

From Seed to Sprout

Manuscript By Evie Heidel

From Seed to Sprout Aubade

To whom do I owe the pleasure?

A camera flash that reveals too much

Photos that leave eyes looking devilish

Silhouettes I barely recognize-

Bringing myself to look at the stills

Do *I* really look like that?

The camera adds 10 pounds.

Fidgeting with the shirt that now feels too tight.

Chocolate soft serve, frozen gummy bears,
microwave bagged kettle corn- slightly burned.

A smell that echoes through the hallways
indulging in the poison that will soon kill you.

Mirrors are a reflection, but an accurate one?

Truth that sits in the depths of the stomach,
a stomach that sits below the “waistline”.

Are you sure you want to eat *that*?

Stretchmarks and thigh chaffing

little bloody bumps are a constant reminder.

Veering off from the “skinny” stores
trying to find something sized *extra* large.

Friends that say “god I’m so fat”
when you can count their jean size on one hand.
Laughing through the uncomfortable pain;
the pain of self-loathing,

A wise woman once said:
if all they comment on is your size, then you’re a pretty amazing person.
An even wiser woman took that advice to heart.
Look the mirror in the face.

I am not *afraid* of you anymore.

Bearded Man Whose Name is Danger

Staring into your wine eyes,
flashing me your pearly whites,
Rosacea blotches your cheeks
Route 41,

Redeye flights across the pond, Highway

a way to see the world from our perspective.

Nights like these can't last forever.
The violet sun peers through the blinds,
you wipe dried mascara from under my eyes.
igniting

Flashback to a breeze from the Atlantic

cravings for a pretzel to absorb the NaCl.

Heads on a pillow, eyes resting but minds awake.
Sharing the CO₂ from each other's lungs,
hearts are forming into one, entranced.
words.

Intrigued by the stamina, a struggle for

I love you.

Mornings aside the roaring fire,
spilling the 2%, your coffee tastes bitter.
Pancakes that contain too many chocolate chips

Urging to take a trip- anywhere you've never been,
out of this dingy little town, a place of solitude.

Evie and Danger, dangerously following
each other, blindly. Holding onto comfort,
something that isn't earned, it's given.

United Flight UA970 awaits.
Join me in my endeavors.

Cinderella in Cowboy Boots

The silly line from Robert Frost

Two roads diverged something yellow forest.

Paths that split like forks,

trading glass for leather,

an updo for a hat with a feather.

Which shoes were made for walking, Cinderella?

Is this a dilemma that people talk about?

Usually referring to divorce, financials, or pregnancy,

blessings disguised as curses.

A change of scenery, *pumpkin patch*

An identity crisis, *family dirt*.

A new pair of shoes.

A pointed toe and a heel

Accents of cerulean and a hint of grime

it's hard work stomping through the dirt.

Oh, poor Cinderella, darling.

A pumpkin carriage that awaits a passenger

a gentle hand is outreached into a callused palm.

The woman:

Decisive.

Distinguished.

Dignified.

Grabbing the shit kickers
indulging the less traveled.
An ode to autonomy.

Postcards to Evelynn

Evelynn, reflections look back at you
mirrored face and figure, yet unrecognizable.
Are those the same lips that crave peppermint?
Biting, peeling skin away from healing wounds
Postcards to Evelynn
from “demons” some call them people.
Opening and creating scars that mutate your figure.

Evelynn, those same lucids that kept you up at night
scared to even walk alone, to get comfortable
in a place where comfort is a given.
A non-consensual slap and “*You like that’s*” that never faded
Postcards to Evelynn
similar to the red streaks left on your cheek
echoing the events of the previous; marked tampered.

Evelynn, through the tempered glass of a phone screen
stills from your comfort film *Call Me by Your Name* flashing over glossed eyes.
Never wanting to hear his name again, like an empty bullet; *blank*.
Crunching on promises and broken glass,
cutting the soles of Charcoal Converse open like a cadaver.
Postcards to Evelyn
Nobody can see through your pane, my love.
The reds, black, and blues reflect further into the soul.
It is not *your* fault. It never *was*. It *never* will be.

Faded Fruit Baby

3,962 miles away resides a man, a silhouette
with cowboy boots and an amber mullet
that gets frizzy when the humidity starts to burn.
A gentleman named Olly whose face flushes a strawberry
pink, not from the sun but from Rosacea,
carrying down from cheeks to the top of the collarbone.

Last time our paths collided you left hickies on my collarbone,
two people's bodies create one silhouette,
faces mashed together, sweaty, sticky, and rosy.
Straight hairs in your mouth, a curly mullet
in mine, the worst kind of dental floss - apart from strawberry.
Hearts melting together, fondue, but the bottom burns

from the lack of stirring, waiting for you, Olly. Burning,
aching desire that cocoons and festers into my collarbone.
Traveling to fields of bright red strawberries
just to taste the nature and nurture of your silhouette,
a grungy aroma that coats your mullet
that left little flakes and specs on my Rosacea.

I sit and ponder as the Rosacea
on my cheeks become flush, not quite burning,
but warm to the touch. Fingers aching for a mullet,
tempted to cut my hair just above the collarbone.
6,476 kilometers away from a lonely silhouette
with the small sketch of a strawberry

right behind his ear symbolizing a lost strawberry,
daughter. Ones whose cheeks longed for his Rosacea.
The warmth of a father who's stupidly undying silhouette
bends over as the doctor tells him "I'm sorry". Burned
by the world, mistaken for a hard ass. Collarbones
are a fragile, sensitive part of the physique. Mullets

swim in the very ocean separates us. Your mullet
tells a story, one that contains loss, a faded strawberry
is all that is left, small and above your collarbone.
Maybe her name could have been Rosacea.
Wanting to be there, to hold you as your heart burns,
making ourselves into one whole silhouette.

Riddled down to just collarbones and a curly mullet,
Your silhouette tells a story, one that makes my eyes a strawberry
red, complimenting Rosacea leaving my face burnt.

Supernova- The Explosion of a Star

She claims to have a good relationship with her parents

others claim they only ever bicker

Harsh words the recipe for love

all that entails is that shouting is healthy

how else is the point going to get there

without parents pushing and pulling in every direction

nothing would ever get done her

limits can't be reached or tempers maxed

where is the breaking point

without parents she would be lost

although they harm they also help

make her a better person thicker skin

makes it harder to penetrate causes damage

big girls don't cry if they do then

suck it up

what would she be without her parents

in one piece not floating around space in bits

Co-dependent Laughter

Bleak, fleeting moment that dwindles away
moments after its initial arrival.
Caused by mixed signals and frustration.
You ask for E. + R. time, we, us, together.
Craving it, sitting by ourselves shoulder to shoulder
in each other's dirty laundry, content.
Watching the filth grow more and more,
showing the surrounding world we could care less.
Getting lost in your cloudy umber eyes
the pointed features that frame your face.
Incapsulated in forgotten, overshadowed sorrow
I listened to you talk about your mom,
the ER is never a wanted place to inhabit.
Tears fill our eyes now- yours out of trust
mine out of truth, encompassing
each other's knowledge that seems so little.
In retrospect this won't last long, it can't.
Sorry doesn't even begin to scratch the surface,
I am truly apologetic and that's a fatal flaw.