

## HAIRLESS COMPANION BITCH

implosion

the anger that i cannot contain

crawling on the floor that hits me back

when and how and what hurt you

the tender but sour and well intentioned care

drew out a container

knowing that a leak will happen

but at least most of the liquid will be captured

fuck the implosion

the anger that cannot be generative is only anger

what happens when the sting of the thread

the wax

the knife

the punch

the cautious words to shave down

to be a better fit

cannot heal

i just want to feel sexy for you for me

## **MOVE LIKE ME**

with wide eyes he stares

the blinks are not rhythmically normative

denoting a top 20th percentile

likelihood of

curiosity and interest

to what i will do next

now that i have your attention

i have a responsibility

do i give in to your desire for pleasure?

the distance of a fourth wall

gives me space to consume

gives you space to digest

a safe weighted blanket creating a cave

where i can feel into if i meant what i said

and you can reject me or learn to care

now that i have your attention

i want to be true

to my extremist approach

hotter

wetter

sharper

more painful

because without it

i find myself

a shell of a puppet

waiting for you to clue me in

how can i be a

better teacher

better child

better citizen

better tax payer

better lover

i sit still looking out

the sun rays give me cancer

but for now

they also remind me

that there's you outside

cheering me on

## SASI

red rosy cheeks upon white skin

flushed and relaxed after exercising together

i see and feel my distance from you

before the pre workout

i stand cold and still

they taught me to close my borders

to build a tight fortress around my outline against \_\_\_\_\_ from coming in

because if they saw my purity and lack of opinion

how could they not want to take advantage

but if only they could have separated the trauma from their resilient discernment

maybe they could feel my yearning for free play and to be held close

the way the same strip of soft cloth holds one of my holes with confined tenderness but the other with loose irritation

open and closed

close and opened

i feel your warmth and pity

but perhaps i also long for

something that seems like a red stain on white cotton sheets

but is a fertile ground for discomfort to bleed through

knowing that my risk can be your reward too

sasi is the name of their new shiny armor

that my dreams made up

and as i opened my eyes to this world

i can feel

how the dullness of waiting together

is the oily sheen i need

to turn the faucet on and off

**i can't hear you anymore**

fold into me

so you can shine your circular sharp white light

and see the start of the connections between my brain folds and tear ducts

fold into me

because i need help to unstitch from this comfortable place of knowing

because there's a war within

i can now name where jealousy, anger, humiliation, anxiety, sadness, and desperation

seeps through

pools horizontally

like stuffing cherries in my mouth

and feeling how crushing them

can make more fit in

fold into me

you can't possibly say honestly that you know me

because i don't even know myself

fold into me

because

my double eyelids delude me

when i think i've caked on enough

midnight blue pigment

so when it is midnight and i am blue

the moon shaped melatonin pieces

aren't competing

competing with my desire to ask for your companionship

fold into me

your collapse will help me rebuild

a quieting

**i can't hear you pt.1**

fold into me

as i search for that place of balance

where the longer i feel the weight of your curves

the more settled i feel

your fluid contours are warm

complimenting the coolness of my fears

the longer you stay

the more i feel the ice melt

i want to remember my mistakes without

shutting down my eagerness

within the folds of my memories

i lift one layer of fat over the other

trying to excavate towards the deepest most hidden

i pause and chuckle

i remind myself

i had forgotten

i forgot that i didn't have to physically manipulate my layers skin from the outside

to feel the fragmented layers of



my sloppy wet

folds

the intestines of my heart

want to expel

without thought

the eyes of my heart

want you to look in

pause

when you pause

even the cuts around the round edges of your eyes

holds me with comfort

i squint

and tell myself

my artificial hazel eyes are layered on

are only one layer on

right side up

right side in

i fold into you

## **tearing tears**

it's not your fault

i learned to be violent this way

my tears fall before i even know

know what is

what is pooling in my eyes

my blue contacts are called mystic blue

performing a certain type of aspirational oceanic depth

when the natural darkness of my eyes already

already communicate

an infinite abyss

of my true

truth

my love

i still bear the dryness

of non vision correcting lenses

even blinking cannot

tear away

tear away the sadness

of seeing a smooth shiny surface

sink

sink into a tear

so i decide to stare

i bend the edges of the page

my beckoning eyes hover over

hovering you

becoming too piercing

suffocating

we are both waiting

waiting with the same intensity

waiting for the far away door of blinding light to close

waiting for the scratchiness to settle

lubricated

the sharp shadow of my height

cannot penetrate through your kindness

with your beauty

and patience

my knees are weak and i feel the waterfall of tears

of joy

simple emotion

it moves so quickly

before i can even name it

my tears on the page activate the adhesive of the light sensitive paper

gluing my desires

that now need to be differentiated/expressed through

not tears

but tearing

**“how are you?”**

is an intrusion and distraction  
from the internal rumblings  
of an amorphous darting round  
unsharp but somehow drawing blood  
a rectangular piece of foam  
the length of my body  
stands floppy  
porous like the microscopic cellular structures  
but uncertain about the next steps in their edited script  
forward  
or in  
or up  
backwards  
and together  
and apart  
a serrated knife of empathy easily pierces through  
with some painful negotiation  
hands peel back the scar tissues of certain fit  
i fillet myself  
i tack myself up to the wall  
soft spongy insides still in tack for you to see  
the hilly concavities of my hardened fluid demeanor

only if you rip me apart can you see the ruptures of my

pink surface tears

the remnants of my attempts to stay in my cocoon

sealing in

though dry and crumbling now

seeping through and no longer outside in

the history of my joy and sorrow

i share

the coagulation of my waxy nature

seducing you with a future of pleasing certainty

you are

able to feel honestly

the realness of my

presentation

performing for an audience of one

**practice 1.0 (a long caption)**

have a skill don't let them take it away from you because a flood is coming put your heavy and expensive items in your bag hoard your light and cheap items in your head stand behind /atop / under those filled containers and do the right thing of remembering

traumatraumatraumatraumamamamama

i practice 4.0 or wasting time

i reach up

almost like it doesn't matter where the peak is

but that i am reaching

expecting distortion and ache

timemememememe

the switch

turning off

the desire to perform

or is this the true moment of exhaustion

where i no longer care

if the softness of my hair still has

a bounce

timemememememe

if only you knew but didn't know how to speak it

i would sit with you

and let time dissolve our fear

and let togetherness wrap my nervous heart

until it sinks

and finds a home

lower deeper within any measure (of)

timemememememe



but we all know the clock ticks with discipline

there's no interrupting its steadfastness

even when the batteries are removed

we all know how to fill a space with waste

timemememememe

**soothing (a visual poem)**

under the sun's soft rays i sit  
through the windows their warmth softens

i feel

slathering on coconut tea tree salve  
the yellow oil tans me brown and shiny

i smell

my skin is thirsty  
your touch quenching

i close

i close my pores off  
against the density of your wooden surface

¿el momento durará no?

**dare to**

as a young girl i was told never to look at the sun  
it will blind you  
no verás

i thought i would literally be blinded  
that in the seduction of something so bright  
no verarás

quietly i remained  
with an itch in my heart  
feeling the warmth upon my shoulder  
yearning to tilt my chin up  
no veraré

is this why today  
my reflection in pieces  
the sharpest window shards glimmer  
shines  
flashes  
broken illusions  
no vea

i don't dare look (at you)  
but feel you (look back)  
my heart skips a beat  
**不要對著太陽直視**  
i see (you) now