

Conversations

I'm hurting

not in a cliché way

Daddy called and we
spoke for the first
time
in ever
about the weather/
my body
subsequently his
sorry
for imparting
infirmity
subsequently my
angry

and with the most
kindness we'll
assume
it's God's fault



I wandered into this moment without awareness
seconds split into dream hours
which tend to feel like days
at some point I was on my knees
with no intentions
trying to be in Godly reflection
to hear a voice that fluctuates
but purpose is cemented

and now all I want is your smile
and hands placating mine
because you made fun of my twisted arthritic gait
and I'm cold and back-bent
and you love being liked
none of this makes much sense

I'm charming and half of what I say is so you know
you don't deserve me as much
as I don't deserve me

Lol that's true southern women
are beautiful for many reasons,
but I think what makes us great is
that we love people too much to
let them stay the way they are.
We always want to elevate other
people

You are new here

I do not know how I feel
You said that,
I don't grasp my own beauty.

“your father was wrong”

(I've never known what to do with people like you)
(who under-appreciate my emotional intelligence)
(and I don't love you so I don't say it)

and none of these things I am willing to explain
my mouth will not part for you
I rolled my eyes/forgot your face
and grew a little less

How many teeth do you have?

I do not have 32.

Trace your tongue around your gums
for me and count.

I have 23 ½

One broke last night after I drank an
entire bottle of wine

and I couldn't feel my face

thank God I couldn't feel my face

I had been waiting for it to deteriorate
like the other 9 for some time

Crohn's takes teeth away and love and

light and running and dancing and me

and I couldn't feel my face

But there were tears

and plenty of them

Lol I would have preferred one of
your face to be honest. It seems
impressive and I appreciate that
but I want to study the intricacies
of someone's smile before I ever
really go there

😞😞😞😞😞😞 idk what my life
is anymore

Is it a joke it feels like a joke

No no it's an anti joke cause this
is not funny

I feel so bad I would even pity
myself right now. Like I'm
pitiful/full of pity and or capable of
ensuing pity

Like ldk why I defined it

You let me be over-dramatic in the same way
I let you love me without saying it

Come on back home
Father said firmly
baby girl it'll all work out
the floodgates have opened
and heaven echoes your name

we are watching
sit up straight
speak louder
feel dignified
feel heard
feel better

you are not less than anything or anyone
you don't have to represent all bruised bodied
and black faces
but you do
and you are well so it is well

half beaten and sad as all hell
you told me that
other people live most
when hating me

best and darlin friend
who I hope and trust
we've been martyrs long enough
these catalytic hearts
are just about used up

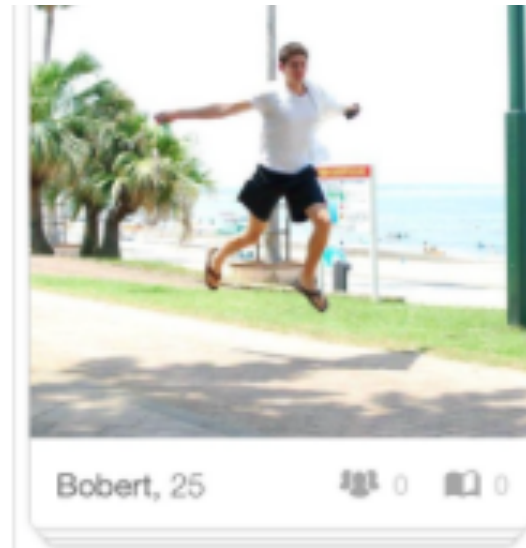
Doctor called and said he wasn't sure

as if indecision isn't the mirror of iniquity
as if iniquity isn't the reflection of me
deserving this

every bit

you said you were not sure

If wings were enough
I would have grown them
a long time ago



His name is bobert

he's not real

He can fly

cause he's not real

My mommy called and we talked
about men and how they're always children
from 21-51 there's no difference
I don't want us to be a legacy of broken
bones not-so-filament strong hearts with
souls remade choosing the wrong mates for
the right reasons and praying it won't burn
when you know it will
and we'll find someone who doesn't feel
forced and we won't die alone
and we'll have one another for quite some
time but one day we won't and I will never
forget to bury you in a dress and you will
never forget to delete my facebook when
my eyes are crazy-glued together forever
and we know we won't die alone
we will wait for one another asleep in the
ground until God calls His people to heaven
because you don't go to heaven when you
die you go to sleep and we don't mind that I
don't mind that not at all because rest is
much needed and fear has no place because
we don't feel forced and we won't die alone

she like loves us a lot



Not Delivered



Gabby and I mused over our history
our paths were written into each other
with speed and drunkenness

She said LaAndre-uh you think everything is racist
Then followed with
why can't people think outside of their bodies?
Why can't people just stop being so stupid
Why can't people walk through this world without hurting us?

I'm tired of them hurting us.
We shouldn't let them hurt us.
If only we knew how to keep them from hurting us.

After all all of them are not all that bad after all

Doctor called and he reluctantly said,
“The test Prometheus shows that
you have Crohn’s”

For the second time someone said
“You have Crohn’s”

Which is the same as saying
iniquity is yours and will always be.
Didn’t Prometheus give fire to man?

Tall boy asked me what I was meant for

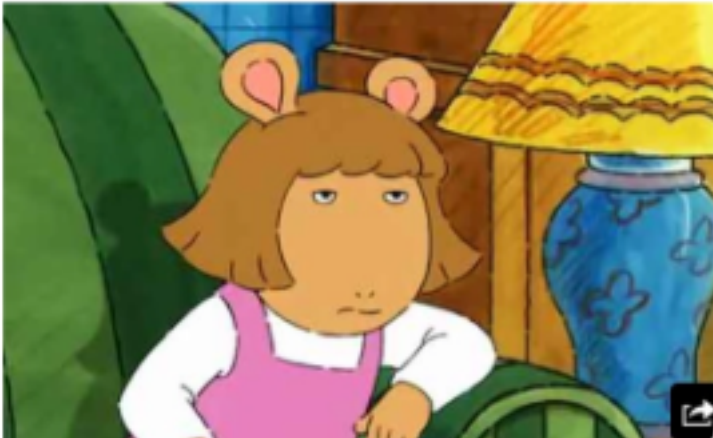
I replied

I'm meant for- humidity and sun and heat and sweat and stifling breezes and porches
and grass and cookouts and fishfrys and sorta dirty community pools
and family reunions full of people I don't fully know (but together our blood echoes)
and summer and spring and fall but not winter because winter is everything I'm not
he replied hours later saying that his phone had died

I'm meant for humidity and sun
and heat and sweat and stifling
breezes and porches and grass
and cookouts and fishfrys and
sorta dirty community pools and
family reunions full of people I
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Boom poetry!

Did you see my art? Did you like it??



if you stop saying maybe you become more like yourself