

Female Rage

I light a match and toss it, with hyper focus and the most intention,
Towards a pile of disrespect, manipulation, and exploitation
humiliation that we are coerced into believing is all that we deserve
We are kept disconnected from our emotions,
Labeled as dysfunctional, unimportant, and unnecessary
Under the guise of submissiveness, they are locked into cages
For fear of what their immersion into our being will do.
For how it will displease the man.
But for how long can we stay detached from the very thing
That creates and nurtures and inspires
Without feeling like we are withering away?
For how long can we make ourselves smaller and smaller
Contorting into a pretty smile, a pleasing body, a catering person
So that the man feels comfortable?
For how GODDAMN long can we resist the power of our rage,
The guttural scream we have suppressed to make way for hatred,
The deep-seated, lifelong grief of belittlement we must hold alone,
The pure anger at sanctified violation that is a rite of passage for a girl to become a woman?
I watch the flick of light become a dance of destruction.
It satisfies me. I will create something new, something glorious.
Let it all burn.

Molting

Twitching, plucking. bloody and fragile.
Tortured by inevitable growth.
Tests and quests, almost too much to handle.
Tears in her eyes, at God she questions and loathes.
But deep down, she knows this is necessary,
Not an evil, but

creation emerging
from destruction

And so, she picks at her feathers today
and tomorrow with faith
She prevails.

The Box

I put together a box of your things,
I scoured, manic, adding everything of your essence.
The box overflows, and still there's more.
Turns out, your absence still held your presence.

It sits there, discarded, wide open
Filled with proof of our existence,
A love that was potent and real,
A love that was doubted and feared.

I wanted so badly to move on, to be rid of you,
to cut the red string that keeps the *inyeon* alive.
Every treasure, a heart-stabbing reminder
Of the collateral damage "us" became.

But the box now sits there, half-packed.
Unsure of what it is and what it's meant to do.
It sits there, next to my bed.
Pervading my dreams, coloring them blue.

Seems you're always lingering. Even when you're not.
Even when I've decided that you throw me off balance,
That I'm doing me and we've had our last shot,
I can't help but hold on. I can't seem to let you go.

One day, maybe I'll accept our time for what it was.
And look back fondly at the twinkle in your eyes,
Not missing who you once were,
But able to understand who you've become.

Until then, I pray for your health and well-being.
I pray for your safety and big dreams.
I pray that you remember me and everything I tried to be.
I pray that you know I just wanted you to be my home.
I pray that you heal. I pray that you grow.
I pray that you always keep that caring little boy alive, everywhere you go.

Thanatos

He entered my life, slowly, then all at once
A looming presence I attempted to deny
A force that, once I turned to,
found myself submitting to wholly

Thoughts of him took over my days
His hands around my neck
The pervasion of his breath into my lungs
The compelled intoxication that defeats all manner of control
The exhalations bordering pain and pleasure
The total malfunction of rationality
The sudden cease of the heart

He led me, moved me, showered me
With an obsession they romanticize in the tragedies,
Molding me into someone unrecognizable
Someone that fantasized about hell
I was wrapped around his finger
And I held on for dear life.

As time passed,
He grew more and more demanding
Praising my misery, rebuking my happiness
I basked in his affection
That was savored for when I chose isolation
I abandoned reality,
Sinking deeper into him
I became his marionette,
As he moved my own hands into my heart,
Ripping off bigger chunks of myself
To keep him entertained
And he, in turn, shrouded me,
Hiding me away from the world,
Burying me in my shame,
Persuading me only he was the answer
He gazed proudly
As I reached depravity

And the hollowness that ensued

He saw the skeleton I became,
Murmured that I'd find solace in another life
I trudged, mindless, with him to the edge
I nearly took that step, the one that would end it all

When I looked over
And finally saw
Ashy skin, sunken eyes, rotting teeth
And smelled
The sickeningly sweet stench of decay

I retreated slowly
Then ran from that edge
No looking back
Thinking not of the days passed
But of the days to come
And how a tip of the scale
Might have erased the joy of creating
A life worth living

I will meet the god of death again,
As everyone eventually does,
When I've touched all flowers
And walked all roads
I hope, then, he and I can greet each other
As old friends that have waited patiently,
Reminiscing on when distortion was our only red string

Loneliness

I stare into the dark abyss
My mind wanders
What will I face in the unknown?

My dreams tell me of a man with a hidden face
That wordlessly pursues me
Sinister and intentional in his quiet threat

They tell me of an abandoned room
That offends in its hideousness
Trashed and abused in squalor and sloth

They tell me of my mother in old age
With empty eyes and blue veins
Frail and forgetful, ready for her next life

In an act of courage, I stare and search
As hard as I can
But all I see is a deeper blackness
And it occurs to me
That what I fear above all else
In the Underworld
Is the deafening silence of solitude.

Ouroboros

I timidly step foot into my shadow
A swamp, ominous in its measured chaos, beckons me
Its breath is heavy with unexplained grief,
A longing that was never fulfilled

Scraggly vines grasp at my shoulders and hair
Ancient roots emerge from secrets in the muddled water

Every instinct for survival I have rejects this place
Offended, the swamp begins to swallow me
The roots wrap around my legs in suffocating coils
I hear my own whispers of terror and indecision

I thrash and kick but they tense in response
And the tightness inches up to my stomach
I think hateful things and blame others for my state
I curse God and ask for salvation in the same breath

But the swamp does not care for my bargaining
It demands to be known
So I relent, relent, and relent some more
Until I am fully absorbed