

I don't remember the moment my grandmother died, but I remember eating a bowl of goldfish at her vigil. And my chewing filled up the entire room.
death felt like something I could ingest, the orange powder on my fingertips.
somehow her paper body on my tongue like dusty wine.

I am interested in how my mother invented me
and how I let her invent me.
and how I want to eat all her anger like gulping cold air but also to disentangle from her
I want to be near her flesh and drink her like tea, to be able to go back inside her womb
like going into the blood of an eternal wound, transubstantiation into milk
but I also cannot bring myself to let her into me.

she ate ruffles and sour cream when pregnant with me and now I crave that
I eat them secretly on empty pantry nights and feel liberated and disgusting

I feel completely invented
and I can't stop absorbing prototypes
she is such a storm of things and she never stops talking
I try to hold all that together even though she didn't ask me to

even though it feels like she asked me to
but that's because I was a kid who thought I could rule the world
It's easiest for her to know me but it also feels like she's asking to know something that barely exists

I am interested in how to invent myself.
I want to just be like a snake and just like a statue.
I want to be chaos but also eternity.
I want to have a name that echoes but also one that can be unmade
disappeared.
Grace Kelly timeless, but one of the furies. I want blush, I want claws.

I am also interested in how to un-invent myself.
I try to remember that I am going to die.
I want to be able to hold the flame of the lighter against my thumb, i'm all my own thing and
you can't know me
Danger Girl
but that's invention
I've always had a hard time believing that
when you cut a flower it will grow back
if only I could unglue my hands from the floor
and see that behind me there was never anger

I want to escape the stickiness and let everything bleed out of me

on this big ocean

I'm like a body in a boat

I mean, like a soul in a boat that is my body

I mean, like a boat that chases the horizon that is my soul

I mean, i'm the ocean.

I can put my hand through this table

I can walk walk through fire

I can keep this plant alive on my windowsill like a symbol of something

I have x-ray vision

I can see through the rocks of that horizon onto the next

and through the sweating terrain of the next one

and the blue hills of the next one

until my gaze comes around to look at the back of my own skull

and i've been looking so intently all this time

that my feet have become mossy

I try to go smoothly

in a world that is crystallized, fractured, branched

and I keep bumping up on things

and it's just the tiny bruises that annoy me all the time

I waste all my space being ashamed of them

in the mirror i'm a million faces,

which im proud of but is also a trap

will i ever learn to melt a little

move like mycelium or

trembling leaves

will i ever learn to die

and be born again and again

all new and juicy and dense with anticipation

will i scatter seeds, grow gnarled over wounds

will i learn to allow tendrils of myself to grasp the air

where they will be buffeted and torn

how can i learn to become very sturdy and very transparent

so that it's simple in the end, now and tomorrow

will i ever learn to die