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Hog Creek Review

Under Construction

I'm supposed to be a woman
With wavy golden hair cascading down to my breasts like beach surf on a warm evening
I'm supposed to wear makeup. Not too much though, it needs to look "natural."
Though, I don't really know what natural is anymore, and I don't think anyone else does either.
I should probably be wearing a skirt, but it can't be too short, because the length is going to determine my title
Prude, modest, flirty, slutty, asking for it
And if I reach there I may cease to exist
And instead be nothing but "Hey sugar" and
"Nice ass, Baby."

I'm supposed to be butch
Because the label bisexual means I'm "Not fully gay" yet
Because people ask me "When I'm really coming out" and if my sexuality means that I always have a "bitch on the side". Because apparently bisexuality and infidelity are synonymous.
Because, according to my mother, all my bisexuality is is a front for the "faggot lifestyle" that I so clearly want.

I'm supposed to smile. A pearly white gleam, screaming my joy at everyone I meet
But I shouldn't have to take pills to get there, these little white discs, ingested so that my projection is a happiness drugged past all feeling.
It's all in my head, you told me
Maybe because it's called a fucking mental illness
Hey, remember that time that
The computer screen lit my face,
While my hands shook and tears stained the keys

I swallowed pills and could hardly breath and I wrote that I was
Sorry

I'm supposed to be patient
This hospital stay was my own fault, because
"You should have come to us; told us you were having problems" is something that I heard far too many times from far too many mouths.
Because we're punished for our silence, but called attention-seeking whores for wanting help.
And all these scars on my body are reminiscent of all the years that I screamed for you to see me
But I was never heard

I'm supposed to be respectful
When I'm twenty, treated like twelve. When I'm not allowed to know my own mind, nor my own opinions of myself or the world I exist in
When I'm threatened with eternity in hell and punished because I don't believe that my short hair is a transgression against your god
Your god that I dare to defy, the god that I have to audacity to proclaim to be a fake
I will begin to be respectful, but it will be on my terms when
When your religious dictation no longer disrespects my very existence

I'm not sure what I'm supposed to be, though everyone else certainly seems to have an idea
But I'm creating my own existence
Currently: a work in progress, under construction
And the caution tape wrapped around me, warning others to keep their scaffolding away is proof that the creation will be the work of nothing except my own two hands.

Earthquakes on Olympus

Red rimmed pupils, burning with every blink
Droplets on the phone screen, silent and black.
His voice, once comforting, returns to her mockingly

Tomorrow my love, tomorrow.

The dark purple walls,
With their mass-produced, dollar store artwork
Move in on her, the room holding her captive
Empty save for a bible and discount warehouse furniture.

Earthquakes begin in her chest,
Seizing her, dragging her off the Richter scale.
Her only shelter is the Wal-Mart quality comforter
400 thread-count of warm, fake, Egyptian cotton.

Disaster subsides,
Tear-stained cheeks the only survivor.
Shattered dreams and cell phone screens
Among the polyester rubble, fallen warriors.

Fogged mirrors, fogged memories.
Shampoo runs down her body
And she remembers his feather-light touch.
Remembers days when her pillows weren't damp at the break of every dawn

Cotton shirts, her clothes the only familiar thing in the foreign room.
Merlot, a bottle for two, one glass left gleaming pristinely on the tray.
And the balcony whispers her name,
Fresh air and city noises offering a new start.

From up here, she can imagine herself an Apollo
The world at her command.
She looks at her mortals,
And longs to join them.

Crowds move among the street,
Cheap Chinese lanterns
Lighting genuine smiles.
Gleeful laughter fades out before it can ever reach her.

Rumbling begins in her chest again,
And she longs to join them in their world.
As the earthquake builds,
A god becomes a mortal.

Modern Pillow Talk

Fleece piled around me,
A pillow in proxy of your body.
Ping and I see your voice,
872 pixels saying you miss me too.

Pulling polyester-filled you closer,
I whisper back, soft clicks.
A Trademarked Apple® ringtone
Are the words that reach your ears.

3:12 a.m. and my heavy eyes inform me of critically low battery.
You whisper quietly a few moments more
Before you plug yourself in, our cords not long enough to reach each other.
One more *ping*, you wish me goodnight.