

typical.txt

maybe it is time for me to write poems for You. The Somebody Else.
i need to find a way to eat what comes out of me. The Wonder of [if &
when] i am real has worn off. i'm bored of the question. every stanza
can't be a memoir. you like me dead or dying. it's always easier to
decompose — which is to say i am here to *break it down* for
you. i'm dying to be seen possible. my tombstone should only say
AGAIN. but enough about the inevitable / scream in adoration of
your own lack of bravery. love me from the shadows. always be a
startling kind. i be a typical bxtch. just as annoyed & engulfed as ever by
this & that & why must seeing me cost so much. i can barely afford to
be (which is why i'm relaying this to you now). when asked how bad has
it been i answer with my tongue upside down & bitten.

i hate having to speak for a legion of homegirls each with
their own tongues. i hate having to testify for legacies of the
Atlantic ocean, each with it's own graveyard. i only have so many bones.
i can only be broken so many times. i make means from all that i am
un-entitled, meaning i title this appeal: Undone. it is not that i hate
telling like it is, it is that telling it as such does not do much for either of
us. you, the collective, nor me. what i know is that every lie i've told has
been found out so i stopped trying. the last cost me more than i
thought i had. the cost of being whole is an arm & a leg or iridescent
switchblade (which actually is \$10 but also) an easier route home. but
Truth, oh how expensive realness runs for these days!

this is what i am suppose to tell you, the worst of it? the heartbreak? i
have faced such horrors that exist outside of my body am i not allowed
to dance, here. must the stage always require a ritual of death? must the
curtain always confirm the conclusion? either way, i know i exist best in
memory, yours
not mine. i know i heal when i am most injured. i know these
confessions work — with hope that at least one of us
is saved.