Rapture

The bodies stand empty, statuesque, reminding us all of our could haves.

God had a different plan, that rapturous shark.

I think my nipple scraped Him on His way out—
I am no virgin queen;
she was always too curvy for me.

Disciplining Yourself –

1. Deny your grumbling, pitiful stomach any morsel of food. Soon, you’ll feel your bones pressing against your flesh, fighting to break through to reach the open air. You won’t allow your bones to win their battle.

2. Lash yourself with a whip, every inch of your filthy body. Watch as you bruise, turn purple and blue, as delicate as a peach. Display your red welts proudly, so all will know you are repenting for your sins.

3. Feel the point of your sharpened cross pierce your paper skin. Observe the rivulets of blood as they course downward and drip from your fingertips, marring the linoleum floor. Cut not once, but several times, and refuse to wince at the pain.

4. Finally—the gun. Hold the cold, metal barrel to your temple. Close your eyes and listen to the final, desperate beatings of your heart. Find the strength to forgive yourself, and then collapse to your knees. Beg the Lord to take you in. Keep your hand still, put your finger tight over the trigger.

5. Pull.
Empty

The buzz of a chainsaw whispers, tantalizes in her ear. The thin blade tears into crusty gray muscle.

She wants to bleed; she craves the soft trickle through her ear, down her cheek. She cannot bleed anymore; the folds are dry, the concave of her forehead is cracked.

Alone

His tongue Is Cracked, Dry – A brother To The Radiating Desert.
Her, My Body
Based on a poem by Bob Hicock

She never felt quite right
   with her permeating, yet intangible skin
   billowing just my fingertips,
   beneath
   a ghostly sheet
   clamped to the line, shivering in the wind
   while the water evaporated.
She always managed to slip away when my hands
   got close enough to almost touch
   the brittle twigs swaying from her scalp.
She laughed knowingly,
tucked safely behind the glass,
    a sliver of pity twinkling in the crevice where her arm rested against her shrunken breast.

She screamed when her baby brother tried to use
   her ribcage as a xylophone.