

*starry night*

i remember spinning darkness.  
a starry night, with the color blacked out.  
foolishly lost in the river rats forest,  
pushed under a weird yellow lamp  
against the paneled HARDwood on his porch.  
confused contorted kisses on an incoherent misses..  
now the time lines confused  
salivary glands excrete bile on a tongue  
spinning black night felt her stomach hit the fence

and what an odd breeze

the time line is CONFUSED

and the fear and the waking up  
sunlight hits  
a curled body a small couch  
confused wet pants  
she thinks what an odd ache

once upon a time it was over  
but the next day  
its never over it  
lingers and festers  
and festers

fore  
ve  
er.

*when you feel it*

we dance when feelings overwhelm us,  
and when we have so many thoughts we can't see.

the night starts with a baseline so let the needle drop,  
if it skips put a penny on it or just let the beat skip

skip with the beat, and with one swift jerk of your entire body  
—express yourself.

get down with the cactuses and pronounce the plural form wrong,  
this dance is your own expression, so own it.

at the club when the creeps start crawl  
placing their hands on hips —our hips that want to *dip*

we can swivel and swat to moon walk away  
we're here to wiggle and groove not to be jammed.

we dance when we want to forget and we have a lot to forget  
so we dance all night

because with our eyes closed and our elbows up we can  
cross our arms and bounce our shoulders to get lost in sound, dancing

till our calves split open and our arches collapse  
till we've head banged to hard and wind up with whiplash

till the club closes and we have to scatter into the cold black of the morning.  
with the the kick drum still ringing in our ears and a wince in our steps,

the mist of the morning mixes with the smoke of our spliff  
all smiles as we reminisce —this night we don't need to forget

*kinda awkward*

(we) me you are two shy.  
(our) my your words tend to catch.  
stuttering stammering —searching,  
needing context for the innocently intimate.

Lyrics hang heavy in the background.  
That obscure band I you (we) like,  
Neutral Milk Hotel, perfectly narrates  
your my (our) movements, providing  
unacknowledged context for (us)

*Fuck*, I never knew what tension was  
until that last lyric coincided  
with unin(tension)al unwavering, eye contact.  
“two headed boy” standing in a living room,  
kinda dim and moderately cold,  
Slowly with in(tension) we position closer.  
The corners of (our) mouth(s) curl,  
eyes unbroken words remain thoughts  
left unspoken. The dance begins.

Stick and poke tattooed fingers interlace mine.  
Scarred with black ink ,  
coarse and cracked our hands contort,  
crawling finger tips like spiders,  
creeping and cute they wrestle

( you ) may be tall but ( I ) have the tips of my toes.  
the music shifted but (we) already know.  
No choreography necessary.  
( i ) wasn't planning on meeting ( you )  
who reciprocates curiously odd sounds,  
and my occasionally obscene somewhat awkward body language.  
Old found confidence still feels so new.

Really it's simple,  
( my ) words tend to catch.  
( your ) feelings remain thoughts.  
But ( we ) couldn't help but notice  
that my hands were cold,  
and yours were hot.

***know no no***

just say something.  
he's pretending not to get impatient,  
he's knows how hard it hurts.

you try to speak but you can't,  
nervous contractions of the tracheas  
create a road block in your throat  
that prevents the traffic flow of words.

you try to speak but its more of a croak,  
rounding shoulders in over your heart  
to hide from your loves caring eyes,  
holding your hands  
like shields over your fallen face,  
as you sink into the memory of a dimly lit place.

remember overdosing  
on drugs you never meant to take?  
that red cup must have slipped, because  
facesfadedfast slurring into forgettablefigures  
forceful as that night spun out of your control.

remember you screamed so loud.  
no no knowing at his every thrust no no nope  
he knew, you no. you no they knew, no you. but still you know no no.  
you screamed so loud but not, know no!

If a drunk girl cries at a party, and nobody cares to hear it —does she make a sound?

just say something.  
its been silent for too long now,  
you're making him worry, though he's trying to hide it.  
a gentle hand lifts your chin.  
you timidly glance up to your loves fear filled eyes,  
and through the finger cracks of your shield,  
you feed him an unsatisfactory teeny tiny little white lie:

its fine. i'm fine you're fine we're fine. i'm fine just fine. so fine.

*rotten*

it starts with a  
simple apple seed.  
small and hopeful  
still innocent of  
insects, safe from  
predators hunt.  
too soon  
it seems  
this seed  
blooms  
almost  
over night  
she grows  
and grows  
up and up and  
oh how round  
those apples got  
and ooo whose this prick?  
this prick wants to pick  
and pick  
that prick  
he rips—  
her soft pink flesh  
as he samples fruit fresh  
she writhes  
he worms  
into her core  
this apple**NOW** banged  
bruised  
brown  
falls  
down  
trying  
trying      both feet  
trying    with    on the  
to land      *ground*

*the kinda girl*

you're the kinda girl  
to drink half a corse light and leave it  
in an empty french fry container  
that you were using as a coaster on top of the  
poorly constructed ikea furniture you are going  
to finish screwing down tomorrow because  
you fell asleep too early when that edible  
got you too stoned while you were chanting  
hare krishna and trying not to hare  
hate yourself for all the times you got startled by  
something settling.

you're the kinda girl that would  
wear fingerless gloves and no bra on a day  
where nipples were guaranteed to be cold  
and the tips of your fingers were going  
to fall off because your iPhone 4  
couldn't even detect your human form  
maybe the many notifications you've been  
mentally blocking for the last 22 years have  
slowed down (your) internal processing system  
have you ever even considered checking (its) voicemail?

your less than dexterous hands are constantly  
making mistakes, always fumbling for change  
you're losing your grip more and more each day  
even jars are harder to open thanks to  
the nerves in your neck, now when you  
open and slather you hands in coconut oil  
before opening the bottle of lavender you find yourself  
regretting every decision that you've ever made  
because you've always chosen the most  
inconvenient means to accomplish every task  
like reaching across instead of around  
or assuming instead of asking  
or looking out instead of within  
or stepping *there* because thats where the crack  
that makes you trip always is  
and your elbows and knees will never  
be the same color as the rest of you  
if you were any older or any less attractive  
people would think

you're insane  
but till your looks fade and  
the bleach stains wear holes  
you can pass as quirky.

*f of life equals*

negative b, plus or minus the square root of,  
b squared minus four a c all over fuck yourself.

i am trying to factor math out of my life equation.  
i absolutely respect the value of this expression,

but with math as my K constant i am beginning to experience exponential decay.  
this inverse variation just can't seem to function.

the angle my professor is graphing isn't complimentary to my interests.  
we all know perfect or different a square is a square, its just not a rectangle.

i'd rather supplement my time in an area that serves the perimeters of my mind. my major  
may be undecided, but my future is not undefined— *you can't divide me by zero either.*

my path does not fit into your standard form,  
because my life is like a quadratic— not a straight line.

and you cannot use time to solve for the distance and rate at which i will travel,  
this ed plan will not confine my domain.

my life is an exponential function  
and I am going to write it in my own fucking notation.

*what love taught me in five short poems*

***I***

as i grow older  
i've come to realize:

my life is a  
    per  
        pe  
tual awkward moment

***II***

im a professional procrastinator  
i start a lot of projects

    occasionally i finish them  
regrettably,  
    this poem is not

***III***

when my heart broke  
    it shattered.  
I still find shards of it,  
it strangers trying smiles.

***IV***

a sunflower on a windy day  
another gust like that  
    and her head will snap

***V***

your heart is so full  
—exploding like a septic  
tank, thats sprung a leak.