

After an eternity of hollow, of empty all over, I partook in a consumption that took me off my feet. I grow exhausted from the weight of me. Trudging along the suburban streets. I called you on this one crying. I couldn't remember why. Passed by a pucker brush full of cherries. I ate them with my fingers. Red all over. Tastes don't taste as they seem. Fill my gut with more prominent shades of pink. I eat the lilacs. Fall leaves. The grass blades. Dirt under my nail beds. And the taste, the taste of me, most of all seems unruly. I think maybe once I've swallowed it all, I'll grow more steady. I catch a glimpse of myself in the running oil stream, 67' Pontiac. Firebird. Red all over. I run as far as I can before I vomit the remains, emptied out again. Emma started down a long rapid, went along in style until the end. There's a place here where she can't be pulled out. She can split as many hairs as she wants, try different ways of dyeing, the color will still be the same. She can only hide so many thoughts of him under the bed before the monsters spit them back out. Before the walls lean in narrow. Before the drowned corpses rise swollen to the surface. Let her ride it out. Let her cry in the swamp naked with ~~Breyers~~ briars, with frozen eggs, and stitched wings. Let her get scuffed then bandage. Get the threadings. The pieces of torn meat. Let her let him go. Let her dance to disco, rollerskate and clip her knees. Don't step away from her blood. It's yours. It flows in waves that had never before been disturbed. Not like this. Let her relish in it, for a moment. The anger. Embarrassment. Wretched feeling of being watched and wondered. The undone. Yes. The undone. The walls are getting lower. The rivers are widening out. She's on an island now. Removed from it all. She's as light as a feather. She's patched up. She's shining. This whole country of healing is utterly worthless to anybody for any purpose whatever, unless it should be the artist. Yes, the artist in search of wildly grand scenery. Yes, the artist who thrives on the sting of a pain. Who curses redemption. Who writes with blades used against its very own heart. And here is a great open plain, a great book for her all the way.