

Plans and prayers
By Rebecca N. McKinnon

I'm going to travel the nation visiting the leavers and leaving and ghosts, I'm going alone, my spirit guides instructed me
I am decisive and firm but only because the hand of God is over my hand, is covering my mouth,
I am asking for help but the translation's turned off
I inhale choking I inhale flesh that is not flesh, if my faith were weaker I would be a slut but
God's hand is a bar of soap, is a riddle, is asking me something, is stifling my answer
I miss the way it felt to trim fat off bone and slop it lazy slimy in the sink, flip on the disposal,
filling the space with destruction
Now I chew and chew, I need everything I can be given, I need anything that can sustain me
My old God has left and all my friends, well, our phones aren't for calling anymore and my family, well,
I wish for a clean rug I can lay my face upon, the way it smells after the vacuum has finished sucking
I imagine someone finding me like that and not asking anything, not speaking at all, but understanding, dropping onto their hands and knees for me, with me, loving me on the way down, loving me on the soft bottom of everything
I flip over to show my belly but you think I'm making fun, I want to say touch me, touch me here but gristle's between my teeth
My eyes beg but you're not used to me like that, but you think I'm condescending, you leave the room and I leave America to find you again, I never find you
My phone makes a noise that it doesn't stop making, and it's you so I don't screen the call, Why are you doing this to me?
I start praying to gods I've never believed in, and I can't cum unless you degrade me; you tell me I'm not allowed to speak and then you ask me questions, you slap me in the cheek if I answer them
I laugh because so much of what I had inside is gone, and this isn't the life I imagined
I laugh because I've still kept something that's mine that I never had a name for, not until now
My phone rings more than ever, that's not what it's for, I delete more than I say, and what I say silences the room, reminds me I am alone always
My loved ones whisper their melodramas and I put tear drops in my eyeballs and blink and blink and blink
I track my unanswered prayers in a non-denominational app, I sleep in the bed of a truck and drag my demons with me kicking and screaming
Did Job's faith truly waiver, or did the storyteller leave out a few details? It's a long road we're all walking, and there's something hovering unexplainable in the background of it all
I used to raise my palms to it, now I raise my fists
Don't listen to the false prophets, both are belief