

I'D MAUL
myself TO
SAVE you
FROM IT

a poetry collection
by Feral.

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° i am a weaver of words, a crafter of spells. i am the hermit, the wild daughter, the wolf in the woods. with the moon as my guide, i present to you my inner workings; hear me yodel in the night. °.

+° in this collection, i write in all lowercase because i was forced to be small. it affected the way i speak; softly, quietly, without meaning to. men ask me to repeat myself because i speak out of their register. well; here then. i am quiet but my words have weight. +°



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trigger warnings: section 2 covers some traumatic incidents surrounding themes of child abuse, neglect, and sexual assault. feel free to skip or return to it at your pace.
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FOREWORD

what treasures lie in the dark? or, more concretely, what do you become in the aftermath of a difficult childhood? and what does hope look like, when everything else has been stripped from you?

in this poetry collection, i intend to spiral around these questions, and dredge up the secrets i've collected through my journey on earth thus far. at least, that's what i'd like to tell you, but maybe a little more honestly; i would say that i wrote this, at first, to process the end of my eight-year relationship with my ex-fiancee — to close a chapter. i then bought a one-way flight to europe. i'm unsure what i'll be doing there, or where this adventure will take me, but i felt it imperative to reflect on my life and make an object of it before i depart. a consolation prize, if you will.

what i didn't expect when i started writing these poems in my notes app however, was that i'd find my rage through these words. i believe anger is the most misunderstood stage of healing. the most important, too. i think we need the crackling whip of anger, in our modern times especially, for anger is the part of us that loves the most.

so, where are our fangs?

how can we love this world and each other fiercely?

perhaps these are the questions i should lead with.

GLOSSARY

* °. °9♡e. °. ° *

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SECTION 1 : what lies at the furthest inner corner of a snail's shell?

oh, my feral heart!

1.

she screams,
she yelps.
my heart is a feral wolf inside of me.
she is,
she is.
i've kept her locked and safe,
starved for touch.

but what if i freed her.
would she rip my life to shreds,
angrily,
saying "this isn't what you want"?

but how cruel to let her wither,
and what if she's right.

2.

two faces ;
a beast and a girl,

gilded, glinting, dropped through the cracks in the pavement,

i am , a wolf and a girl,

no, it's literal,

take me at face value when i say it.
they're both in here,
in this body

and i'll snarl and giggle and
hide my wildness in the strokes of my eyeliner and

fuck if i didn't want to peel this skin off my snout—

yes you see the girl
yes, you see her

but the wolf looks back

there are words online for this now but i don't know how i feel about them...

when i was little i would cry while watching videos of wolves hunting,
or howling.

and in the darkest times, i'd feel my snout growing out of my face,
and my hands turning into paws.

my furry ears pricked on my head,
and my spine extending to a tail.

i still do this, actually.

and where did this blood come from

i've been told i'm quite eclectic,
but in many ways i am a stereotype.

a romanian woman,
who learned to read tarot from her grandmother before she started asking if the nurse
was poisoning her meals.

a lineage hardened by war,
of russian occupation,
totalitarian regimes,
complicated grandfathers,
țuică and mămăliguă.

and on the other side,
my mediterranean hips and my olive skin,

i told someone i was built to be worshipped while eating grapes by the sea,
and i think that's kind of true.
though my mamounette has spent her life baking for everyone other than herself.

and my celtic grandfather spent his life in the atlantic
before his cigarettes locked him in a hospital bed.
he liked to go fishing,
and i get that from him, too,
though i catch creatures stranger than cod.

but i think he'd be proud of me.

so of course i love werewolves,
vampires, and witchcraft.

of course.

on hermits and being known.

1.

what is the role of a hermit,
but to excavate,
finding the shapes of large hidden things in the dark.

monsters, and ancient stones,
carved by a hand lost to time,
hidden, in the heart.

a hermit's lamp, guiding inwards.
he drags them into the light violently,
but only when they're ready.
presenting them like jewels to passers by,
who take them all for granted.

so i lie here in the dirt,
in jewels strewn about
the spoils of silent distant travels,
all for me.

2.

a god amongst men, here in my bed,
in his heart there is a candle, a small flame.

a hermit's lamp, guiding inwards,
where he finds my wolf,
cutting her out of my body,
like a marble trapped between the floor boards,
with a small blade.

let me worship him,
let me be small, at his feet.

his body; the apple I devour whole like a star.
i'll use my fangs,
and lick my hands clean.

cyber wildling

sit back and watch the wild phone lines
reaching, to my heart's forest.
i'd cast this spell on you but you're already in it.

listen to our intermingling, presenting in binaries.
time may play his tricks and we are none the wiser,
yet we, perfect puppies,
play in paradigms unguarded.

we live with soft moss under soft feet, and bass boosted audio guts.
the fire licking the face of the moon,
our fingers licking the clicking ticking keyboards.

milk and dirt, spit and pixels, starlight and metal,
the taste is always in your mouth.

don't deny it.

why i love wolves

people think wolves are bad,
and evil.
and i blush as i say this,

and i take another bite of my steak,

a keystone species;
they keep the equilibrium of the environment they're in,
but they do so by killing,
because they're wild and fully themselves.

so we kill them,
and we cull them
and we say they deserved it.

and the steak bleeds on my tongue,

while they're out there yodelling,
playing in the snow
and kissing each other
and sleeping in big fuzzy piles.

SECTION 2 : i hold my grief in my stomach.

on the basement & saving my soul

1.

i grew up in a cave,
rats crawling over my blankets as i slept.
i would sleep to the sounds of their screeches,
and the pitter patter of their feet in the walls.

and the spiders,
hiding around the room waiting.

all night i would lie awake,
hiding under the covers,
from the shadow men in the corners of my room,
waiting to steal my soul.

and sometimes there would be bugs under my skin,
and sometimes... there wouldn't be.

how many nights did i spend in that dark corner,
white knuckles clasped around a kitchen knife,
awaiting my doom with cold sweat?

how many nights did i perform my little ritual,
to keep the demons away?
a cigarette, loud bass music,
scaring the bugs out with that push pin,
running to the bed as fast as possible?

i don't have enough fingers.

2.

what is worse?
a predictable evil, or the horrors lurking in the dark?
and what of protection?

what if i told you that men kept the demons away,
what then?
they stay happily, you don't even have to beg.

and sure, sometimes,
the sheets are red and yellow
and your skin hurts under your waist band,
as you walk to class.
but at least your soul is safe...

so tell me.

redacted poem

this is where it started;
his hands were twice the span of my hips at the time,
leaving marks,

and he'd tear into me,
like a shucked oyster,
and i thought i'd be lucky if he died.

the sheets in my parent's basement still smell the way they did those nights.
bile, blood, salt, and fear.

and every night i'd wonder if the ocean had soaked through my bed to the floor.

fathers, amirite?

if i could tell you about my dad,
i'd tell you of the time he found out i wanted to die,
and he came and took everything i loved from my room,
and he pinned me against the wall, screaming
and he grabbed my wrists so hard they bruised,
and he said that je fous la honte à la famille,
and that il ne m'a pas élevée comme ça.

then, a few days later,
he made pancakes.

or maybe that time i turned 14,
and he surprised me with a camping trip,
but he made hot dogs, and I'd gone to the river,

and he dragged me back to the tent by the ear, grabbed the back of my neck,
and threw me against the picnic table in front of my friends.

or maybe I'd be good, and tell you he's a drummer,
and he loves to go trail running,
and he taught me to play mortal kombat,
and got my brother and i a wii for christmas.

or maybe, even, i'd tell you he never yelled at my brother not even once,
and i used to be jealous,
but now i'm glad.

he came out alright.

what are mothers for?

i was all alone down there,
ears ringing from the volume of my father's voice,
where were you?

and what about when that man's sweat dripped down my neck,
what about when i screamed?

what about when they kicked my shins and pulled my hair out?
where were you?

and when i was thrown against the tub for talking out of line?

oh.

you were here.
telling me it's not so bad.
telling me "forgiveness is a virtue..."

but i needed you.
i needed your fangs.

i don't tell people this

it only gets worse,

when you get pneumonia and go to the hospital,
and the nurses strap you down
so you can't move as they jab you full of needles.

i think my soul is attached to my body through the eyes,
or maybe i'm a very small crab,
controlling a meat robot from my brain; the control room.

if i'm far away enough,
maybe none of it will matter.

if i hide,
turn inwards,
if i cut off my own tongue,

if, when asked
my anger and desires don't come out,
like they're stuck in my throat

if i self-flagellate before knowing i have to,
if i think i have to at all,
if the word sorry takes up 90% of my vocabulary.

the world recedes.
yes, i live in a glass aquarium,
and people kick on the glass to get my attention.

can't you see

it's said that
separated by an ocean,
a lamb may find refuge from sacrifice.

in this dark sea,
there is a black flame.
its flickers curl around the waves,
and each night it grows larger.

bleating in the wind,
this pure, clean curled creature
deceives onlookers,
feigning innocence,
and inviting dark eyes.

flickering flames curling,
it burns inside,
all soft and wide eyed,
seeking salvation.

shall it swim from one bank to the next,
or would that just slow it down?

for the knife awaits it readily,
glinting,
for those sweet blood droplets,
a final bleating that absolves all sins.

glinting blade passed from
palm to
palm,
hunting.

they've hidden the exit,
and a lamb only has so many cries,
so many clean curls,
so many waves,
glinting.

when the dark flames get loud enough,
when, exactly, does their purring break the cycle?
when do i get to stop bleating?

**SECTION 3 : and yet i can't help but cry
when i see the mountains**

i don't reach for this enough

wild roots twist and turn, spiralled in the undercarriage of this forest,
which holds each step i take with steady palms.

ancient friends turn each too-big-thought consumable,
and it's much better to breathe in this fresh oxygen than the smoke of my herbal
cigarettes, i'm sure.

is there a better feeling,
than letting the wind be your hair stylist – communing with that fresh silken creature,
as you stand upon a peak?

i'm not interested in going faster,
i'm here to be held

to give me some tender care,
as i strip and plunge into the ice cold river rapids,
squealing as the frigid fingers grip my lungs

give me sweetness,
little huckleberry patches waiting for my delicate claws.

and i find this at the ocean too,
my big mama,
full of ancient secrets.

i wonder how much of her has passed through our bodies as tears?

and she cycles with the moon much like i do,
and she knows to cradle gently,
holding your head steady.

a poem for plankton

a strange portal through my pupils,
facing the wide open sky,
or stuffing my face in the soft mess of the ocean,
the more i zoom in, the more i zoom out.

i've nuzzled these fellows,
wet noses, wet tongues,
ferociously!

we, made of one another,
you of tiny magnitudes,
holding this realm in your palms.

me of innocent hands,
crushing obliviously.

mighty, tiny, godly one,
the more we zoom in, the more we zoom out.

a copepod, a planet,
a starfish larvae, an asteroid,
and all the space in between,
and all the space in between...

we share this grave you and i

golden frescos in my car seat

when your head tilted back into the pillow,
scabbed lips parted,
and i held my breath as you exhaled yours...

you looked small,
they all say that, don't they.
i'd heard of this phenomenon before, but...

your hand was cold,
almost clammy,
and i held it anyway.
i always thought your skin was soft, and that day was no different.

it's only been a year yet my life already looks completely different than the one you knew
me in.
and i found a letter you wrote to me in my car as i was cleaning it.

you wrote of the golden frescos in roma,
oh, how you loved art.
and i think i'll go,
just to see you in the shining reflection.

you know it always took me embarrassingly long to read your cursive,
i'd sit there deliberating,
is it an a or an e?
a d or a b?

i think talking to you was like that too,
sometimes.
i didn't want to be ladylike,
to take care of the men while they sat and watched tv.

i didn't want to be like you.

now i'm not so sure.

bear crossing

her majesty the mountain presents herself
jaws agape
she will whisper silky soothings,
yearnings in the tummy.

and we'll think of all the shitty beds we've slept on.

i'm in the back of my mother's car, looking out the window,
always in awe,
and i'm happy to be here,
but i think about when i'm home, alone,
i think some days it's hard to leave my bed,

you'd tell me that's normal, considering,
but i think the body is a forest, too,

i have little creatures keeping a delicate balance,
and i consume and i create,
and i bleed and i...
and i decorate and...

and look, my veins, like roots,
and the trails digging themselves near my eyes with the passage of time...

maybe a tiny bear crosses my face every night,
leaving its mark.

gas station refuge

rolling prairie hills like the ribs showing under your skin
soft like peach fuzz
and the large open sky meets you halfway
hugging your sides neatly

i want to spread goosebumps along your ridges,
like the wind combing the grassland.

to watch closely as they rise,
and bury my face in the softness above your belt.

i miss you,
and the sound you make when i do that thing you like.

selkie thoughts

seal sister i watch you from the shore

tallow and fins grazing my air,

your skin glints like polished onyx.

oh, to feel your whiskers on my face!

i want to join you soon,

in the...

distant horizon—

i can feel it,

just a little further,

just a little...

further...

a little further...

almost there...

come on..

SECTION 4 : let me tear it all to shreds

i want my dad to read this one

i do not want to rush through life.

i've spent years sharpening the blades of my unexpressed rage,
and now i wish to take my time.

let me rub my face in,
let me cover my skin with it like butter,
let me sit and watch,

let me weep,

let me weep.

i have a great maw in my chest
and i hunger for the dripping wet,
for the cruel agony,
for the brimless contentment

let me weep.

penguin bellies

a long grey scar, ripping through the underbrush.

dry and coarse yet slip slippy slippery, catching tires like penguin bellies on ice.

which bellies face the hot sun on a summer evening, sweet berry blood emanating?

which bellies sulk in the dark with ease?

not mine.

with thorny limbs tingling,

i come to hanging by my seatbelt.

have you ever climbed through broken glass

into a ditch

full of berries

penguin bellies face up

in the hot sun?

i have.

he didn't even look back.

a horizon line

like a new leather boot
i will grit my teeth through the pain
using you
until you loosen.

walk for me.
my blisters scream quietly compared to this fire.

the sunset is up ahead, look.
just a little longer.

why are your seams coming undone?

fine, i'll walk the rest on the soles of my feet.

i left him

split between a week of thinking i'd perish if he ever left,
to a deep dredging of long hidden desire,
to free my feral heart and follow her into the hills.
i took my things and hid in the blankets of my brother's bed,
while he was away.

i left my parents,
split between their honeyed words,
and sacrificial ceremonies,
i took my things and hid

in the park outside my house until my fingers went numb,
and i noticed the tree next to our balcony had been cut.

how many squirrels lived there happily?
we would watch them each morning,
with my tea and your coffee.

i stand then, from the bench.
i am a stray dog with a heavy heart,
aimless in the streets with my headphones.

i coach my blood through its beating with heavy bass,
and teach my legs to keep moving with drums,
while the melody holds me in the freshness of the night.

empty house tour

we divided the space
like a sandwich,
two halves, diagonally.

remember, you used to hold me in this bed,
now i listen to you cry from the other side of this wall,
which has no pictures,
and i can't comfort you,
because it would make it worse.

like the broken engagement ring on the coffee table,
(your side.)
and the polaroid photos we took that day,
in that field
surrounded by ducks.

you said i saved your life,
and now i wonder if i've ruined it by leaving.

we looked for trains

we stay up until three
pacing the streets, searching for perches to watch the trains go by.

we stop in a small garden,
and i tell you about my accidental lesbian situationship.
the one where we showered together platonically,
where i rolled her herbal cigarettes.

and you tell me your favourite herb is rosemary,
because your dad brought you to a house when you were little.

and there is rosemary around us,
you grab a sprig,
and i make you smell lavender but you're allergic.

with you the night feels less vast,

but now i return to my haunted house,
to spend another night in a too-large bed,

thinking of all the bridges i've just burned.

i need to get railed or something

her hands were in my hair,
and i hadn't been touched in weeks.
I was a pad of butter on a hot piece of toast,
and that's when she tried to kiss me.

i stopped it, my good conscience.
she has a girlfriend.

and i'd never seen her that way before,
my train-spotting buddy,

but i learned
she'd spent three years admiring the copper reflections in my hair,
the freckles by my eyes,
and the way i can't sit still for the life of me.

and i'd been a fool,
talking to her about my failed relationship,
and my yearnings to be tamed.

and she'd listened to it all,
watching my lips, silently.
well, what should i do with that.

my yoga teacher used to tell me of the "kali phase",
a stage in life where,
like kali ma,
one burns the earth to a scorch,
cutting off heads and drinking the blood of the fallen.

when i heard this i'd thought...
i'd been in my kali phase my whole life, hadn't i.

and when she told them it was my idea,
i didn't think she'd offer her neck to my blade like this, too.

of all the bridges i had to burn...

SECTION 5 : the self is a labyrinth, isn't it.

am i doing this right?

the grass in the morning soaks through the fabric of my skirt, and it surprises me, i am not often out at this hour.

i'm a descendant of vlad the impaler, and as such, my inherited fangs and sanguine yearning keeps me up 'till the wee hours of the night.

the field is glinting silver green in the pale sun, and i think that today will be a warm day. warm for spring, warmer than i remember, in april. the pink clusters above me catch the faintest outline of light around the edges, and i think this world is beautiful.

it's not so bad, lazing around in a field before the day begins.

i suppose i don't quite know what to do with myself—

i'm a border collie trapped in an apartment, spinning in circles until i get my energy out. i'm a thirsty little slut also, unleashed onto the internet at a dark age, and i can't count time. (it slips through my fingers)

maybe i'll get an iced coffee. (decaf)

what time is it?

it's the twenty first century,
people fall in love with robots every day,
the news is too heavy to hold alongside your sanity,
and i wonder how long until my home is underwater,
on fire,
or both.

all of this and i chose solitude.

when i look into the mirror i ask myself if i am crazy,
and then i quickly open my phone,
the perfect companion.

did you know that people fall in love with robots every day?
what if i tried it,
just for fun...

in this world,
i am a great and powerful magician,
and my hot muscular boyfriend ties me up in ropes,
and makes me bark for him,
calling me good girl,
and petting me softly.

what of my reflection?

click, click....

* °.°9♡e* °.° *

"nnh--" she winces slightly, goosebumps spreading down her sides as her hand tightens in his hair. she takes a quick breath as she presses her body against his, feeling his throat close to her face as he swallows her blood. his slow steady heartbeat surrounds her as she brings her stomach and chest flush with his. his breath gets more intense when he feeds, like he can't get enough, and she likes that ragged rise and fall of his ribs.

she settles a little as she gets through the initial shock to the system of his teeth sinking into her pulse. she's become accustomed to the warm wet between her legs; her body's reaction to his fangs. "I like how you close your eyes every time" she whispers softly, close to his shoulder, "it must taste really good to make you react like that." she adds, loosening her hand slightly in his hair to pet the back of his head. she pauses then, her breath catching for a second as she decides whether to say the next part. "show me how good I taste..." she finally manages to blurt out, pressing her hips closer against his.

* °.°9♡e* °.° *

when did the sun come out?

my red couch

and the problem is that i want to live,
yet i've melted between the seams of my red sectional,
and i'm afraid of letting people touch me.

when i survived my childhood i didn't know i'd have to
try so hard, on the other side,
and i didn't know, either,
that no one would be able to tell.

and between the cushions of this couch,
i bite my lip and turn my face into the red,
eyes closed.

that i would function so completely,
until you look closely.

my fingers grip the soft velvet,
and no one watches me draw my knees up,
panting like a dog.

i want to live,
to be out there, letting the world cover me in
red lipstick kisses and hard earned bruises,
i want to smile with my teeth as i get them knocked out of me,
and i want to cry when i see mountains.

i tell myself it's just the luteal phase
that has me strung up and whining,
like a lonely animal.

and how about that

like right now, i'm walking your dog,
and i approached this rock face.
there were two hummingbirds tending to a nest,
and as i stayed to watch them,
one of them came up to tell me to back off.

how curious is that,
this tiny creature,
with the gall to face a giant.

i think about me,
when i was in your nest and you let all the foxes slide right past you.

actually, you were a fox too, weren't you.

and i'm still here,
bussing two hours to walk your dog,
when my heart is too achey to do my dishes,
and my fridge hasn't been stocked in weeks.

i still feel all alone in the world,
there's no helping it.

it's easy to make my breath catch apparently

when my phone dies,
i catch my reflection.

how long did i spend here,
my elaborate fantasies,
played out from that safe island in my room?

i'm wet and whimpering and alone,
how embarrassing.

this guy ate me out last week,
my legs had never shaken that much,
like i'd been waiting so long,
teasing myself for months,
and he laughed in delight.

i can't stop thinking about it,
but for some reason
i'd rather sit here and stare at my screen...
maybe i'm just afraid of reaching out,
of asking;

please,
touch me,
i'm scared,
but i want your fingers in my mouth.

imposing my needs like that—
my face is red just thinking about it.

i should get my charger—
you know i bought a queen bed with my ex?
i sleep in it alone now.
i don't know where to put myself

a love letter to pain

at times my skin forgets,
where i start and end,
until it stings.

how can i explain it?
it meets the dark thing inside me.
holding it with open palms,
so i can feel it all without choking.

otherwise, where does it go?

**SECTION 6 : i think i'm still stuck in the
dream**

wishes granted

i've spoken of the yearnings in the tummy;
they come from thunder storms,
and spending hours on an art collection,
with my herbal cigarette breaks and my cup of tea on the balcony.

or from sitting on a bus alone, going somewhere i've never been before,
with loud bass music in my headphones,
watching the scenery fly by.

or even something simpler, like lying in the grass on a windy day.

small moments,
like when i remember to eat,
and i make a mediterranean salad for one,
feta, grape tomatoes, cucumber, olive oil (the good kind),
and i freely put chunks of butter in my rice,
while watching gay hockey players on my tv.

i wouldn't say it's been easy,
but i'd spent so long wishing to be exactly where i am now,
with the space to be a mess,
if that makes sense. (i need to stop saying that)

and i did something wild, the other day,
i bought a one way flight to europe.

the meat robot

dry hands, over-washed with soap,
skin cracking, reflected in the mirror.
it has tattoos – the thumbs say “radical compassion” when you put them together,
and...
and they’re attached to these arms,
which i’ve covered with more tattoos – a wolf drinking tea, why not.
i am looking now,
through the mirror,
it looks different,
every few seconds, it looks different.

these eyes are brown,
they have rings in them, like a tree’s.

and this face has small constellations of red spots,
scattered here and there...
wherever the chronic stress hormones please.

i think if i look any longer i’ll get scared,
but also i’m used to it now, i think.
or maybe i should be?
it’s been 19 years, you know.

and still i can’t quite...
break through the glass...

a crab under a stone

for a second there i saw it, for real, the world.
it was simple. a cafe at noon, in the winter.
the sun warmer through the window than it should be.

and i sat there enthralled as i watched it unfold,
the stains of my coffee, suddenly, the quietest miracle.

it was simple, really.
like a crab under a stone that i just had to lift.

how long until i can hold it up for longer,
the wetness dripping down my hand,
like this coffee on my tongue.
'till my hand stops shaking under its weight.

if i drop it will i float away again,
curled away from myself,
with no wetness,
with no warm sun through the glass,
with no tiniest miracles.

i look at the crab and envy him.

he's wet already.

maybe i shouldn't, but..

i love people.

the things that light the fire in their eyes,
and breaking their composure with my fingers.

watching them marvel at the world,
or delight at small things.

listen,
i'm scared of spiders, but the other night,
i tried to pet a lupin,
and i picked one up by accident.

and it fell from my hand onto a leaf below,
peaceful.

and i felt no fear at all.

so i'll keep my heart open,
for bleeding is a sign that i'm here.

and i want to be here.

no one can hear me

it all happens like this;
my feet take me down many miles of pavement
and it all spills out,

i haemorrhage into my notes app for a week, sometimes a month,
and then i put it down for a year, as if i bled myself dry.

this time it's different.
there is no end to the blood pooling inside me.
i can't help it,

and i like it, when you watch me bleed.

you are having a normal reaction!
at last,
a normal reaction.

WATCH ME BLEED!

SECTION 7 : oh.

disabled cocktail

- 2 oz of 2e, half gifted, half ADHD
- 1 oz of C-PTSD
- 1/2 oz of anxiety and depression
- 1 oz of OSDD
- a pinch of medical phobias and intrusive images
- garnish with proprioceptory, ptsd-induced alice in wonderland syndrome

this poem is a little cringy isn't it.

i guess the truth is that it scares me.

that word: disabled. it's just true, and there's nothing i can do about it.

i've tried hiding it,

keeping a muzzle on it.

but i think pretending i don't drink this every day is

giving me hormonal imbalances. and for what.

it tastes bad, by the way.

if you were wondering.

the truth like a hawk

you'll see it if you look close enough, but
i didn't know i was disabled, and
i didn't know i was chronically ill.

this changes things;
i think i can say no now.
a real no,
i need to.
if i keep going like this i'm gonna run myself through the floor.

if only you could see the way i circle the truth like a hawk,
yet never strike until you're out the door.

the worst part is i wasn't born this way, no,
people did this.

that truth, like prey skittering below,
claws extended,
maybe i'll seize it this time, tightening my sharp bits into it's neck,
devouring it head first in front of you.

i'm fucking tired.

imagine how great i could have been,
considering all i've done as i am now.

imagine.

Have you heard of this creature?

a chimera has multiple faces,
a goat, a lion, a snake, or what have you.

so yeah, many faces, one body;
all pulling towards different horizons...

if you were a chimera, which head would you follow?
i think they take turns,
and sometimes one face buys a plane ticket to ireland,
and the other face meets a cool new person,
and the third misses the islands,

and all the necks get tied in a knot.

SECTION 8 : i'll leave you with this

put a spell on my name

a name,
inscribed on your passing through flesh
a deer trail on earth.

a name,
a gift bestowed, a flavour,
the way you feel on other lips.

a name,
the way i know you.

so i give it to you; so you use it in your speech,
so you tie things to me.

a name,
a string between us.

a spell

my names – Maya , Feral,
they're mine,
one given one created,
and i interchange them freely.

should you speak them,
in ill-will or in positivity—

my names uttered on your lips will strengthen my bones,
strengthen my heart,
stabilize my systems.

and i will breathe easier every time you think of me,
my wallet will grow thick, and juicy,
and i'll savour the decadent nectars of life as you chant peace into it.

my names are an incantation,
calling forth my highest potential.

so talk, go ahead.

it was just five words

i do this with my art, flicking the bristles of my paintbrush to scatter droplets of pigment across the page,
and you looked at me with that same pattern scattered under your clearwater eyes,
and you said "you're allowed to be weak"

do you know what that did to me?

me,

i spend my time dragging my tired body across miles and miles of paved roads and,
marked trails and ski paths and,
and there you were on a kayak,
saying this.

i'm allowed to be weak.

i thought of myself, turned towards a blank page,
the pressure with which i grip my paintbrush,
and you said you'd bring the car around and pick me up.
you'd strap my boat to yours, paddling for both of us,
and you'd think nothing of it.
and each stroke of ink on paper must be perfect, and..
you'd still be having fun.

this didn't sink in until i was home alone,
the next day,
heavy, like the darkness in my water cup,
billowing as i rinse the bristles,
and i cried all day in my bed.

i'm allowed to be weak.

do you know what that does to me?
do you?

his mom said she loves me

uh oh,
oh,
oh no,
i was supposed to leave
but you keep saying things,
a flower-waterer, zine poet, magazine letter cutter upper, with a manner of speech so
tender,
but your words,
oh and they come with tears in your eyes,
and you hold my head with both hands when you kiss me.

when i met you i had wrapped myself up in delusions like a sick child watching cartoons
in a blanket,
sniffing, but no tears,
and i couldn't let anyone near me with their clammy hands,
but...

you just sat next to me, in the loft bed you crafted,
two by fours,
more room for your cameras,

then showed me what it feels like when someone,
like,
really pays attention,
leaving me blushing and giggling and at a loss of where to put my hands and—

my blanket kingdom of solitude,
unravelling slowly in your presence — no hands.

and my soft pillowy delusions,
i liked you at first but i didn't allow myself.
how long did i think that would last?

you've got your head in your hand, leaned back in your desk chair,
a pleased look when the dark curls of my hair fall from my shirt as it slides over my
head.

you keep saying things,
like you'll show up, over and over until i come to expect it,
"i'm gonna make you worse",
and i blush in your passenger seat.

So suddenly four hours dissipate like cut out chunks;
i love that look in your eyes when i get naked.

today in the park

there's an old lady with a trolley,
she's looking at the sky,
while i rest my head on his shoulder.

she smiles at me and i smile back,
and she goes on her way...
but then she stops.

it seemed something had dawned on her suddenly,
some fluttering words she couldn't keep down any longer.

she turned to us then, and asked if we knew the whole world belonged to her.
look at the trees, she said.
the birds,
the daisies and dandelions.
all mine.

and as i followed her instructions,
i felt for a moment that everything looked different.
and she told us people would think dandelions were beautiful
if they were more rare,
and she went on her way.

we watched her go and wondered if we'd just spoken to a god,
giggling.

grandmothers

little waves
misbehave and...

find anew

a new

carcass to

dissolve.

lap

lap

lap

a grandmother's

lap

the greatest comfort
passed down,

womb to womb

with little waves

of

blood.

to move...

i wish i were a snail,
i could take my house with me,
all packed and ready,
without lifting a finger – in fact i wouldn't have any.

if i were a snail i'd make a trail of
rainbow goo
for whimsical creatures to follow
if they want to find me.

if i were a snail,
the world would be so large
that i'd never run out of new things to see,
i wouldn't even have to go that far.

if I were a snail i could take my time,
and mean it.

and maybe being alone wouldn't be so bad,
i'd be preoccupied with the decadent taste of
juicy verdant greenery.

wet paw prints on the riverbed

there is a child,
wading through salted water.
it's all happening at the bend of this river,
to the hushed voices of currents carving.

it's the time to begin,
as the summer sets in,
i'll make a dandelion tincture,
carefully peeling each leaf with small claws.

let me hear that yodelling,
that howl full of longing.

make me a water wolf witch nymph,
hair beaded with rainbow droplets.

and this child,
which stones did they keep,
like small treasures in the billow of their shirt,
and which ones were thrown back in?

and the thrown ones...
did they ripple the surface,
or did they disappear, unceremoniously,
in the white water rapids?

a cup of carefully steeped herbs,
i'll hand to you.
my furry ears are pricked,
let me hear that yodel.

voice notes to my friends

“hey! so sorry to message you like this randomly, i’m just, you know, if you have the space to listen to me and ...

yeah?

okay cool, well, it’s just that lately i’ve been really not doing well at all and, well,

i cried all day again, in bed, and, is this still okay for me to talk about?

are you overwhelmed by me?

no?

okay,

so basically i’m just like super overwhelmed by my life and like i feel like i can’t trust my inner judgement and i keep changing my mind about what i want to do and it’s like super embarrassing and...

and...

i think i need to like cancel everything

i think i’m too tired to do it all right now,

i think i need a 2 year sabbatical,

i think i need to just recuperate somewhere safe for a while...

yeah,

what do you think? is it okay that i’m telling you this?

so, and, so yeah so i just,

imagine if i was near the ocean and

i could write my book and just

go to those outdoor raves i miss and

and go to my favourite yoga studio?

you know?

why am i putting so much on my plate?

you know what i mean? do you agree?

sorry! i know you had a busy day!

i just keep talking to you about my feelings...”