

Dani Jin

My body is the definition of false advertising.

Suck in when boys walk by so they know you don't eat
as much as you'd like
Stick your ass out so people know you're a woman
that does squats in her free time
Squeeze your tiny titties together to impress
yourself in the mirror when no one's home
and you can fantasize what it's like to be pretty
much like the women in your big sister's magazines
But maybe the makeup doesn't have to make up
the face i show the Judges

Maybe i can feel my skin
Maybe i can *feel* my skin
Maybe i can feel *my* skin

Then again, sometimes it's nice
When I am a glossy photoshopped reflection
of my subconscious desires

But

Then again *again*
What will my daughter think
when she sees the empty canvas of her face
wishing there was more?

Bones

Force your head back to the clouds.
Don't drown in your shallow tubs of acid.
I know why your eyes are chalk
and your teeth are hiding.
Your hollow bones echo so loud
I can hear it from here.
But the disaster has passed
And I suppose you'd like some company.
I can iron your gravel spine
but how will that help?
I can shit chiffon tissues and whisper puffs of solace
But what good will that do?
I'll let you wrap your pinkie
tight around mine
and promise you Beautiful Blooms.
Or
maybe I'll just sit.
Sit with only us and just be quiet.
Because voices rattle
the silence I know you need.

Where do hummingbirds go to die?

When turquoise bodies crumble
When nectar thickens and sours in leather stomachs
When feathers are matted and decayed
Stomped into the foundation of forests
Does Mother Bird rest
Her head in beds of silk grass
Untouched by the filth of human hands
Or does she look to the sky that beckons her home
And ask for mercy
On the children she leaves behind

The boy with the backwards cap

Stands in the sandbox built by our father
Drags his fingers through grains of childhood
Memory as it gets whisked away
By the wind we used to chase
Our father hands him a drill
Tells him to get busy
Not another word spoken between them
They rip apart the wooden boards
m e c h a n i c a l m o v e m e n t s
But I know
The boy with the backwards cap
Whose smile crawled away in fear
As the years devoured his innocence
Was simply

broken.

Fever Dream

But then a bear somersaulted over to me
He said it was nice to see me again
But I don't know many bears
And certainly not this one
The ghost of my grandfather reminds me of my manners
So we shook hands
The clock strikes 23 and I think we're friends
The bear's jaw stretched the length of me
It didn't hurt but he ate me
I'm inside the bear now
I can feel him somersaulting on the sidewalk
When I stop tumbling against the lining of his stomach
I know
He's found someone new
My cousin Mira sits next to me
 He gotcha too, huh?
 Yeah. 'Snot so bad though.
 Yeah.
We roll around together
While the bear continues to feast on the family I never knew

Paper Plane Paper Cuts

One million paper planes
Fly before his eyes
They leave paper trails
And paper cuts
But he doesn't care
Ideas, dreams, and apple crisp
Fuel these paper planes

But his mind grew into his body
And the growing pains did not subside
Heavy thoughts
Soak paper plane wings
Until they are sodden with the sadness
He cannot contain
Childhood wanderlust takes a final bow
And those paper planes grow frail
They try to soar but try and fail

One million paper planes

Lay on dusty floorboards

Raspberry Bullets

You are the mistake
I wish I could repeat
Take us back
To when the future was gold mist
But now we're gagging
In pools of tar and the hopelessness
Of what could have been
But will never be
Maybe you can hold my hand
To hold me together
Before I fall into the void
Of words shot
From the barrels of our mouths
The drag of your fingertips on my skin
Brand me with the reminder
That you always held the power

Moby Dick Erasure Poem *some words added not from novel*

Little or nothing to interest me
I thought I would see the conflagration.
I find myself whenever I find coffin warehouses.
Whenever deliberately and methodically as I can.
This is my philosophical flourish.
There is nothing but all
The same feelings towards me.

This is my last poem for You

When honey consumes blood
And salt rolls down like waterfall paradise
When nails find refuge in chlorine skin
And heartbeats match hummingbird songs
I'll know
It only gets worse from here.