

A Hundred Little Deaths

Carmen Flores-Lopez

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Table Of Contents

Preface: 1

Narrative Lingerie: 2

In Bad Taste: 14

Feminist Blow-Up Doll: 37

Exposure Therapy: 50

Preface

I never want to have children, but I enjoy having sex. Similarly, I view my poetry as an act of subversive self-indulgence. When creating this poetry collection, my main goal was to feature various speakers who also found themselves reflecting on their experiences with sexuality and gender. Additionally, this work is inspired by my own experiences as a queer Latina and from the many other people who were kind enough to share their intimate stories with me throughout my time at Point Loma Nazarene University.

Yet, *A Hundred Little Deaths* does not stop there; it also explicitly and implicitly situates itself within a much larger theoretical and cultural conversation. As a literature major and women studies minor, I couldn't help but latch onto theorists like Micheal Foucault, Judith Butler, and Bell Hooks after being introduced to them in my classes. In fact, it was those theorists who helped me understand, articulate and own my desires.

Regarding prominent cultural references, *A Hundred Little Deaths* is littered with allusions to everything from Mary Harron's *American Psycho* to Frida Kahlo's "Self Portrait as a Tehuana". However, as someone who has experienced trauma, I found myself fascinated and personally invested in our culture's discourse surrounding deviance. Thus some of the cultural references I used were in regards to true crime.

Ultimately, I decided to structure my collection into four parts. The first part, "Narrative Lingerie" includes the foundational vignettes of my collection. Subsequently, the second portion of my collection is entitled "In Bad Taste" and deals with the more provocative poems about desire. Next, I entitled the third section "Feminist Blow-Up Doll" to highlight poems in the collection that show speakers confronting the performative aspect of female sexuality. Finally, I entitled the last section, "Exposure Therapy," to compile the poems that deal with speakers who are asserting agency over their sexuality.

One
Narrative Lingerie

If sex is repressed, that is, condemned to prohibition, nonexistence, and silence, then the mere fact that one is speaking about it has the appearance of a deliberate transgression. A person who holds forth in such language places himself to a certain extent outside the reach of power; he upsets established law; he somehow anticipates the coming freedom.

-Michel Foucault

American Psycho's Extended Ending

It's two a.m.

I am ten

and watching a sex scene from *American Psycho*.

pause

rewind

pause

rewind

I watch it for the tenth time in one night
confused as to how Bat(e)man could be so mean
jealous of the women who were on the screen
I never knew that human bodies could do that
a beautiful red headed woman does something obscene
Bat(e)man bends her over while watching himself in a mirror
I begin to cross the wrong wires
I begin to want bad things
he spanks her
my little jaw hits the floor

pause

rewind

pause

rewind

I watch it for the twelfth time in one night.
Something comes over me and never leaves.

How to Split an Existence

You anticipate “the coming freedom,”
relax my clenched jaw,
and unbutton my pants.
You tell me about hedonism
while spelling out desire
on the inner crook of my neck.
I smile at your cottage-cheese-covered ceiling
and think about how lucky I am
to want something,
to become a feeling.
I compose the first poem
vaguely inspired
by a fragment of you.
Then, you break me in two.

Misplaced Hunger

Spilled snow cones crunch
underneath my weight
I celebrate my eighth birthday
waking up to snowflakes
laying kisses on the ground.

I wait for a return back to earth
or any piece of solid ground.
Slipping in between movie theater seats
I rub my arm against yours
and you barely notice me.
I am born during maitnees
and die in front of the concessions.

I wait for a return back to earth
or maybe I just want to go away.
Disappearing behind my frizzy hair
and moonlike face,
I am nothing more
than the hunger of an old God.

Can I trust a man?

(I want to trust a man)

Finding my father's pornography

at the age of nine

(a Freudian slip made by the divine)

My mother swallowed swords

but won't give him a blow job.

(Let's not dwell on this one for too long)

Someone put their hands on me

(Uninvited, I remember that vaguely)

but after the third time I sought it out

(I was tired of being a victim)

I asked my mother why

people say rape is a bad thing

if sex always feels good.

My mother never answered.

(My sexuality has made a victim out of me)

I seek out crueller hands than the ones

that first fondled me.

(If I can trust a man)

I want to trust a man.

Maybe

perhaps

sex

doesn't have to be

something taken from me.

I Put a Curse on You

When I was little and cried those tears,
God might have accidentally heard me.
When you put your hands on me
and ushered me into a chaotic age,
she put a plague
on you,
one that you still
are answering for today.
She enforces justice
even when I beg for your mercy.
She says,
*No one gets to
defile a blessing of mine
and not wish they were dead.
Even to touch her feet
would be one of the greatest sins.*
I spent nine years hiding my toes
and cursing at Her flock of sheep
all for nothing,
because She heard me.
She heard me.

Self-Possesion

She was pretty
in a way
that made me

 want to kiss
her breasts and
feel my way up
to a promised land
I had never visited.

 I shoved my tongue
down her throat
in an attempt to
 taste a flavor of woman
that I could never be.

I took her hand
and tried to
arm wrestle with divinity.

The Bird and Her Keeper

He holds her with heavy hands
and I see the whites of her eyes.

Her soaked plumage

smells sweet

but reeks of compromise.

For her,

womanhood is a nest

she drops out of

and a springboard of

God's creating.

Orange Crest, CA

You are the greatest love affair I never had.

The making of a silk noose and
living proof of our strength in numbers.

Would you bring flowers to the graves
of the people we used to be?

I would.

Our tears

and the way you used to drive
are things that I will never get to experience again in this life.

We grew up in spite of ourselves
and tried to eat our parents on the way out.

Wherever I go

I always bring along all
the many versions of you.

This time I brought the one

I never knew:

The one who was distinct from myself.

A Season of Understandings

My tongue is splintering,
and all we can do is watch
as years of stomaching the impossible
catch up with me.
The useless parts of myself fracture.
I leave them behind like dead leaves,
and they burrow into the ground.
I will come back to harvest them in the spring.

Nature Does Not Always Succeed

I did not come out
in a way that deserves applause.
I was dragged kicking and screaming
not from the closet
but from my Mother's kitchen pantry.
I tried to soak up my tears with bags
of uncooked rice
and when I bled I treated it as nothing
more remarkable than cans of tomato paste.
Womanhood ushered in by screaming
was what I learned to mark myself against
and I memorized the language of femininity
at gun-point.

The Lover's Losing Lantern

La Luna is shoved
 back into the ground.
Her hair sprawled out
 across a pillow
is a sea of stars now.
 We dip our fingers
into her Milky Way
and watch
as the Big Bang
undoes itself in front of us.
We hold our breath
while running our hands
over constellations
and settling into our own unrest.
La Luna flings opens her eyes
 at the sound of our sighs
and hides the parts of her
 that we touched in the night
and I think we've fallen in love
with la lotería despite how often we lose.

Two
In Bad Taste

She went to bed with men as frequently as she could. It was the only place where she could find what she was looking for: misery and the ability to feel deep sorrow.

- Toni Morrison

A Virgin's Wet Dream

I'll open up like a sweet flower;
warm and wide.

The morning dew collected on my petals
will make it easy for you to come inside.

Need

I don't need a soul mate.

I need a soul cage

or something to contain me.

Another body,

to hold the parts of myself
that are too many.

I Go Chasing

Running, jumping, and rolling
head first, arms wide
into your constellation comprised
of everything you've ever loved.

Laughs thunder
through the streets,
limbs flail
under sheets.

Do you know about love?

It seeps onto notebook pages
and springs up from the ground
like unwanted weeds.

Love wraps its vines around our necks,
and we giggle while we feel it squeeze.

Andromeda's Mother

Gently gliding with me across the room, she dips me backwards and makes me her broom. She tells me I look prettier during times of crisis and that I enter my prime in the darkest hour of the night. The wind howls through me, leaving me more frigid than I care to admit, but still she glances at me every chance that she gets. Orion's belt was just the beginning. Now I am a constellation in my own right, and the world keeps on spinning.

A Butterfly Sucking Nectar

I'm too awesome for a third date.
I stick my tongue down your throat
a butterfly sucking nectar,
preparing you for the hummingbirds
that will come after me.
(The ones with bigger and harder beaks.)
Trust me on Friday we will be making out.
I will taste your sticky sweet
and my fingers will leave
covered in your pollen.

Butt Stuff

You tell me what to do, and I like to listen.
I shove three fingers into my black hole.
You like it when I stretch oblivion.
I beckon you to follow me,
to eat your way through the milky way,
but that is not your kink.
I want to take you where men dare not tread
and where I happen to take up residence.
I implicate myself, but I don't care.
I dispose of the great disposer
and leave him weeping
in nothing but his underwear.

Samantha

(A found poem using transcripts from the Roman Polanski rape trial)

Thirteen

Two rolls of film

Took off my shirt

I don't want to get anymore pictures taken.

He was rushing me.

In the jacuzzi.

No wait.

I don't know what it was.

I was just standing there looking at him.

He took a few pictures.

There wasn't enough light.

No.

No, I got to get out.

I have asthma.

I can't.

It's okay.

It's too cold.

No I don't want to go in.

No I have to go home now.

I was afraid

So I just went

And sat down on the couch.

My underwear and a towel.

No I won't.

I have to go home.

He reached over and kissed me.

I told him no

But I was kind of afraid of him

Because there was no one else.

No.

Come on.

Let's go home.

Then he went down

And started performing

Cuddliness.

It means he went down on me.

He was just like licking

And

I don't know.

I was ready to cry.

I was kind of going

Stop it.

Come on.

Let's go home.

Sometimes he was saying stuff

But I blocked him out.

He started to have intercourse with me.

No stop.

It was in my underwear.

It was in my underwear.

How It Goes

It starts with doubt
that spreads like moss.
It weighs on me like a rock.
It dogs my every step
and is obviously smelled on my breath.
It lurks behind me.
(I see it out of the corner of my eye right now.)
It smothers me when I try to sleep at night.
It is written on the faces of the old and young.
It is the sound of an incessant hum.
It teaches me how to survive a hijacked body.
It makes me go love-numb.

Vacationing in Sodom

Our mothers are ashamed of us;

Two girls.

Wrap it.

You are after all a professional.

Die a hundred little deaths

&

Get back up again.

Our bodies do not fit.

Our flesh is cement.

Wash it.

Get the soap

&

Lather it.

Dry it.

Put it back under the bed.

Our mothers are ashamed of us;

Two girls with stunted potentials

Spending our springs

Vacationing in Sodom.

Disposable Desires

I chase it out with love
and massive amounts of saliva.

I run it into the ground
while no one is looking.

I swallow it like my mother swallowed swords.

I stomach it like it's a nonnegotiable destiny.

I wrap it up and throw it away.

A Repeated Indiscretion

Making the wrong choices

In the name of affection

(In the name of attention)

A repeated indiscretion

(I am getting good at this)

Talking myself off the ledge

(Pushing buttons I never meant)

Touching people I never met

(Victimizing myself)

A repeated indiscretion

(I am getting good at this)

Venus Fly Trap

The point of pleasure
is pain.

Venus fly trap
is my middle name.

I open my legs
to you.

I beckon you
with my pink innards
and try to force
an impulsive decision.

My sorrow
knows no bounds.

I lure you in with the
scent of rotting flesh.

To love me is to have sex
with taxidermy.

Lilith at a Gas Station

She grabs me by my hair
and makes me lick the juice of fears:
God's angry spit
that just fell from his mouth.
Now it pools around the base of her biker boots.
Now she shoves it into my throat deep down.

As of Right Now

I give my firebird its daily dose of coal,
(watch as I stoke its embers)
I draw my knees closer
and try to be content to remember
how I baptized you with flames.
A tiny seedling,
I could have grown you into a full plant
(into an ethical man)
but I am no mother figure.
I did not want to lay down and die with you
(at least not yet)
too sweet for my beak
I spit you out
and accept
that I might be capable of caring for a man.
(as long as he is less sugary than you)
I made you weep for three weeks.
It took me five to conjure up the courage
to collect your tears in person.
I use them like the dirt
uses rain water;
to create something new
(to make myself a person)

This Feels Like Nothing

I smell of corn syrup
and bottles of mistakes.
I am a woman unraveled,
an item misplaced,
and a lack of personal space.
I turn a man on
and push my restart button
but this will still not do.

Roadkill's Favorite Lady Friend

I find bad people
and spit them out clean.
A maggot, I leave the bone meat free.
I am roadkill's favorite lady friend.
They come in me
and walk away less obscene.
A woman in dissociation,
I find ways to cope with the sensation
of constantly being filled with filth.

My Mother Has No Name

alejandra,
built like a pair of chopsticks
you leave us with nothing more than splinters.
you take your shaky leaf legs
and exile yourself upstate,
another failed attempt at making yourself whole.

antagonist of life,
they drown you in prescription pills
and you discover a new vice,
one that will not give you children.

our medusa,
you hiss and scream
at everyone and nothing.
the neighborhood kids
call you a witch.
an exorcism,
they cast a spirit out of you
and it sets its eyes on me.
I learn to love the way I look cut in three.

Some of Us Never Learn

A misinterpreted Nine Inch Nails song
picking off sweet strawberry blondes
one by one
hands bright red from a virgin's blood

How old were you the first time
you wanted to possess something?

Tricking girls into your room
into your van into your life
only to devour them.

Teeth to skin.

Some of us
never learn love

only lust.

Coming of age
in violent technicolor

A Ted, Eric
or Dylan.

Men are wolves
and I am expected
to raise them, to love them,
to forgive them.

(Good Riddance)

Bend my legs backwards.

 Hold my soul upright.

Don't look away from me, now.

I swallow you whole

 but you pull yourself out
over and over again.

My mother said it's a miracle
she ever got pregnant.

I am not my mother.

I dodge the divine gift,
counting down the minutes until
it's gone.

I eat sushi and laugh at the fact
I almost lived for something
that would dare to take me
away from myself.

The Woman at the Well Meets a Buzzkill

When God returns

She finds me with a bloody nose and a smirk
standing by the well where my grandmother's grandmother was first cursed.

She asks me if I'm ready to admit
that the way I've been living is wrong.

I roll my eyes at her and shake my head.

I'm much too proud to be a victim of content.

She tells me I will never make it to thirty
if I keep this up.

That if I want the spirits inside of me to shut up

I need to change my life.

I stare at her and sigh.

I wait for God to leave my side

but she won't.

She sticks around and kills my high.

Three
Feminist Blow-Up Doll

[T]he way in which the body figures in gender and sexuality studies, and in the struggles for a less oppressive social world for the otherwise gendered and for sexual minorities of all kinds, is precisely to underscore the value of being beside oneself, of being a porous boundary, given over to others, finding oneself in a trajectory of desire in which one is taken out of oneself, and resituated irreversibly in a field of others in which one is not the presumptive center.

-Judith Butler

Cry of the Deviants

I take my anger with me into my twenties,
drag it by its ankles all around
the house my father built.

I hate the Book of Job
because my mother learned to love it so.
I slam the kitchen cabinets closed
and try to find a way to live like a man
in the body of a woman's fleshy clothes.

I sever the head from the human body
and find new ways to behave autonomously.
I become the hanged man
and lose myself to the bottom
of my mother's kitchen sink.

I separate from the crowd permanently.

I take my anger with me into my twenties,
drag it by its ankles all around
the house my father built,
and when my neighbors complain about
the noise I'm making,
I'll start to sing and rage even louder still.
With both my hands I'll grab the closest man
and get on both my knees.
I hate the Book of Job
because divinity is ripe for the making
and I am not my mother.
I refuse to live my life waiting.

Breaking Up Comes in Stages (Even If It Repeats)

I drop my feathers
when you come around.

Stage one I block all calls

(or chase you out with fire.)

Stage two I feast on all my memories

(or make a man into a God.)

Stage three I wash you off of my skin

(or I swallow your remaining residue.)

Stage four I puke

(or the universe snickers at the sight of me without you.)

Stage five I chase it down with liquor

(or I don't and instead bask in the taste of my own bitter.)

Stage six I find someone worse than you

(or someone better.)

Stage seven I do not find someone better

(or I get who I deserve.)

Stage eight I become a quitter

(or I learn to respect myself.)

Stage nine I become a different archetype

(or I become the one you left me for.)

Stage ten we break up again

(and this time I am all the worse parts of you.)

I shed my scales

every time you leave.

Keeling Over

My own sex escapes me, and
you force the compromise
in between my thighs.

It leads me face first towards bliss,
takes me back to watching palm trees
from outside her window, and
turns me around inside of myself.

Lady Lemmings

We were young girls
learning how to become willing victims,
dreaming about the first time
a man would choke us out of love,
and singing songs of rope with smeared makeup.
We talked about rosebudding
over school lunch.
We were young girls
in search of something more obscene
than what was imposed upon us
before we were even thirteen.
Bruised apples and soiled clothes
from the minute we were born.
One after the other
we were thrown into the dark.

I'm in Love with a Reptile Man

He shape shifts so much
I don't think I have ever truly seen him.
If you asked me to identify him,
I really couldn't.
But oh god, I love the feel of how he flicks his tongue
and how he always remembers our anniversary month.
I know you won't believe me,
but I assure you I am not misleading.
There are many others like me;
the chosen witnesses
of a love conspiracy.

A Disease of My Own Making

It doesn't matter if this moment is fleeting,
it is my own love I am seeking.

a kiss

 a twitch

both are foreign to me.

A tender moment that makes up for my broken infancy.

Help me learn to drown so I can learn to swim.

Tell me that I am sweet.

Her Body Is an Empty Gun

and so is mine
yet you never even
had to spend a night.
They called it statutory.
We called it a prolonged murder site.

Your brother's wife begins the clean up

and I make you the origin
of all my feminine rage.
The maddest of all the furies,
I make men like you
the victims of my maiden name.

Your brother's wife begins the clean up

and I remember her and with her comes you.
I try to scrub myself of this
but not even a church will do.
You make women like me
seek divinity in droves
only to make us come back to you
every Monday empty and alone.

Your brother's wife begins the clean up

and reminds me
that we could never be
your brother's keeper.
She says she'd never clean
a mess for free
and that you can only love men
after they leave.

Your brother's wife begins the clean up

and shoves women like me under the rug.

We watch from rolled up carpets

as she defends the right of men

to make our bodies into empty guns.

(Not) Ashamed

I am not ashamed
of what I did
but when I think
about the many different ways
I cracked myself open
and soaked up your skin
I feel something.

Casual Encounters with the Fourth Kind

I looked for God and only found aliens.
Not with green skin or jet black eyes,
instead they were all around five foot nine
and wore one hell of a disguise.
They didn't know a single human emotion
except pleasure.
I let them probe and abduct me.
I was dragged farther
and farther away from my home.
When I was with them, I felt my soul roam.
It watched as they experimented on me.

The cold hardness of their beds
felt like a coroner's table.
I was embalmed when
I should have been loved.
My make up was wiped off.
My dress was unbuttoned.
I tried to cry, but
instead I laughed.

It felt so good
being killed and revived
in the name of creation.
The insincere chemicals
coursing through my veins
kept me up all night and day.

The Sublime Falls Short

A weighed-down water lily,
I sink underneath the pressure
while watching my small ripples
turn into monstrous waves.

I waste a season getting high,
shove my face between your thighs,
and lose myself in a non-life
just because I can.

A natural disaster raging over homelands,
I become a hedonist
and a pervert (only for a day).
The werewolf in me howls and shakes;

I want to go back.

I want to go back.

I want to go back.

Moving House

I let a piece of myself die and I try to make its going away feel nice. I grab the candles my mother never let me light and try my best to perform its final rites. I spit on Spanish moss, go numb in my hands from the sensation of a loss I can not name, and try to avoid seeking out someone else to blame.

Everything must go, so I put up the sign up myself. I pace anxiously around a house that is no longer mine. The grief hits and cars skip quickly past my for sale sign. I should've liquidated the home I made out of other people's sighs. It's been thirty weeks and still, not a single buyer is in sight.

Four:
Exposure Therapy

To know love we must surrender our attachment to sexist thinking in whatever form it takes in our lives...To practice the art of loving we have first to choose love-admit to ourselves that we want to know love and be loving even if we do not know what that means. The deeply cynical, who have lost all belief in love's power, have to step blindly out on faith.

-Bell Hooks

A Burning of a Witch

There are no aliens here.
The mess we made is ours
alone to bear.
No ancient being.
No godlike machine.
It is simply the work
of each other's
collective undoing.

I turn inwards
and let the hurt
burn me.

I become a woman ablaze

and humanity's most recent attempt
at instilling order
in our lives.

But, despite how much we try,
the annihilation of a whistleblower
(even if it is me)
will never be enough.

I burn for no reason.

Catholic Guilt

Bone breaker,
I let you overtake me.
We melt together
as you shatter my knees.
You make even moving my face
take more than a mountain of muscle.
You make the tears run from my eyes ribbon-like
and the blood I weep bring out the color in my saintly cheeks.
All this happens while our Great Mother sleeps in clean sheets.
Yes, God is a woman and all She did was use me.

A Calling Card for Decay or Something I Do to Myself

Parts of me begin to slip through your teeth's openings
and settle into the lines on your face.

A calling card for decay,

I become the final stop for all expired things.

A polar express

that leads to what kids can't digest.

Am I love you spoken too soon

and a funeral-themed honeymoon.

I said it once, do I really need to say it again?

Where God Couldn't See

Seeking out the fruit of Eve,
you found me drunk on desire and red wine.
A liberated spirit, I had become too free,
convinced myself I was godlike
and embraced a false sense of immortality.

A succubus,
I sought out my partners
in order to figure out "me."
(In order to make sense of *this*.)
In order to feed.

I breathed you in.
(I felt the safest I had ever been.)
You called me the goddess of fertility
and I laughed, telling you I was barren.
You said that's not what you meant
and christened me the origin of all things living.

A death doula,
you guided me with your finger tips
towards my first death of many.
I gasped and let you hold me
where God couldn't see,
(at the end of a beginning.)

A God Flung Out

You

 move me.

Fixating my eyes

on your chest

the absence of

misplaced flesh,

a correction

ordained by you.

A God flung out

from its religion

finds itself

(in my bed)

 wanting

to place kisses

on my neck.

Craving your hands,

I am an alter boy

bruising my knees

eating your sacrament.

I run my fingers

across the ridge

on your chest.

You are so much more

than my object of desire

(You're complementary to me.)

The Reason I Stayed

I tasted

power

when I

put my mouth on it.

I liked

the grossness

of it all.

The pleasure

followed by

a delicious shame.

I went back down for seconds

and figured I might as well just stay.

The Prize of Floating

Simple joys

grab me by the tongue
& change the topic of conversation
for once.

Salt water

slaps me in the face:
a month comes & goes.

No one knows
if we're in love yet.

I learn to float
instead of drown
for the first time in my life
& that alone is enough of a prize.

Two Perverts in a Public Park

We go at it while
you chase a moan of mine out of sight
and all the way back up the children's slide.
 I scrape my knees on woodchips
 trying to get my high
and you bend me over next to the swings.
Snickering, we take turns playing in the sandbox.
You stop what you're doing
 and look at me.
I lose my virginity for the second time.

An Overdue Thank You

A lizard flings itself into the pool
and you decide to rescue it.
(It never thanks you.)
I tread water like a drowning child
and you smile at me.
The answer to my Mother's prayer:
a motivation for me to go to therapy.
A lizard dries itself out by the pool
and you show me how it's doing great now.
(It never thanks you.)

The Pleasure of Being Known

No one wants a love poem
especially one written by me.
So, I only open my mouth to taste yours
and try to ignore the words
that stay stuck in my teeth.
You push my legs apart
and I learn to move past the hurt.
Infact, I start to savor it.

A Fattening

You slip off my satin sadness,
 and I learn how to be sweet.
Squishy and malleable
even as my muscles are stiffening,
 I am molded
into something new
(into something that can accommodate you.)
My keeper.
 My complement.
My last tie to the land of the living.
Everything with you is a fattening
(a gaining).
 Pound by pound.
Inch by inch.
In spirit, heart, and presence
I become the biggest I have ever been.

An American Miracle

America goes out with a whisper.
It tries several times
to give birth to something fully alive,
but it is on its fourth miscarriage
and optimism hates to lie.

This world gives way to nothing, and
I save you a seat next to me
to watch it all come to an end in good company.
You arrive a bit too early,
but it's okay
because we are both still learning
and I need to accept that all things eventually end.

You kiss my neck, and
America's latest stillborn
breathes a breath.

I Still Hunger to Occupy You

Desire takes on a new face
and makes me lean into you.
It gifts us with the power
to bask in each other's presence
without needing to taste the other's flesh
every five minutes.

Now,
we are returning our fingers
to their rightful hands
and reclaiming
our individual demands.

After

I lost my sexuality in a car's backseat
and found it several months later
moaning and bent over a motorcycle.

My mother should be ashamed of me:
A young woman whoring herself out
in the names of joy and liberty.
I accept that they were right;
this world is fallen
and all I can do is orgasm
to the thought of what comes after.

A Sigh of Pleasure

I see every shade of blue
and fall deeper in love with you.
I allow the memories of sex laced with care
to guide me through this painful affair
and all I think about is you
when the doctor sticks her hand inside of me
in a vain attempt to eradicate my despair.

I fell in love with the concave of your neck bone
and even now as I lay in sterile agony
I know with certainty that all I want is you.
Womanhood feels empty without
being in your arms.

Our Wedding Night

With your hands around me
I close my eyes and slam shut.
I scratch out my freckles,
rip off my lips,
and undo myself.
One by one,
you watch as I
 unhook,
unhinge,
 unbecome.

Persephone's Statement

I take my perversions with me;
they're my family's greatest inheritance
and I think they are starting to suit me.
Yes, this stage of my life is spent domesticating sin.
I am not my mother's daughter,
I wear the face of something much older
and I make sure he understands the severity of that fact.
With my hips,
I carve the names of other people's Gods into his skin
and his mother smiles because that's how he was conceived.
Afterwards,
I go back to sucking on his fingers
and pretending they are pomegranate seeds.

When the Coyote Saw the Moon

My father speaks to me in movies.

My mother simply laughs.

I chase the humane

and let it over take me in the sand.

I welcome my own two fingers.

I go coyote-like and laugh at the moon.

I exist a million different ways in a single moment.

I die a hundred little deaths

and live a hundred little lives with you.

Quotations Are Reprinted From

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