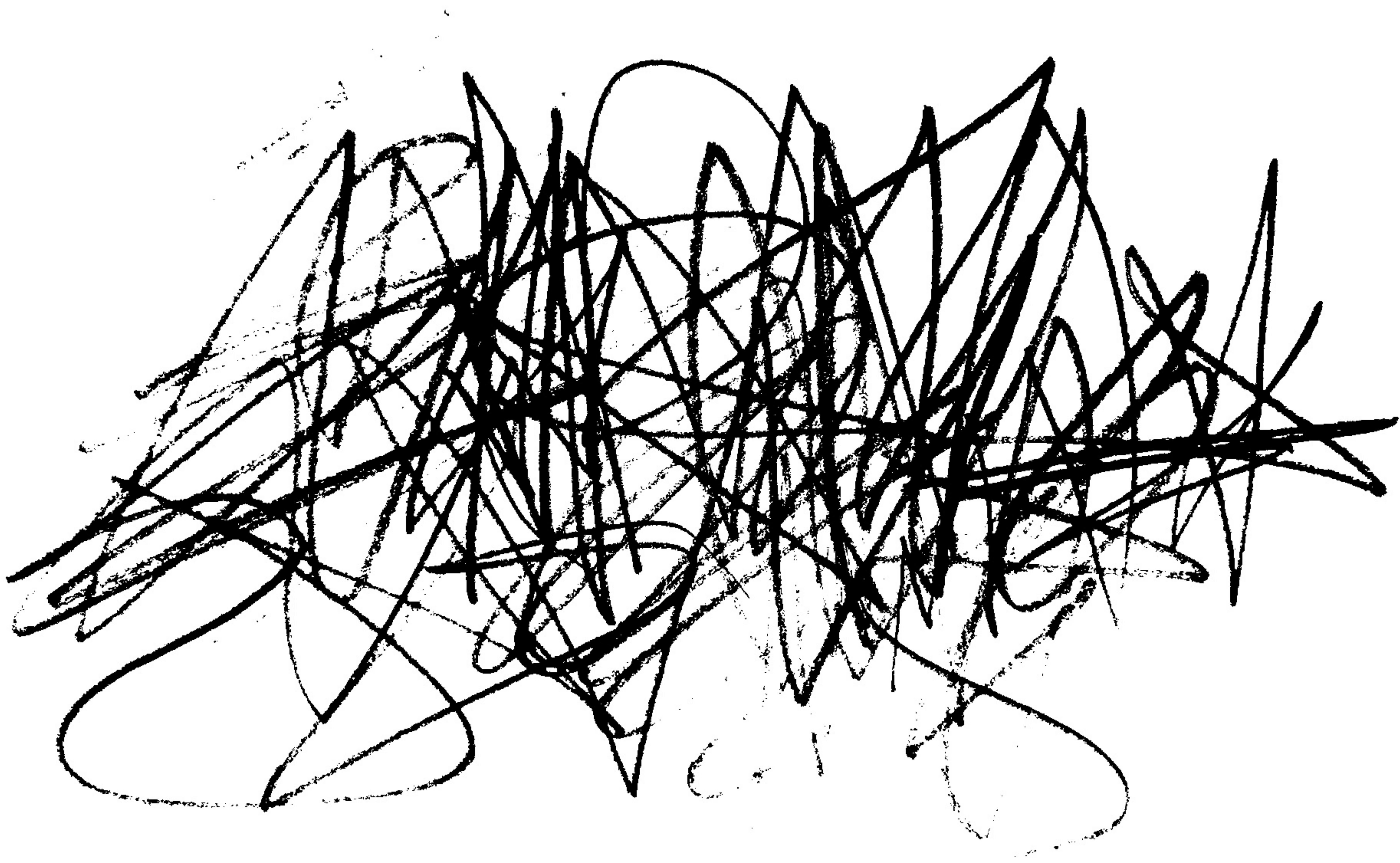


Skin Deep Is Not Shallow

The pores in my flesh are deep and hollow
I intend to bury my bad habits there
And bear a graveyard of who I once was





Don't Talk About a Woman's Weight

You would hold my hand
And break my fingers
I would tell you it hurt me
You would cry as you squeezed harder

The devil is gentle in the same way that when he pulls
your heart out of your chest and swallows it whole you
hardly feel felt empty until he is gone.

Why did I fight
To keep you around
You sat on my back and
Dug your nails into my skin
Claw marks I saw as my own
You said goodbye
And I am 154 pounds lighter

Sewing Machine

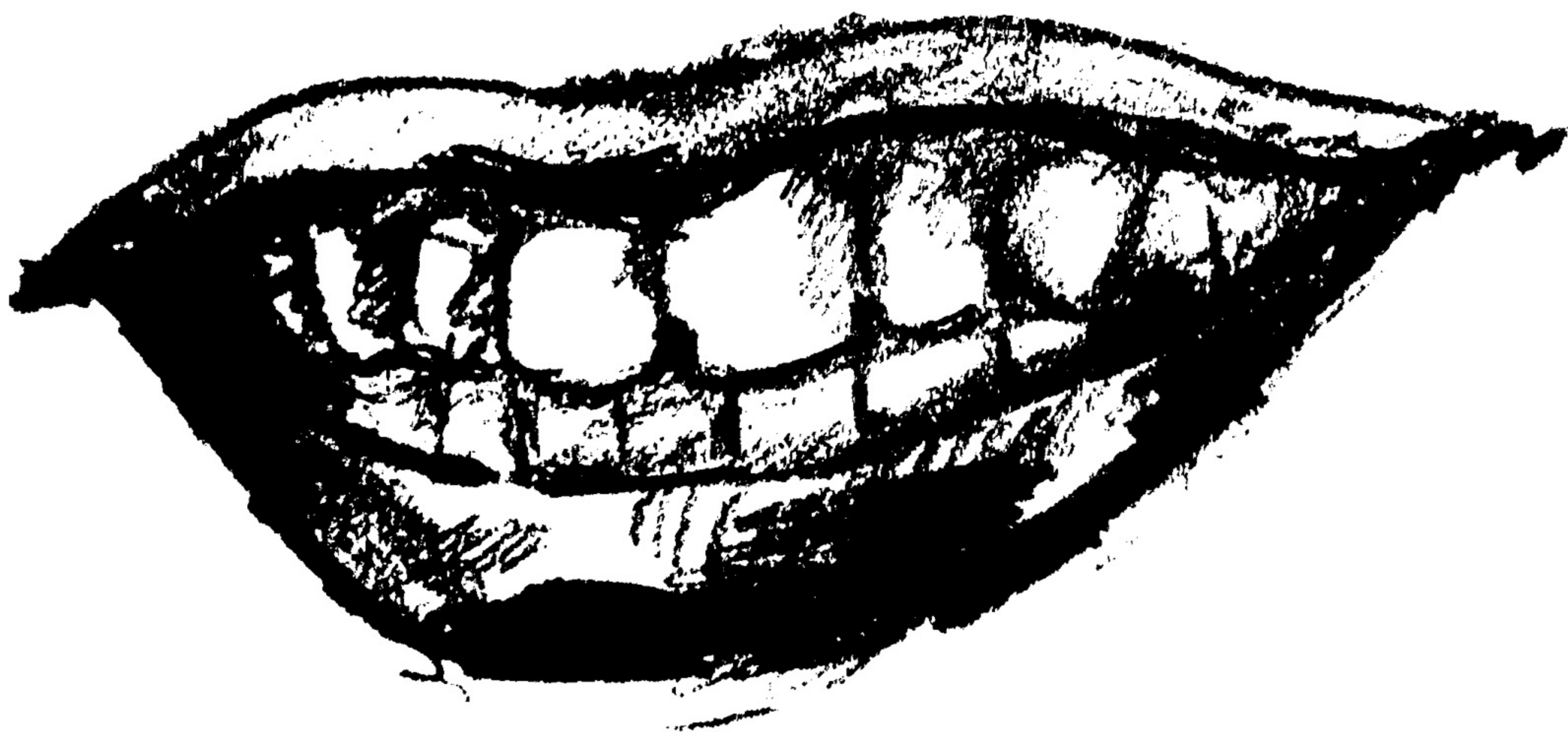
I cannot stop staring
At my reflection
When did my bones start to show
Pulling at every thread
Am I prettier
With all my loose ends?





It Got Better

Here lies the love
I have for recovery
scar, cast, bruise and scab
turned to ash.
Here rises the love
I have for life



Am I a narcissist?

I am no longer scared to fall in love
Your hand touched mine
My heart fell into my knees
I could tell myself
I am no longer scared to fall in love
Your kisses on my back
Like a first snow fall after a long summer
The heat wave turns to relief
I am no longer scared to fall in love
I am caught
Before I fall
a gentle cry
Whistle between my teeth
I am no longer scared to fall in love