe in my worth.

So,

This one's for you.

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CRIME

R

There's no part of you I'd keep. No lone, exclusive fragment.

I'd sew your Skin into an armchair, price it at three times its worth.

I'd deep fry your Pelvis, saute your Femur, run over your Hair.

I'd mail your charcoal coated Lungs to your Grandparents.

They'd place them on their mantle, in a glass box for display.

I'd donate your Spinal Cord to a taxidermist,
so bits of you would be jammed in rodents or flocks.

I'd service your Kneecaps for paper weights.

Glaze them in a viscous resin, gouge in your Name with my Fingernails.

I'd drown your Voice in gasoline. It would sound better mutilated, choked in fumes.

I'd incinerate your Heels, so you'd always have blisters and could never walk barefoot.

I'd interrogate your Memory, gash all the exceptional pleasantries,
saturate your Thoughts in hydroxide.

I'd fashion accessories from your Tonsils, cast them in sterling, then sell em' online.

I'd leave your Immune System on the Trimet, so you'd catch chlamydia, or the flu.

I'd dangle your Ears from the telephone pole by my house.

Kids would throw rocks at them and the crows would laugh at you.

I'd dehydrate your Hands, drench them in hot wax, smirk as they melt.

I'd heave your Personality into a landfill, return it to its origins.

I'd make streamers with your Veins, pass them out to children on the fourth of July.

I'd soak your Liver in whiskey, it would inflate, refract and swell.

I'd use your Gullet as fish bait, bet I'd catch a Sturgeon.

I'd prune your Kidneys into keychains, give em' to the homeless, tell em' they're cursed.

I'd revamp your Intestines into slacklines.

Advertise only to beginners, so they'd wear them slim.

I'd make dog biscuits from your Pancreas, repurpose your Sweat Glands for yarn.

I'd boil your Brain into oblivion, scrunch your Eyes under my boots.

I'd shove the rest into a shredder, dismantle your Identity whole, flush your Essence down my toilet.

There's no part of you I'd keep, no mementos for myself.

Baked Goods

The blood stains on her vinyl cloak
glistened in the midday sunlight.

Adolescence, mistaken for maturity.

Her basket,
radiant with an aroma as sweet as Heaven itself.

Alas, he did not care for Heaven.
Rather for soft skin and perky cheekbones.

The kind of cheekbones that sing nursery songs,
that wanders through an abyss of forested darkness.

The journey she made, fit for Pioneers.

Small fist rested on the wicker door.
A faint knock, three times.

Boom.
Boom.
Boom.

A faint echo in return.

Disregarded trespassing, she crept into the cottage.

Hushed whispers
Bounced off the walls.

Sorry little one,
but his stomach aches with hunger.

Dear girl,
your growing bones,

your purity,
so appetizing.

Young one,
his claws freshly sharpened.

Poor soul,
as sweet as Heaven itself.

Completely Unrelated

You started your first trimester.
Victimizer, sewn his seed inside your liability.
Intentionally consensual.
Flew a thousand miles for lethal contamination.

I am a metal shed.
Wintry, impotent to sentimentality.
I offer no condolence for those who reject their competence of rationality,
of sober judgment.

Inflamed, I beat the cat.
Altercate with photographs.
Chew my toes raw.

I suffocate on the logic of others.
Lethal mindsets, observant of my debilitation,
they watch me stagger.

Illusions, sugared like funnel cakes.
I sit on a velvet chair once a week and lecture about deadlines.
Integrate my phobias.
A black labrador licks my subconscious.

I question my scope of recognition.
Burn bookcases full of collectable additions.
Permiss myself asphyxiation in the darkness of my basement.

My new year's resolution, to sneak out of mortality.
Every-Single-Year.

Tomorrow, you'll rest easy on a paper sheathed counter.
Anesthesia will exile the stigma,
as they eradicate your diminutive verdict.

I am lenient,
Manufactured psychic blockades for self preservation.

My greatest flaw,
yielding copious amounts to thankless patrons
who reflect horrific versions of my inconsistencies.

Every-Single-Time.

Comrades

There was an instant where
I examined my gravitational pull.
I could feel it whenever I took a left footed step up a staircase,
deep within the archives of my right sided rib cage,
4th rib down.

I've watched my friends
disintegrate.

Kept the time on my wrist,
To record who
took the longest.

The past came by my house today,
asked me if I was well.

I wish to clutch
the Earth into my fists,
rupture its axis,
defy all laws.

Then,
time would not have to wait for us.

We would have to wait for time.

Last week
in the shower,
I felt the tile floor
withdraw.

The pressure of the world
stole my innocence.

Altered my memories.
Sucked me up into the stratosphere.

naked,
and alone.

Dirt

In the depth of my expiration,
think back on me as kind.

Dedicate your most expensive blessings,
tackle your doltish impositions.

Tell them all that I was morbid,
yet impeccably unblemished.

That I ironed all my clothes.

Tell the first that I'm the glint in your teeth,
but just the canines.
Then, have them open their mouths
and they'll see.

Tell the rest that I'm an inkling,
the bronze flicker of a crisply washed window
when the sun smacks head with the glass
around 5 O'clock,
at the birth of spring.

Disclose this in full, I beg you.
Whisper no ounce of authenticity.
Let the disentanglement of my defects envelop me in soil.

In silence.

Rent my legacy a morsel of significance.
Dice up my atoms, grind my recollections,
Sprinkle them off rooftops.

Engrave my permanence
on every mailbox in your neighborhood.

Vow to me I'll reincarnate as broken sand dollars,

as the flint you use to keep warm.

Preserve my habitation.

Tie my vitality to the bed frame,
twist my tongue around your waist.

As I decimate and evaporate,
tell isolated lie's of my duration.

My dear, candied flame.
Please think back on me as kind.

Getting Old

Inhale.

Good morning?
Afternoon?

Exhale.

Corrupted dream state.
Unrightfully so.

Inhale.

Atoms intertwine
in harmonious matrimony.

Exhale.

Aching joints
Moan and complain about the weather.

Inhale.

Sensation hurdles threw the guarded landscape.
It tingles and blows hot air.

Exhale.

You may not bring the day,
where it is not invited.

Inhale.

Brusque skin,
Grease lined hair.

Exhale.

Is it unsound
to crave
the stagnant?

Inhale.

Goodnight my lonely bones.

Freud

Triptych,
one man, reformed into thirds.

Brown business shoes,
and cadmium yellow backdrops.

There are leftover bed frames in the living room,
they lean against the wooden chair that guards young Lucian,

waiting patiently.

We are defined by intangible barriers,
each one forms a box around the foreground of our homes.

Each follows the daily routine, sits down with us for tea.

white button ups,
a pair of gray corduroys.

Look,
watch him move across the room.
As he stumbles over his chair, fumbles with rotation.

Stare into his eyes, If you can find them.

Take relevance in his position,
you'll find yourself there.

Ink

Instantaneous,
life penetrates my skin.

Compulsion,
engulfed in pleasant discomfort.

There is something defiant,
immortal.

Tones,
like mating insects.

I question not,
my place beneath the needle.

My humanity, saved.
Sustained.

Buried defects,
gifts from past holidays.

A lifelong work,
restoration of the intimate entity
that was abducted from
my youth.

One poke at a time.

Keeper

The Moon,
radical lordliness.

The sentinel of night,
silent spectator,
invariable observer.

Consistently
traveling between the stars.
Collecting patrons,
preserving order.

There are no sides
to warfare in nature.

Only diligence
And formal prospect.

The Moon's reliance of prominent stability,
is what makes her a worthy opponent against the Sun and the Earth.

How beautiful is the orbit of planets,
the waltz between dusk and dawn.

Each fights for greater absorption,
for greater purpose.

Like me.

Little Studio

I carry
fistfulls of loss
between this marble foundation.

I keep them in my back pocket,
for another time,
for another life.

My backbone was
stapled.
My fingers, glued shut.

Kept my aging skin a fierce shade of gray.
you quante,
lonely room.

A victim to my peers,
Each one took their turn, slashed my conceptions.

They stuffed me in the closet,
Stole away my voice,
Stripped away my rights.

While they looked away,
I slipped into the silent void.

Escaped your walls with infected wounds,
coated in oil paint.

SM

Dearest.

The hellion of my youth.
Sentenced a life penalty at birth,
no persuasion.

A rounding total of two years
till I broke free,
of all my common morals,
all my common sense.

Not sure where I was headed,
but I know I got away.

I was told you had evaporated
like alligator tears.

You desolated my body.
I told you.
I did.

My adolescence
lingered at the gateway,
but you never unlocked the door.

It's been four years now,
maybe five.
I'm still a transient
in the back of your mind.

Our exchanges are built on idle rumors
and fact checking.

Pharmaceuticals,
my only reliant.
Only friend.

Twenty.
You haven't a clue,
you're a walking paradox.

Disturbingly so,
heart sickeningly so.

I live in a smog,
polluted by toxic parents
and years of self blame.

I can count on my fingers,
how many lives I've lived
without you.

My apologies sweetie,
but you'll have to say that again.
You see,
your memory fades

when you get older,

and I get loaded.

Numb

Three months,
transfigured millenniums.

We Spoke word this evening.
Real factual words.

Your eyes burned holes through my temple.
Your synthetic language cremated
my vitality.

Empathy,
you took all.
Condemned my stability
to solidarity.

There is no air to enjoy in the depth of your confinement.

Mutual contempt,
enveloped with universal regret.
Forgivance,
a virtue I have yet to consol.

Tangibility,
transformed into collectable assets.

I mourn those
who took defeat in fidelity.

Ocean View

Sand is a symbol of universal
life.

The 1%
born into a world of caviar cocktail hours.

Eat solid gold for breakfast,
drowned in thick sausage gravy
and the paychecks
of the lower class.

The states,
abused by white collar blondies
and political warfare.

Waisted existence,
formed at the bottom of garbage cans
and abandoned storm drains.

The sand cannot save us,
cannot feel our pain.

I've got rocks in my shoes
blind to my place.

I am evolving into mud,
I seek the lost nostalgia for a better world.

OK

I remember the way I couldn't feel anything,
when all was dark and I was lost.
Nothing but numb voices in
my head telling me to run,
telling me to fight.

I remember the expression on your face,
the very moment
before you broke my heart.

I remember the expression on your face
last monday,
Thinking the same thing.
What a sad little person you thought,
what I thought.

I remember the way my bones broke,
the way it felt to be desperate for breath.

I remember her ears,
how she could pick up radar signals.

I remember when I looked into the mirror
and had no idea who the person was
staring back at me.

I remember the way hot water feels,
when you turn the knob
all the way to the right.

I remember the day I learned that everybody dies,
even me.

I remember convincing myself
to forget my childhood,
because it wasn't worth hanging onto.

I remember seeing your body
laid out on a steel table,
dressed in plaid.

I remember gold stars and pink slips.
how I never got gold stars,
how I always got pink slips.
How it was never good to get pink slips.

I remember sitting on my bedroom floor,
reading the back of a tampon box
I had bought with my allowance.

I remember being asked how I was doing
and telling the truth,
and regretting it.

I remember every lie I've ever told.

I remember holding my face
to the bottom of the pool at swim practice,
hoping I would find a portal
that I could swim through
and disappear.

I remember begging you for a job,
the smirk in your eyes
that told me I was 14
and that I could start tomorrow.

I remember telling you stories over and over
again,
because you said your memory old and withering.
But you were drunk,
and you were high.

I remember getting a walkman for Christmas,
the year Santa Claus was murdered.

I saw you wrapping my gift,
I cried all night long.

I remember saving your life,
Even though I knew it was a bad idea.
Someone else could have done better,
but you turned out alright.

I remember living in closets,
all different shapes and colors.
Freezing my ass off through the winter.

I remember where you left my scars,
each one handcrafted.

I remember hitting the ground so hard,
I was sure I was dead.

I remember every substance I've ever taken
to become enlightened,
to become present.

I remember none of it working.

I remember that people feel sorry for themselves too often,
And that I was often one of them.

I remember ruining your life
for reasons I could not face.
And now it's too late,
And you wouldn't understand.

I remember what it's like to see a mother
lose their child.
The way their skins turns white.
Their eyes stain red
with guilt and consuming grief.

I remember the night you told me
you loved me.
On a PDX city bus, at 10pm.
It was a tuesday,
and everything changed.

I remember how cigarettes taste,
when the sun is peeking through
the mountain range.
It's different.
It's better.

I remember the person I used to be,
a little better each day.

I remember the way you looked
on the day of your Father's funeral.
The way your body shook,
how fragile.
So I reached out
and grabbed your shoulders.

I remember that Paul's coffin was brown.

I remember that Forest's coffin was white.

I remember that Ron's coffin was black.

I remember that Sharon's coffin was a shoe box,

and that Terry's coffin was
the front seat of a dump truck.

I remember the way a fresh bouquet of flowers
feels when you stick your cheeks deep
into its petals.
How the store clerk
really hates it when you do.

I remember that there is nothing sweeter
than the smell of a candle store.
Or when someone compliments your smile.
Or tells you tomorrow will be better.

I remember the warm feeling I get
when someone turns the game on.
The way
it makes me feel at home.
The way it feels like my Fathers love.

I remember wishing
my life was like a hallmark
gift card commercial.

I remember sinking to the bottom of the pool,
watching the bubbles float to the surface.

All that I really remember,
was hoping something greater than life
would come,
and take me away.

CAUTION

SWEAR

Appetite,
condensed with
mediocre satisfaction.

Vulnerability,
I gnaw the safety net
that took decades to
weave.

My nightmares
run track
around the bounds
of my vertex.

There is a lonesome prisoner
living deep within the torn crevasse
of my veins.

Night terrors
and cold sheets.

I wake drenched in the sweat
of a past life.

My long term memory stings my eyes,
like dish soap
and rejection.

Bite me,
say I'll be alright.

Thelma

Summertime.

False implications, gave mediocre excuses of good morals.

Situated at a bus stop, anticipating.

Abduction does not deliberately transmit cautious allegations
to its prey.

How long
until the autumn winds inaugurate?

Please,
remember to collect
your inhuman engrossments in your departure.

Murder in Cathedral Park.
Ungodly humid,
drenched in aftershave and teenage sweat.

Deposit the body under driftwood piles by the shore
of the Willamette.

No fallacious intentions, there are savages
living within the mirror.

Bible study invitations,
littered across the dirt piles and mildew grass.

Knife blades,
and scouring flesh.
You skip stones across river banks while you press reset on your conscience.

Thought

The
concept of embodiment provokes me.

Skinned together
by collected fragments and poorly stitched microns.

Apperception
is impaired by fluorescent
lightbulbs,
and parallel dimensions of academia.

How do you materialize significance?
I will write the guide.

I will publish it myself.

Trimet

A mixed feeling,
check in on your privilege. White, in this case.
White, in any case.

The ultimate flaw of life
is its prior alphabetical assignments.

A man died on my bus today. Not in physic,
but in perception.

I observed how his spine
crippled from I to U.
How his stale wrinkles devoured his past, collapsed onto the isle,
shoveled off into the cold.

I've drowned myself in the shades of others, smeared bean paste across my eyes.

Took my born power,
cut into the pale flesh by which I'm emcapseld.

Only to find chunks of soot
and the absent excuse for white blood.

AA

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. I still find parts of me that I could live without.

As of Late

The callus stitched beneath my palm began to ooze.
I've tried sewing together bits of chasm skin, only to progress the insurance of ruptured matter.

My bags grew faces of their own.
They have rosemary cheeks and charming birthmarks.

My wisdomatic molars are divorcing their adhesive.
They are in consistent dispute,
keeping me up at night.

The styte flourishing on my eyelid has officially reserved its vacation home.
I've emailed an eviction notice.

They remain intractable solicitors.

A cornering crust coat has barricaded admittance to my highbrow.
They are impenetrable to tweezers
and refuse to excavate.

The latency of my mangled ossein is hauntingly pungent.
It's leftover debris drifts through my nostalgic void. It's neon purple and wild mushrooms
blossom during the annual eclipse.

Another Excuse

My life had stood on its hind legs at 18 years.

Paralyzed from the brain down, kept mute for 2 years.

During those 2 rotations around the sun,
I remained devoured by gravity and suffocated by the whispers that followed me home.

I decorated my victimization in innocent smiles and black mascara.
I hung curtains over my eyes so you couldn't peek through.
Swept out my classified secrets.

Inhaled dramamine.
Felt spaced, exhaled listerine.

I bought a camouflage jacket, became translucent.
Swam miles around my fears.

We circled each other,
like industrialized magnets.

My fingers ran through the fragile strands of hair that were once held firmly by your fingers,
ripped from my scalp by your intermittent blackness.

Left to be collected by spiders,
to weave their retirement homes and cater to their children.

Inhaled dramamine,
Felt spaced, exhaled listerine.

I've since glued the strains back together,
with an adhesive made from closed door forgiveness and recovery chairs.

You cannot take what you cannot see.
You cannot torture the shattered glass that is left of me.

Within/Without

Two arms,
mangled and deprived.

A beetle
takes shelter,
within the increments of satin.

Strangers, incomprehensible.
Stripped bare, centered.

Your world
probed my core
and crushed me whole. Like dovetails,
we flee.

Velvet fur,
gift wrapped despair. Beaten raw
and star-dead.

Abiding season. Bone-wax
and tufted marrows.

Predators
hunt decaying prey. Thick fog,
enables winters growth.

Mistaken love for dissolution.

Movement provokes moss and felt.
Constrained muscle tangled within her stomach.

No breath
without the forest.

Quietly,
the conversation of dreams that came to rest.

Buffering

Hungry minds are like machinery.
Fragile,
built with porcelain flesh.

Drain the light.
Watch their skin crack stale, lips blister,
Soak them in dirt.

The surviving innovators collect debris,
lying limp on empty roads.

Scarce tenements
inhabit an Earth that slipped in the shower.
Washed the rocky mountains clean, disposed of all species.

Inside,
large windows scale the ceilings.
Truth echoes off the walls.
Wool thread that weaved around the oceans
unfolded a foreign paradise with no welcome inhabitants.

Black holes contain urgency,
a yearning to declare pillars of darkness only the tender can see.

Recognize your broken poise.
Consider a knife, stabbed
through the golden arch of mankind.
Then imagine the world is fixed.

It has birthed anew.
The human race is tethered, sold to plastic graves.

Somewhere, deep in Damascus.

December

Syncrisity is the dominant outlier of common connection.
We flavor it with personalized quirks and individualistic outliers.

Like black hair,
red eyes,
pigeon toes and 20/20 vision.

I see similar patterns in the errors of my loved ones.
I miss their common ground,
I miss them alone.

My father wears his wedding ring on his left pinky.
He is not a traditional man.

I am realizing my pursuit for silent intimacy.
A life without words, interconnected like humans to dogs.

Words without speech I am looking,
ever looking.

I need them to know my victimization without the boundaries of words.
To know my fears.

I need them to see that rainy night.
To have been there with me while my body was dragged across the soaking sidewalks.

I need them to go back.
To save me from the metal crate of suppression I was thrown in to perish.
Save me from my horrid shrieks of heartbreak
and dehydrated desperation.

I need them to save me from the plan B section of Walgreens.
From the looks of shame from the front counter pharmacist.
Ever needing, needing always.

Someday Ill wear my wedding ring on my left pinky.

I will resist the urge for traditions,
like the man who came before me, the man who made me strong.

Butchered Women

Woman and animals are one in the same, It's what I keep reading,
what they keep telling me.

Over and over,
till my ears go numb and all I hear is the sound of my own distaste.

Animals,
for our roles in objectification,
abuse,
assault,
and provocative slaughter.

For our misinterpreted ideas
and lack of moral sense.

One day,
we awake, ready for our expiration, run from our deaths.
Marked by produce tags aligning our sections for the grocery store.

After we are axed and our integrity has been shot down with game rifles
and pocket knives.

Then, you can purchase us at your local market.

Prepackaded
and vacuum sealed.

Felony crimes,
drowned in fractional memories.

Drowned memories,
expanded into unraveling miseries.

Unraveling miseries,
resulted in abundant labeling.

Abundant labeling transformed into static trauma.

Static trauma,
placed in therapist chairs

Therapist chairs,
transferred to rehabilitation clinics

Rehabilitation clinics subverted to empty pill bottles.

Empty pill bottles,
reformed into stomach pumps.

Stomach pumps,
alternated to misdiagnosis.

Misdiagnosis,
crushed into capsuled imprisonment

Capsized imprisonment,
where everyone is watching you.

I cannot burst through my bedroom ceiling and absorb into the sky.

However,
I refuse to be the plaster of my own confinement.

Victim

Rape wakes me up early.
It twists and entangles my body in cotton sheets, straining my thighs.

Rape watches over my dreamscapes,
interjecting random horrors at its leisure.
Strips away my subtle freedoms of amnesia and softness.

Rape is my alarm clock on sun birthed mornings.
I jolt into right angles,
and
strangle my steel bed frame.

Drowned in sweat, infected with shame.

Rape shampoos my brown hair,
the scent is his cologne and the strength of his chest.
I can't rinse it off my scalp.

Rinse, repeat.
Every morning, for the rest of my time.

Rape is my French vocabulary,
what we're reading in English class,
what's new on NPR.

Rape is stalking me,
echoing off my institutional walls.

Rape condenses my subconscious with alcohol, burns through my clothes,
poisons my eyes with campfire smoke.

Rape is the twine that straps my fingers to my notebooks,
the tangles of the wind whipping through the hedges in my neighbors yard.

Rape is the transparent draft rattling my fence posts, Shaking my bones.

Rape whispers to me,
you are stained.

Gently

What kind of love
would you give someone,

whos fingers
were bit off by a full set of teeth?

Do we offer the same love
to those whom need it the most?

Or do we stiphenn our love
in preservation for those we find worthy?
Do we ever find those who are really worthy?

I may not know these answers.

But what I do know,
Is that I gave you every type of love.

Mass quantities, in multiple shades of blood that bankrupted my supply of self worth.
In sacrifice for your approval.

But you left me to hang.
Left me to dry.
To crack.
To shatter.

You took my love and stuffed it into compartments of your pickup truck.
Into your mothers kind eyes.
Left it on your dirty dishes in the sink.

together,
we skinned our love alive.

Please

DON'T TOUCH ME
DON'T TOUCH ME
DON'T TOUCH ME
YOUR'E NOT OK
DON'T TOUCH ME
DON'T TOUCH ME
DON'T TOUCH ME
YOUR'E NOT OK
DON'T TOUCH ME
DON'T TOUCH ME
DON'T TOUCH ME
YOUR'E NOT OK
DON'T TOUCH ME
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Roses

A boy took my hands,
and never gave them back.

I begged,
and pleaded.

Screamed,
kicked,
and shook my head till my brain bounced off my skull.

I asked politely,
ripped my clothes,
and soiled myself through his blankets.

I bled puddles on the floor,
along the walls,
saturated the bed.

The next day,
I carried my mangled wrists home.

I tried to wash them clean
with dish soap,
and pat them dry with paper towels.

I tried to adapt to a handless life.
Kissed my wounds,
and forgot my innocent palms.

I Forgot about the birth mark on the inside of my left index finger.
The bite scar from my first dog that sat elegantly on my knuckles.
The spider veins that ran across my thumbs.

A boy took my hands,
and never gave them back.

I tried to find him,
but he moved, and left no evidence behind.

So,
I bought new hands in the shape of two roses.
One red,
and one blue.

My old hands are gone now,
though I will remember their death as one of
vicious hughe.

Monday

Today,
this morning.

Right now,
this second.
Here.

I don't want to wake up.
So I don't.

I heaved the sandbags back over my eyes,
hung my bangs
over the early light that swam through the cracks of my lips.

Today,
I yearn for the darkness.

To disguise my guilt in floral duvet covers
and jersey t-shirt sheets.

Today,
I dug a grave inside my bed.

I craddled my legs
and listened to my Father whisper in my ear,

I love you, strong daughter of mine.

Today,
this Monday.

I let myself be a victim.

But

How do I stitch internal wounds?

I bought a needle and thread

but it only made me bleed

harder for your love.

End note

Years have melted like scented wax
that devoured the candle I left burning on my coffee table.

My relationships melt like that same wax.

I can't tell what day it is,
only that I don't have enough time.

None of us have enough time.
All I wanted was a little more time.

My eyes are poisoned with bearded memories.
They are haunted by images of lives Ive lived,
and lives I didnt survive..

I wont say I havent learned.
That my armour isnt dignified,
Or my smile not bleached with courage.

Though,
Im learning how to trudge through the wax.

How to sculpt,
mend,
solidify the wax.

I just want you to know, your wax is worthy.

No matter the color,
the trauma,
or the fear.

My wax,
your wax,
our wax.

We will each heal the same.

TAKE CARE