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?”
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!
GET HURT

I am one hundred percent OK

with you

being a coward.
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.
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—
<<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"

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?
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
singe.

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
pantuflas,
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 malcriada 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