

late at night
i hear the whispers
of ivy tendrils
as the moon's light
coaxes my mind
from my body

the stars float
like jellyfish
in a vast sea
and i wonder
what it would take
to join them

how many
prayers would
the angels reject
and how many
wings would i
burn in the
sun's glow to try
and reach them?

if i were
icarus with
freedom at
my fingertips
i would relish
the feeling
of burning wax
as it traced
melting scars
down my back
and left me
plummeting

because then,
in the wind's
embrace, i would find
solace in the

knowledge that
my life is mine own

and when i
crashed into the
starving waves they
would welcome
me, a child of
salt and tears

LET US IN
they would screech
as the last
bit of humanity
left me to
slice at the
wounds i opened
in your name

if only i was
pretty like
comet showers
painting Heaven
with murals of
gold thread,
so i would not
have to embroider
my scars to
reflect the
halo i placed
on your head

OH MUSE
please don't leave
me where
the warmth
cannot find
my aching bones

and where my

skeletons
lay buried
in the soil
i tilled with
bleeding palms

you see,
digging graves
comes easy to
those who
crave the
feeling of
dirt beneath
their nails

because it is
easier to wish
on fireflies
in the gloom
of summer nights
than to find
mercy in
Artemis
and use false
hope to
pray by
candlelight