

## **cool girl manifesto**

I'm cool.  
I'm so cool.  
Honey—  
Do you know that?  
That I'm so cool?  
I'm a cool girl.  
Don't bother me,  
I'm in my right mind.

I'm cool.  
I'm so cool.  
Of course you can help her move,  
help her with that portfolio babe because  
I'm so cool.  
I'll drive you to change that lightbulb hun—  
I'll buy her that lightbulb all because  
I'm cool.

I'm cool.  
I'm so cool.  
I'm living while starving because  
I'm so cool.  
I'll make my heart stop,  
I'll black out on the bathroom floor,  
I'll dry out and shrivel up because god knows  
I'm cool.

I'm cool.  
I'm so cool.  
Sir you can stomp on my face sir,  
you know it because  
I'm so cool.  
Chew me up and spit me out,  
take none of me in,  
right into the trash sir because  
I'm cool.

I'm cool.  
I'm so cool.  
Please tie me up and leave me, so cool.  
I'm so cool.  
Pour your blood in my mouth,  
down my throat,  
feed yourself to me dear because  
I'm cool.

I'm cool.  
I'm so cool.  
When she texts you out of the blue next month,  
you better tell her that you found something that makes you happy.  
Because you're happy, right?  
Happy that I'm cool?

**there's a temple on dubuque street**

There's a temple on that one corner of Dubuque Street.  
I'll come pay penance once every two months,  
or so.

Only when I am alone.  
The altar means nothing when I am with friends,  
or anyone, really.

I've had a three (five) year relationship come and go.  
But you are still here with me,  
in me.

I'll always end up back here.  
Soaked by the pothole puddles while kneeling,  
for you.

You're the only one that matters.  
And I'm not even sure you know it,  
you couldn't.

Maybe I'm just trying to glimpse into your mind.  
You'll never die because I'll never stop writing about you,  
manipulative muse.

These walls won't remember me when I'm gone.  
These walls won't remember you when I'm gone.

You die with me.

Ha.

**you took so much from me when you left**

People leave all the time,  
sometimes they just don't tell you before they're gone.

Nothing to write about,  
no one to write for.

Droning emotion.  
Grayed creativity.

Nothing was more than it was.  
The tree was a tree.  
The phone call was a phone call.  
The empty apartment I walked past every day was an empty apartment I walked past everyday.  
Your radio silence was a radio silence.

No poetry.  
Nothing to uncover.

You were missing and the city I onced loved became a closed book in my hands,  
waiting to be placed on the shelf and forgotten about.

If only we could be so fortunate.



## **Killing Lies**

A buzzing sinks down from the drop ceiling.  
Ignited mercury ticks through the white tubes.  
Dulled green linoleum mirrors the light.  
Seams on the floor lead to peeling edges.  
A fly crawls in from a crack in the wall.

I do not like the way that he lingers.  
He assesses the room from his tower.  
Thinking, thinking, I think he is thinking.  
He must notice the tick in my breathing.  
But I just want to be left to myself.

With my knees pressed together, I sit alone.  
They all have bags and coats over their shoulders.  
It was raining when I left, my hair drips.  
The buzzing sinks down from the drop ceiling.  
The buzzing lands on the toe of my boot.

The fly's iridescence stabs up at me.  
He twitches and pivots, incessant pest.  
One quick jolt of my foot scares him away.  
A stained armchair becomes his new refuge.  
I am called back to when he drones again.

This time he lands on my knee.  
I can feel him trying to get closer,  
mocking me, he rubs his hands together.  
I can feel his plot rising against me  
so I cross my knees in feeble defense

but he doesn't leave this time he stays still  
and stares at me. He is calculating  
and he is spying as he buzzes up  
to my hand and I swat him but he just  
comes closer and he is dirtying my

cheek and I can feel his filth sinking in  
to each of my pores and I don't surprise

myself when I slap myself across the  
face and I love myself when I smear his  
guts on the dulled green linoleum floor.

I laugh because he can't tell me what he  
feels now, can he? He can only come to  
me in dreams. Off of my back off of my  
knees into a world where only I am  
standing. Maybe I'll stand alone here, too.

I feel a buzzing in my left pocket.  
And I now know he is lying to me.