

Birth-Controlled Dyke

Butter me up
 with hormone heresy
 Butter me up, butterfuck
 so I don't get battered
 in the street
 consequence evaporates
 like dormant
 spiders in crumpets
 doubling bubbling
 toilet troubles
 two-minute eternity in a piss-fingered cubicle
 where our futures sweat with butter.

Butter me up
 with a **bulletproof** body
 Butter me up, buttercuck
 so I don't have to beg when they
 S p r e a d m e
 for break fast

threatening incontinence
 and plumbing a pipe dream
 just let me avoid the medical bill
 of predators on parole
 but you still want your bread and butt- butt- butter
 from contraceptive camouflage
 and
 low-rent lesbians.

Butter me up
 with barrenness
 Butter me up
 without excuses
 that still m
 e
 l
 t in your mouth
 buttering
 splu tt t e r ing
 uttering
 that I am
 parannoyed by a delusion turned destiny
 hysterical for hysterectomy
 tongue-tied or tubular
 lather us smother us
 mother,
 unmother us.

Just butter me up,
 Buttercup.

Funhouse

Gumnut Assorted for supper

Again

Dry dust snorted with weak earl grey

Before 8pm doses when they

find

Me

In a courtyard of stiff chairs and hazy edges

Made hazier

While I Make crazier

I hoard sprinkles secret colours in my ice cream

Loud walls of chipped beige

gnawed vibrant

by chipped teeth

They take me out for an afternoon on a cotton candy Ferris wheel

Amusement park tragedy of a dying child's wish

We're having fun

I think so

It may as well live inside

my skin

Like every tiny dust mite

That fucks and fights for survival

In pores scrubbed raw but never

unfilthy

Until I just Exfoliate with dirt

Feeding the slugs and symptoms

W o v e n

into neuroses

"Try some breathing exercises"

But I Try instead

screeching for benzodiazepines

soothing ocean sounds like parrots on tensed shoulders

We describe ourselves as seasons

Mary is the midsummer

her voice dry with the heritage and heartbreak

of a family who will never visit

I ramble about crunchy leaves, vomit and screams

But she says No matter who we are today

We all become the

Fall

Funhouse (~~Relapse~~ Reprise)

Here's where we're at: A nurse compliments me on my *συψηλαμει λιδα*, file, and I celebrate a pyrrhic victory against myself. I cut out a picture of a flea mechanic in art therapy. An older woman looks at it from over my shoulder and says, "that's so you". We've never met before, but somehow, she's right.

I'm back at the beginning. Ad nauseam. Add nausea.
Shrink me
Papercuts on a phantom limb // Sandpaper serifs \\ No other sharps allowed.
between the
I'm too tired to give this beauty anymore, too clumsy to make it ~~memorable~~ meme-able.
lines of a poem.

But anyway, how was breakfast? [They speak like souffle.]

Any thoughts of self-harm?

[Collapsed.]

I'm not suicidal, I'm just—

—a googly-eyed rock in the community garden.

How do I grow here? I've lost so many splinters in this skin. I can only—

s r
p i n l the grains of salt
k onto each of these wounds
e and wastelands

Some things we just can't change

the weight of vulnerability an ache of tinfoil on teeth
the bruising of blood pressure an accidental Rorschach
the *splash*
sb of an overzealous urine sample a frenzy of muppet arms
sb
all of the emotions today just left 'em on the dinner tray

as a dog I must eat my own vomit
curled into the intimacy of its echo
a synced period
cyclical as soy sauce fish and silica packets
straitmen threatening the straitjacket
they once said *growing pains*
as if the next ones weren't sharper yet
or duller than ever or better off bed

The Last 37.5mg

Longitudinal collage of my diary

37.5

honeymoon of a headache
in this cracked skull of spacetime
the hairline rift between work and

working on it

really, I am.

am I?

I know it doesn't seem like it.

does it?

31.25

trying to fix things with the same futility
as asking Siri for help when she just googles like a common mortal.

how to stop being a dykey nightmare?

a dykemare?

[no, that sounds like a lesbian horse.]

I FOUND THIS ON THE WEB FOR "HOW TO STOP BEING A DAIKON NIGHTMARE".

so thanks, I guess, for the radish salad recipes and air con manuals.

25

on the train.

stewing in my own juices. like an angry bolognese.

had to buy fruit tingles. so I wouldn't eat the dog's medicine. [also ate a crayon.]

18.75

- the psychic who called me a stale marshmallow
- the bird that ate the elastic from my clotheslined underwear
- the cup-o-noodles trying to connect with me on facebook
- the mixtape I got in middle school that was just "hero" by enrique, on repeat
- the brain zapz and psyche scraps

12.5

sleep sand on the rim of my margarita
melatonin metallic in my brainfolds
you only fall asleep from pretending you already are,
so I try this for everything else too.
fake it until you make it, after all, and I can make dreams
where Healthy Harold emerges from my teeth and says, “I couldn’t have saved you.”

6.25

as I turn out of the driveway
I’ve never worried about leaving the stove on and starting a fire
but what if I left the vibrator gently buzzing in my nightstand
hornet’s nest of horniness
stirring us to earthquake dust
surrendering to the wasp

0

well,
I just called myself a *minestrone pony*
in the workplace

so I guess I’ve reached lucidity now. and I give it a 7/10.