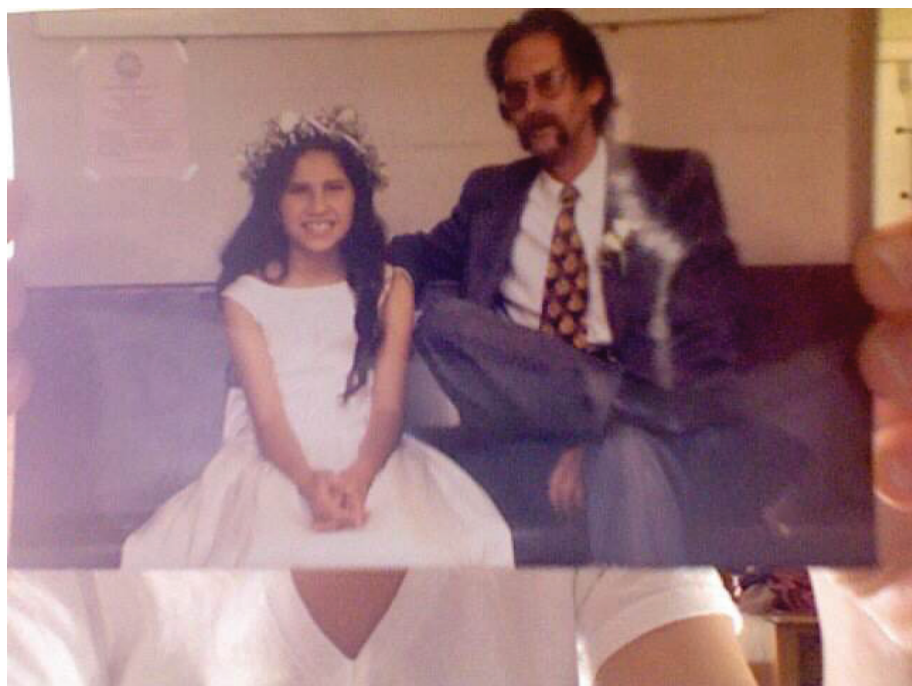


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A



# UGLY

---

Today was an ugly day. That only happened because, when I woke up  
in the damp shroud of cloudy light that really only  
should happen on Saturdays,  
I told myself  
—no

resolved, really—

to make today an ugly day.

Revenge is best worn as regal sorrow,  
or so said,  
in the same way he asked me if lupus  
makes me too tired to be hysterical.

Fingers and toes blue, I made myself count backwards  
from ten  
from eleven until three.  
then,  
I got out of bed.

In the mirror,  
a pale skinned girl looked back at me, unable to make eye contact.  
Skittish bruising still under the eyes and where glasses touch,  
nose still broken, lips still dark  
and  
cystic acne scars still mocking high coloring.

"You're very pretty," I told her,  
"but today is an ugly day."

This happened because, at six,  
I decided to torture myself  
by watching something awful.  
I had to shut my laptop,

---

then I went to curse sincerity in the shower  
which just made my feet swell.

I got into my bed with my legs wet  
and cried.

I only saw her back, and her hair.

Sturdy.  
It was so beautiful.

A sturdy beauty  
I am fully incapable of forming.

My skin tightening from the cold and the calluses  
yellowing.

Imagine being me  
imagining that image on its side,

sleeping.  
And you'd want today  
to be an ugly day,  
too.

# CHRISTMAS CARD

---

Nose is bleeding.

T-shirt

pulled over to catch  
all the mocos and blood.

Child's pose,  
feeling up my spine and rolls  
at the same time. I get kinda  
sad  
about  
how

I'll never be able to suck the same cock while fucking it  
and  
why did I just eat a stick of butter?

Like, I just stood  
in my room, smelling the cat piss carpet,  
pulling at my hair absentmindedly, probably just having a seizure  
while eating a stick of butter.

That's me:  
the prodigal baby sister.  
Five years ago, while Daddy was dying and the one between us  
punched me in the titanium plate  
that once saved  
my six year old life  
when a boy stabbed me in the nipple because I wouldn't

well, I'm not going to tell you anymore, that isn't fair.  
You were my age now then,  
so I don't blame you.

How have you been  
and your kids.

Notice how  
I didn't send you a gift  
of collage material this year  
that I gleaned from the streets of my home,  
thinking about our shared love of patent leather.  
You never get it, get that  
it's a carefully composed,  
a lovingly curated selection  
like a mixtape of textures.

Every year, you never call me  
but tell everyone about  
your baby sister who didn't know what potato salad was  
and was a snowflake every year  
in The Nutcracker  
but is now a kinda ugly drop out who sends an envelope of trash at  
Christmas,  
but still likes to bake.

It's fine, I get it.

Maybe I should just call you  
and say  
"Oh hi happy holidays I am calling  
to say That."  
And I'd tell you about my bloody nose  
and how sometimes,  
I get seizures and the last one made me cum.  
"Sister," I'll say actually I'd say  
your real name  
"You've got to try it.  
Whenever you have your midlife crisis,  
we'll go on vacation:  
you with your blonde hair  
I'll bring my hairy legs.

"People will know we're sisters  
because of the back of our thighs  
and our ribcages.

"You can hit your head on the side of the pool  
or maybe,  
I'll let you overdose on cocaine.

"You can put your head in my lap  
and I'll keep your teeth from breaking and  
I'll keep you from biting your tongue  
while you piss yourself on a beach chair.

"I'll walk you through it.

I'll say things to you like

'Wow, look at this fucking whore' and

'Do you like this you dumb slut do you like having a seizure in front of  
all these people,  
these people having their wholesome vacations and you just pissed all  
over yourself?'"

I don't know. I get off to being talked to like that.

But no one has ever talked to me like that while I was having a seizure.

"I'll walk you through it.

I'll talk dirty to you softly,

in your ear,

so all the people having their vacations will say to themselves

'What close sisters. The younger one is walking her through it.

What love.'

"I'll walk you through it.

I'll put my hand on your forehead and I can tell you  
that I love you."

# CLARE KELLY

---

I read about saints who love God  
through hating themselves  
who are the lambs of God and carry  
the sins of the world  
on their tubercular spines

“victim souls”

and then try to make myself  
feel better  
about  
being human  
by touching myself.

Instead,  
I text Clare  
“do you ever wish you consecrated your virginity”

That girl’s dress made me  
want  
to make my Facebook status “the occult”

I wonder if other girls Google me and you know,  
envy is such a deep sin;  
there are whole novelas dedicated to it.  
In one I used to watch  
at the laundromat with my mom  
I remember a lady lying about being pregnant  
just because she  
really didn’t like  
that guy’s girlfriend;  
she tripped down the stairs and a bag of blood she hid in her  
pantalones de levanta pompis just exploded  
because eventually,  
that was gonna get harder to fake.

Instead,  
I decide  
to make a list of everything annoying  
(i.e. threatening)  
that's come from the Internet.

So far  
all I can think of  
is those LED strips I bought thinking they were LED ropes;  
that man I used to sell my yeasty underwear to  
who got mad because I wouldn't go to the hot tubs with him  
(infections)  
and then e-mailed me something regarding his "third leg" and  
how I missed my chance to touch it; and  
how a totally normal but drugged out but totally normal girl  
I went to college with is now a rapper.

Clare texts back something about virginity being the best you can be  
so, consecration is possible everyday.  
This is encouraging.

I say, "ok good this is a conversation i want to have with you"

I wonder about girls who starve themselves to be attractive,  
girls in Oregon at the turn of the last century  
who starved themselves for the sake of this pervy prophet.  
He called them the Brides of Christ.

I remember that jealous mother superior  
that was mean to Bernadette,  
and Bernadette  
just kept saying,  
"the spring was not for me"  
while she died.

Saint Catherine of Siena  
would gag herself with spoons  
if she ate more than whatever  
because religious ecstasy was a  
sort of thinspiration  
back then.

She started bleeding in Pisa  
and died the same age as  
Jesus.

Last week,  
my best friend Taylor texted me about “kinda” losing her virginity,  
and I texted back that,  
if you put

\$1

in a box in Siena,  
Catherine of Siena’s uncorrupted head  
will light up.

Taylor is an atheist, so I went ahead and kept texting her about how  
I used to dream  
of rays of blood  
falling from my hands;  
and when, according to  
my mother, I was actually  
just getting breasts,  
I remember lashes across my chest.

“Is that how you know they’re coming?”  
She texted back.

“If I get prepubescent stigmata in my dreams,  
is that a sign that my boobs are coming?”

.....  
A

I thought kinda hard about this. And then  
kept thinking about how unattractive I am.  
Then I realized I am very smart;  
being smart gets me nowhere.  
I think,  
if Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz had just done a lot of whippets as a  
teenager  
instead of loving God through learning,  
the Inquisition wouldn't have been so harsh to her.  
I texted myself:  
"Do I cut out my tongue or do I sew up my hymen?  
I can deconceptualize or I can declitorize."

Later, when I wake up in the dark,  
and read that last text to myself,  
I decide to write a poem for Clare.

So far, it goes:

*I'll gladly  
open my chest  
and show my heart to you and  
the sun*

*burn it to ashes  
for the sake of your joy.*

*Feeling inferior to  
other dark haired girls  
on the Internet*

*is the crown of thorns  
wrapped around my heart.*

# INDEPENDENCE DAY

---

wish i had the opportunity

—or the capability, really—

for raw feeling tonight.

there will never be a white male president again. unless  
he is gay,

& i mean gay not queer.

he will probably be married.

have an adopted kid from china.

the white house has been blown up;

we can leave now.

you already kissed me on the way here & i wondered,

in that taut, papery wide sault,

if you knew BART had stopped running so you had to act quick.

in case you are wondering:

i can't make eye contact with you because i am so broke.

i paid for that doughnut with my paypal card because there  
will be a delay;

i learned that from someone when he was buying gas on  
new years eve.

you don't know who that is yet

& i am going to love you for that for the next twelve hours

but next week you will tell me about wanting someone who is  
so handsome

it is crippling.

and really, his beauty is like a tumor on my own heart.  
but i will tell you about him and i will send you photos of  
his back and his face

and i will tell him about you

and he'll send me an e-mail  
asking me to not tell him anything  
or be in a position where he can look at me  
ever.

you try picking up a mug by the rim with your teeth last night.  
end up dropping it and spilling water all over the place.

makes my heart want to explode.

as we sleep by the river,  
as we try to sleep by the river.  
the horror  
with which i realize

in this valley of hot air and kelp  
that someone i easily could have fallen in love with  
never felt that potential.

so,  
the internet is a ouija board and  
i am left thinking about:

desire;  
loose change;  
not feeling anything;

how you're meanest when you're suddenly affectionate

the word 'invisible' repeating in my head  
as i lap up your cum;

---

and what would happen if i just leaned over

earnestly  
and kissed you as myself.

not as your pet,

but if i said into your neck, shattering:

“i love you & break into me, please  
with your yawning blame and sorrow” and held you with  
the same abandon  
you wanted me to blow my nose into your hand—

these hypotheticals are destructive.

# HALO

---

I am unsure of how to stylize "Gchat," but:  
you can track our entire romance through it.

It goes from coy, giddy, very, very dirty, to disaffected.

There are times when I'm in bed,  
and I want to sit up and ask for a divorce.

Just look calmly into the webcam,  
with contempt.

And listen to him tell me about the lunar halo  
so I can text you about it  
offscreen.

Then you can text me back  
"I think I have a different moon."

There's a wall  
between us.

I feel so dumb right now.

I feel as dumb  
as that time that  
I realized

Beyoncé isn't singing  
"why you hate love, hate love, hate love"

She's singing

"I can see your halo, halo, halo"

I tried to take a picture with the iSight on my MacBook  
so I could show you.  
I didn't even tell you that

according to Wikipedia  
in some unspecified folklore  
it's considered a sign  
of an approaching storm.

I just thought  
the illustration  
of the hexagonal prism  
was tragedy enough.

# CONGRATULATIONS

---

you ought to congratulate me.  
don't you know what time it is?

i went to bed with my earrings on  
and i had pressed myself against the wall,  
with the pillows pressing unto me.

everything is in order!

you ought to congratulate me,  
because i am sexualized every time that i'm naked,

even though i can be naked in the least erotic way,  
naked but on my way to being decidedly un-naked.

my friend has a snake they keep in a glass box  
and that snake and i are roommates.

congratulate me,  
because i've lost all desire!  
(for you, for myself to feel pleasure, for others, all of it,  
all of the desire i have lost.)

i have this terrible habit of projecting  
joy onto others.

& this habit of feeling inadequate because i can't sing nor did i  
finish college.

i'm only going to get meaner, and bitter.  
i am already yeasty, i am already dry.

congratulate me,  
because i am leaving!  
farewell:

you can keep everything, i won't be needing any of the thigh highs,  
the clear plastic knock-off doc martens, the golden  
    velvetene mini-dress,  
the situationist international literature, the mixtape you made me  
    after our first date  
where i'm going!

thank you! good bye, yes, thank you!





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*B*



# *GET HURT*

---

I am one hundred percent  
OK

with you

being a coward.

# WATCHING THE CLOCK WITH DANIEL

---

1.

a piece of paper on your  
desk in your handwriting that i never get to see:  
"...your Body  
is borrowed mass"

& just like the subtitles  
in that Hong Kong screenshot  
you e-mailed me with  
"reminded me of your comment about my body"  
as the subject line,

your milky body is so heavy.

I can see your hair and I can see  
your perfect posture:  
I can see their silhouettes  
in the sea

of white sofas.

2.

i sleep in the plastic bag  
i sleep on ice  
i let the heat i bleed  
i let that melt my dress.

when the actress with the dark hair  
when she plays someone who may've been raped in a hotel  
someone who may be a ghost

but wasn't last year at least  
she realizes it's a certain hour,  
that's when she

comes onto the screen  
i can feel you think about me.

3.

light plays differently on your skin  
the same sickle silver glow as moon,  
as milk,  
as bureaucratic fluorescence.

i turn and look at you,  
to see the movie projected on your face instead.

4.

i hurt  
for a myriad of  
reasons.

you once watched  
me  
watch films:

you watched the back of my hair  
my scaly patch on my neck;

watched them lean against someone else  
and only be revealed when

white dominated the screen.  
i only  
get to imagine you

& someone else

through a penance i perform  
via ekstasis.

always in a movie theater,  
always while i turn to look

at the film on everyone else's face.  
that is when i hurt myself.

# UNTITLED ANTI-CAPITALIST CUM BREAK UP POEM, AARNE-THOMPSON TYPE 706

---

So much dumb pain right now;  
yet it's official that I feel:

nothing.  
I can walk through  
a window without needing

to be pushed.

What is it  
with you people that  
walked out on me and then  
you die,

like a decision  
—a conscious one—  
made at every step in your demise.  
A few months feverish  
for me  
to demonstrate how you want  
desire

for yourself to be demonstrated.

After being hurt so many times, I've decided  
that in order to truly  
hate capitalism,

I need to stop believing in loss & its  
associated traumas.

So,

everything is slipping away, and  
that fucking hurts but

I'm not believing in constructs right now.  
Everyone is reaching out to me  
& everyone  
has been saying the strangest things.

Cut it out, I want to say  
to them.  
Cut it out, I'm saying  
to you.

Cut it out  
& cover me with it.

I'm going to fuck this fire:  
I'm going  
to fuck  
this fire.

I'm going to ride this fire  
and I'm going  
to let this fire  
come inside of me.

All of the fat  
and all of the  
glands  
that shape me into  
what you lust and lurch  
after—

ashes.

---

(I have nothing better  
to do  
than  
torture you. I have nothing  
better  
to do  
than  
use your vanity  
as a means  
to possess you.)

Why not  
be totally

changed  
into

fire?

Because:

I'd rather  
be consumed

—remain  
on pressing myself;

on pressing

my ashes  
into diamond and soap.  
I can turn my lust  
into a purification rite  
and destroy everything

in the meantime.

I was never so pure

that the devil needed

to chop off my hands  
in order for me to be his.  
But neither are

my only remains to be

a braid & a scalp dragged by a horse.  
My fate's more like,

a wronged maiden's tears rusting  
the chastity belt of her silver hands,

eating into  
her palms like the wounds of Christ.  
Even if

she covered her eyes,

the light of the truth would still  
shine through

the tiny voids that make up my  
body.

# TAOS TEENS

---

allegedly:

with each uttering of the sutra,  
you change your karma

seven generations back  
& seven generations

forward.  
no.

(i used to think “i’m gonna fuck you up” said in  
harsh hushed tones  
was an expression of

care.  
and in a way, i still do.  
she pulled the knife on me & i thought

she wouldn’t do this to someone she didn’t care about  
because you don’t try to kill what you don’t care about  
—but i yelled for help anyway:

i am ashamed  
to say, that i even  
yelled for the

police.

my mouth was slow.)

why  
would i ever want  
to stop sliding on

my belly  
through crossroads

of thorns, broken glass?  
why would

i ever

want to  
stop letting

grace into my heart through my  
wounds? so instead,

here's my prayer to you:

(i walk down alameda from the strip club peeling  
an avocado to city hall so that i can bear witness at midnight.

i walk past the cops  
i walk past the observers in their lime green vests  
i see people that i still know standing like a marching band  
at the end of orange grove on new year's morning  
i see people running like  
across the street in between parade floats.

i say:

"i'm a witness"  
to nobody & i watch friends i'm still upset with get arrested.)

whenever you  
taste a fresh

cut  
inside your mouth or see a pigeon  
pressed lovely like a flower

into the peripheral asphalt

bathed in halogen, seen over

your handlebars  
or

the cloud--no,  
rose-like--no: chipped nail polish shaped  
bloodstains in your sheets:

think of me

in the flesh.  
please.

(the women who demand respect  
because they're mothers;

the women who demand respect  
because they refuse to be mothers;

beauty is ok, not something that i have:

the beautiful girl on her birthday  
carrying a cake & some plastic forks

strutting down adeline, calmly  
evading the cops.)

i think, sometimes  
of dipping  
my

hands into the sky: a quick dip

to snatch a drink of water  
from the river until they

freeze.  
walk over to a wall,

one of those stucco walls,  
with the texture of an open fan:

deep waves, painted a bright color; soot in each

i'd

look at you  
and smash my limbs

like a lightbulb,  
like the state.

maybe melt them instead of crying while

looking at you from  
soft thighs in rough sheets.

(driving by the burned out squad car;  
or maybe it's still on fire.)

my former lover  
is an ashy shadow  
a spider, a void

casually  
against  
a rippling body.

you're jealous of

us both.  
we were so perfect together, i say

not  
looking at you.  
i, the double of a ghost,  
and they  
the ghost of a double.

(unzip the garment bag,  
and a deluge of mothballs will follow.

i hide in the tent  
of her skirt, the scene of fluorescent paradise  
in sequins  
on black velvet

scratching me as i drink  
myself to a yeast  
infection.

tuck my hand  
into her pocket, find a folded piece of stenographic paper

with

a ghost print of a sixty year old kiss.  
inside, in a handwriting  
like my own—

block letters,  
slanted,  
easy; in violet ink:

<<*no amemos de palabra ni de lengua, sino de hecho y en verdad*>>  
"let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth"

then, arching  
in the shadow of her lips:

PROPAGANDE PAR LE FAIT  
PROPAGANDE PAR LE FAIT  
PROPAGANDE PAR LE FAIT  
PROPAGANDE PAR LE FAIT  
PROPAGANDE PAR LE FAIT

)

you're my lover now  
and

loving you is  
work.

so is standing,  
so is cleaning,  
so is watching,

caring;  
and at some point,

fucking.  
but loving you

isn't work

---

that i refuse.  
my hair,

i've come to realize,  
isn't a rag.

and the tears i never let you see  
aren't some kind of organic household cleaner.

from each according to their ability,  
to each according to their needs:

what the fuck does that mean  
when loving you

is work?

# UNTITLED DOCUMENT

---

I am not a woman  
and I tell her in the mirror  
to stop.

Come out here  
so I can skin you!  
I want to hide

inside of you.

I watch you look at my body; and I cry. I watch you want  
my body; and I cry.  
I watch you enter my body; so, I leave.

Your politics  
are suspect.  
Your  
politics are  
suspect.  
Your politics are suspect.

You were everything  
I wasn't, could not.

But now: I can smell your hair  
sing.

Stand over here:  
raise your arms like so,  
like me—look up.

Without  
a fair amount of luck,  
the momentum of privilege,  
and the delayed reaction  
of entropy,

---

we're begging for the  
same mercy.

Repeat after me: the check is in the mail.

Eventually:  
entropy is going to  
catch up with us;

no one  
fucking escapes entropy.

# COME THRU

---

Let me be a call out queen  
for just a moment,  
if not two minutes.

This is a diss track  
& I wanna dedicate it  
to myself.

Never shut the door  
in the face of the Lord  
& because you don't know  
what the Lord  
is decidin to be lookin like,

just keep the door open.

Sometimes the Lord be wearin  
pantufas,  
sometimes the Lord is threatening you with a knife.

Sometimes the Lord asks you to sport a dollar,  
sometimes the Lord pops gum while chewing it.

Sometimes that's the Lord tryna cuddle,  
sometimes that's the Lord texting you.

& aveces,  
that's the Lord's sweat in your novio's sheets,  
that's the Lord's strand of hair

clinging to his sweater.

O Lord!

I won't screen yr calls! I'll come see you in jail! I'll give you  
the money for shoes! I'll forgive!

O patriarchy! O misplaced hatred! O we fair maidens givin  
each other side eye!

More so than being damp,  
do I hate feeling inadequate.  
&, sinner that I am,  
I am too jealous to ever feel adequate.

Girl,  
I give no fucks  
whether or not  
you are the Lord.

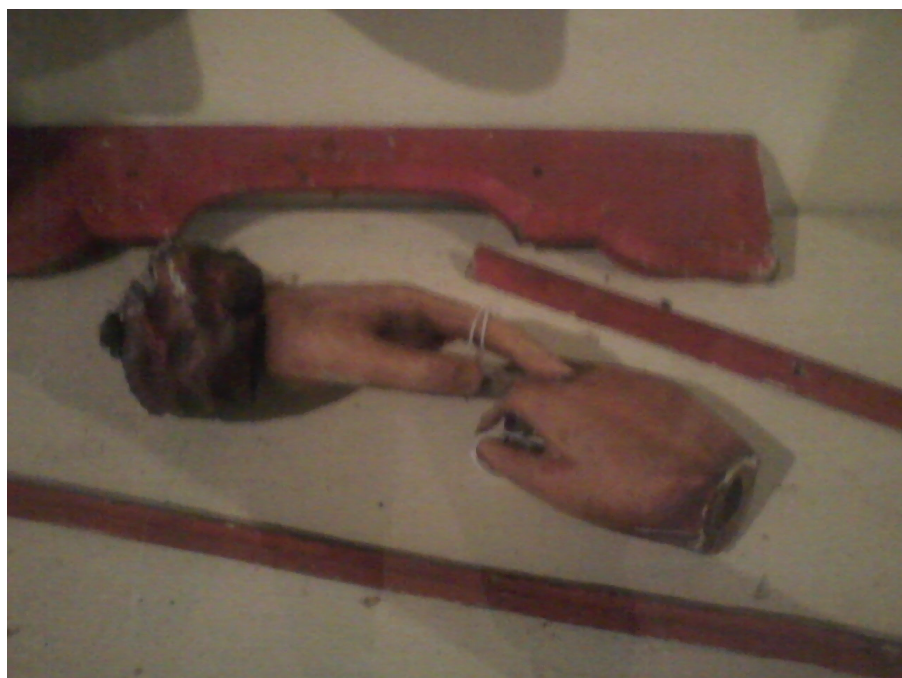
If I ever see you on the BART platform,  
if I ever see you at The Club,  
if I ever even just see you chillin—

Oh my god, whatever, if I ever see you—

Know that my busted malcríada ass  
will be getting down

on my knees

to wash your feet with my hair.



PATRIARCHY	DESTRUCTION	FORCE
PATRICIDAL	DAMAGED	FEMALE
PRECIOUS	DEMON	FEMINIST
POOR	DANGEROUS	FAILURE
PASSING	DAMNED	FAKE
PALE	DARK	FRIEND

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