

VI. Poem from *Adolescence in a Poem*

thank
you.

for giving me a gentle gust of breath
on a far too hazy, whisper-less night
and i'll say thank you.

for handing to me a second chance
with a blistered and calloused broken hand
and i'll say thank you.

for giving me the will to write when i
was left in a dusty, bitter, wordless drought
but genuinely, fuck you.

for queening my flaws and bandaging my wounds
for placing gold stars on my awful hateful thoughts
and i'll say fuck you.

for convincing me my sickness was the magical cure
and for melting me down when i was screaming for more

fuck
you.