

Two Poems

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The season of lilacs is monstrous

The people I like are thorough
I am not very thorough

I water my plants with the juices of another
I'm here for a short time not a good time

I like women singing
in different languages

and clouds
that cut the sky in half

weeping willows
and bushes of lilac

and the long, firm stamens
of calla lilies

It's not good to live with regrets
I don't have many

I can probably count them
on one hand

I regret not getting the ultrasound
and miscarrying a week later

All of my favorite things
resist me

You can't milk perfume
from lilacs

The season of lilacs is monstrous
if monstrosity can be defined

as proportional to beauty
and inversely proportional

to the time
in which that beauty survives

I feel as though I've lost everything
though I am aware that I lack for nothing

I play my body like a song
we've all heard before

Puppet

Diseases wander to me
like an unwanted body

pressed against mine
hard and masculine
with that definite end

I smell like my mother now

*

An older man whom I chose
to abandon

told me I don't cum
like other women

He confused me
with his daughter

which I didn't mind
and still don't

Since I was a child
I wanted to be the prettiest puppet

I remember thinking
it's the least I can do

*

My beliefs are like me
weak and limited
by the flesh encasing them

I will tell as much of the truth
as you can handle

Whatever you say I should never do
I'll say I'd never do

*

I grew up a cold and quiet animal
knowing it was advantageous

I bite hard on the insides
of my mouth

Let others see me like a watercolor
painted with fingers

Something blurred and formless
abstracted into silence

so as not to have to stand for anything
other than myself

which I do
sparingly

*

Still there is so much tissue within me
waiting to be expelled

like a miscarriage
like shit

*

One day no one will believe
in a world where I do the right thing

