All the poems and stories in the magazine are works of imagination.

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As I drive these piney wood roads,
Evergreens tracing the sunset with their jagged teeth,
A crimson eye peering down as my car flies down the highway,
I remember

those foggy, adolescent days.

The feeling of eyelids heavy with black, glossed
Over the markers of sleepless nights.
Ashtrays and heavy metal, putting on the skins of people
That we weren’t quite yet.

Car trips flooded with crocodile tears, the
neighbors wondering what changed in the good girl next door.
Angry words and angrier still,
when the fun ran out and we were
left to
face ourselves.
This crimson sky has seen it all –
And I have slipped into the skin of what I wanted to be.
I’d give anything
To do it all again.
Marble could only replace skin for so long.
Chiseled lines resemble gently crafted cheekbones that creep into infamous smiles.
Lack of body heat makes her retreat back into folds of a nightgown.
Marble could only replace skin for so long.
I wonder
if weeping under willows
makes devastation more
romantic,
if stars start to serenade
and lighting comes with
a heartbeat and wings,
I’ll know it’s no longer
a love story.
Rain makes flowers
but they wither in floods.
My memories drown
with them,
tears reaching roots
buried beneath years of
forgiving but not forgetting.
I am no longer interested in
weeping under willows.
I’d rather sit with devastation.
Jumping up and suddenly sitting on the balcony ledge of your eighth-floor hotel room is not the ideal start to a family vacation. Especially when you are ten and especially when you are struggling with your mental health for the first time. You may think it sounds like a good idea. Kinda exciting. Exhilarating. The most wild thing you could do in your ten short years on earth. But your dad will not think so. Your dad will spank you because he just watched his daughter’s life flash before his eyes. Because he is scared. Your mom will not be happy with you either. But you will be spanked. Everyone will cry. You will realize the dark reality of what could have happened to you, and then you will all get changed to go to the beach.
Spoiled strawberry candy saturates the room mixing with sickly sweet urine and rose scented lotion for her weather worn sanded hands; to soothe them. Her furry lips brought a slimy nude stained kiss to my velveteine cheek Leaving behind their lipstick print; heaving rotten breath.

Still,
We always went for ice cream after our visits.

Father wept on the day of her death.

I wept For the loss of our after-visit-ice cream trips.

Now, strawberry ice cream smells like sickly sweet urine and rose scented lotion for her weather worn sanded hands; to soothe them.
Nude lipstick
looks like her furry lips
which brought a slimy nude stained kiss
to my velveteen cheeks leaving behind
their lipstick prints and heaving rotten breaths.
Inspired by Linda Ridgway’s *The Dance*

The art of growing, thriving, fading
Continuously.
Exquisite like ebony
I feel the tendrils taking hold,
wrapping their darkness around me.
Consuming me in its eternal eclipse.
The rough branches scratching my legs
tightening around my waist.
Shriveled up leaves,
breaking from their delicate withered stems
to fall onto the frigid stone ground
beneath my bare feet.
This is Nature at its finest,
taking over.
Black bodies like piñatas
their sugary ichor drew from vein
the body the corpse
turns footpath to grave

Black bodies like chewing gum
scraped from East 38th
spat on concrete in wads
dried by Minneapolis sun

Black bodies like weeds
sprouting out from cinder block
sucking nutrient soil
decomposing the earth
Midnight Light
Rachel Ouellette

Blinking, wishing, I’m still thinking, still thinking — civil hi in frigid night. Lightning, light igniting. Timid hiding, hiding — twilight’s din is vivid, bright

In this insipid mist I will drift, sighing, sighing — thin wind-wisps sing, sink. Hiding, gliding. It’s night, I’m writing, writing — I’m singing, still spilling ink

It isn’t right. It’s childish. Still, I might limn light, mining bright till midnight
The wick was whispering to him again. It was a late Tuesday night in which Mr. Right had been grading papers into the dying hours, and the candle wick had started to whisper to him. Mr. Right rubbed his tired eyes and prayed that the voice he was hearing was anything but the apple-scented candle. But it was. This was the fourth time the candle tried to whisper, yet this was the first time he had truly heard it. All the times before it must have been too quiet, little did Mr. Right know he would hear the whisper three more times. Yet, on this first time of hearing it, Mr. Right quickly stood up from his desk and extinguished the flame, blew it out like it was his last breath. This first time the candle had only whispered burn burn burn and then nothing but smoke. Feeling out of breath, Mr. Right shivered to his bones, grabbed his coat, and ran out his office door to head for home.

That night at home he lied to himself as he told his cat Purceton (which was named after the college Mr. Right so desperately wanted to teach at), “how he must have imagined the smoky voice filling every dark corner of his office”. He laughed sitting in his old leather recliner and ruffled Purceton’s ears saying “yes, my old friend I am simply too tired because candles cannot talk”. To this new lie, Purceton only flicked his tail and mewed his disbelief. Yet, Mr. Right had been convinced that he only had too little coffee that morning and made a note in his daily planner to drink an extra cup the next day.
Days later at his office on the second time, Mr. Right heard the candle’s voice; its plea made it farther. Starting with its triple burn and then as if it were using the breath that Mr. Right had given to it last time, it huffed out: *burn your life away.* This second time Mr. Right was convinced the candle was an envoy of Satan himself. Now to most people, this conclusion sounds outlandish. However, most people are not scholars of Literary Death like Mr. Right. In his thought, this solitary flame, like Poe’s Raven, was a sign meant for Mr. Right to meet the Seraphim at the doors of death. For he knew the flame was a wicked one. Therefore, this time instead of giving his lifeblood of breath to the living flame, he rummaged through the drawer behind him until he found it! An old replica of candle extinguisher that Dickens would have used in his day. He gently stared as his favorite antique for a brief moment, forgetting the ever-present ever knowing flame whispering again its little mantra. Brought back to reality he quickly took the snuffer and brought it down upon the flame. He had never felt more satisfaction in his life, that is until he held his hand too long on the warring wick and found his hand burned due to his carelessness.

He threw the replica against the wall, grabbed the smoking candle, and ran out the door, this time forgetting his coat. He ran with the candle tucked under his arm all the way to his small one-person townhouse. He had struggled with his gate in the dark moonlight, taking quite a bit of time to finally get the small latch to unclasp. He ran up the broken sidewalk and set the candle on the porch. He then turned and went to his shed in the backyard. It was an old shed, which matched the small house quite well. Both had been painted white some years ago, but ever since Mr. Right’s mother had passed away, he saw no point in keeping up appearances.
He quickly scanned the shed walls to find his old rusted shovel. Long ago it had been hanging in the back, so he moved a few disregarded cat trees that Purceton had not liked and of which Mr. Right had not made the time to take to the local goodwill. With the clear path, he reached the shovel and with his blistered hand grabbed the small, splintered handle. He didn’t mind the pain. It reminded him that this moment was all real; the devil wanted his soul burned away.

He quickly got to digging. The pile grew as the moon sunk and before he knew it, Mr. Right had a nice deep tomb in his backyard. He climbed out of the pit and quickly went to the front porch, but he found the candle was no longer there.

“No, GOD, NO” he had screamed. He couldn’t believe he had been so stupid. His mind flew through all the different scenarios: he could look for the candle, head back to the office, or head inside and hope to forget this all ever happened.

Slowly in defeat, he opened his front door. The keys felt hot in his hand as he unlocked the locks. Thankfully, Purceton was there to greet him (and remind Mr. Right that he had not yet been fed). Mr. Right gratefully bent down and scooped up his one companion in his lonely life. He carried him through the dusty hall and headed towards the out-of-date, rarely used kitchen. Yet, before they made it down the hall, Mr. Right noticed a shimmering of light falling out of his traditional dining room. Holding Purceton tight, he walked into the room that had not seen a person in seven years. Namely that last person had been his mother who seven years ago died of a heart attack while sitting in the head chair.
Mr. Right turned into the room and for the third time, he heard the triple *burn... burn... burn*, followed by a hearty *burn your life away, what are you living for anyway?* Mr. Right could not believe his eyes! The head chair was pulled out as if it was waiting for him. The candle, a blazing centerpiece with its flame dancing on the wick as if motioning him to sit his life away.

But this time Mr. Right was going to finally take care of the tempting flame. As Purceton jumped from his arms and ran towards the table, Mr. Right looked around his traditional dining room for a weapon, any weapon. His eyes fell on the old townhouse-style fireplace centered on the room’s furthest wall. That was when he had the idea. So he grabbed the disregarded fire poker that was leaning lamely on the far brick wall. Wielding his weapon he took a deep breath, then steadied his hand, and just as the whispers of *Burn... Burn... Burn...* started to engulf the air, he swung.

The glass shattered. The wax poured like blood over the table’s sides. Mr. Right felt weak. He noticed the glass sticking in his forearm. And then he heard it, the small mew, the mournful ending mew. Flicking on the light he then saw Purceton laying very still on the table, covered in blood...wax, and glass. Mr. Right collapsed; tears rolled down his stubbled chin. He picked his friend up and knew he was gone. He hugged Purceton like he had hugged his mother seven years before. He hugged till the tears went away.

He proceeded his way to the backyard to lay his friend down. He filled the tomb, and then the two things he had loved most were buried in the backyard and that is when a fire enlightened his eyes.
A flame that has no warmth, and with the poker in his hand as the sun rose he heard the whisper for the fourth time.

It was time to burn... burn... burn his life away, what was he living for anyway?
The smell of cigarettes and musk, sends shivering flashbacks of you.
Time was non existent when together, just two happy souls tangled into a honeymoon web.
My heart instantly dropped as I stared at your ashtray. The blackness of the ashes matched the darkness of my room.
Cold, dark, lonely.
A black leather jacket still lays on my chair, Tom Ford Oud Wood scent lingering in the air.
How do you do it? How do you move on so fast? While you find your next soulmate, I’m left with our past.
i
see spirits
in leaves of
summer green / nothing so
hyperbolic as valhalla / nothing so
idyllic as heaven / the after, love,
is in the now / the canyons &
the tumbleweeds / the conch shards & the sand
crab’s claw / out from your corpse / last breaths will
fetter your heart’s pith / to a pretty prison where / trapped
in unbody / you’ll surely be free / in the mothwing there is
grammie / in the gooseneck there is granddaddy / & in tigerlilies’ mouths i
do declare is where / you’ll find my orange afterglow / once i quit the skin
Dare

Shannon Ryan

The sound of a match shuffling across the striker. See how her stare stumbles over me, the spacy way she leans leaving me dizzy. Observe the blaze that ravages my ribcage at the thought of her fingers slotted through mine, her racecar under a sunburnt sky, our eyes meeting in the rearview, but objects in the mirror are farther than they appear.

The taste of firecrackers lingers on my lips as I hold the smell of burning in my mouth, swallow it whole. A flaming phantom permeates the room, fuses itself to the air and refuses to let go.

Lungs full of smoke I wait, the charred match clenched between my teeth. In rapid exhale her voice, crisp, crackles in the silence.

*It was only a dare,* she laughs. I continue to hold my breath.
I used to gather every wish, crack every bone, track
every shooting star with fleeting, flickering eyelids,
breathe every eyelash your way. I was never good enough
at finding four leaf clovers, used to stare in awe

at the ones pressed against your mirror, all that green
blending into your reflection each time you’d preen.
I’m still there cradling the candle, knock on wood,
the gentlest of raging licking the air,

feathered at the top, swaying just so.
A halo glow around charring wick.
A burn so soft and slow
I almost imagine it to be loving.

I was the broken thing you wished upon. You split
each of my bones uneven, watched my fiery descent
from afar, plucked every eyelash and clover in sight and still
you wanted more.
I blew out the flame, made a wish, watched
the smoke swirl away, the tail end trailing
like a spider web carried off in a breeze
gentle and unwavering.
They say the moon was born from the earth. Broken off, promptly displayed, made to gaze at from afar. A companion to admire, but never to touch with the gentle caress of an open palm.

Heart like the full moon I wait, bright and full of the weight of your gravity pulling me into a constant orbit, circling round and round, forever space between us. I’ll linger in your periphery, gaining, draining, dwindling down to a curved puncture in the sky, the edge of a teacup threatening to spill every shadow. A part of a whole that’s now whole again without me.
I have dreamed

once, in a fitful slumber
that you came crawling through the window
that same thoughtful smile, and said—
“Regine, love,
Sail with me
To the edge of the world
Where the sea laps against a wall of stars,
And underneath the hanging moon I will say
I love you
And I will mean it.”

On Sunday they sent that little letter
and I sent Frederik to snip the flowers.
There in bold is my name—
I can still trace the loops of your loving lines,
curl, caress, cream, cut
the top open and spill the insides out.
‘What I wish to give expression to is that to me an engagement was and is just as binding as a marriage, and that therefore my estate is her due, exactly as if I had been married to her.’

As if.
You, my as if husband
As if Abraham
did not sacrifice Isaac.

The last time I saw you before I sailed away, I held out my hand.
How different we would be if life was not either, or

but and.
I said, “don’t just stand there, give me your hand”
You did. Both palms, you took sore hands

We dived in the ocean and saw a corpse
Dead eyes, you took and shook pored hands

A red bruise turned green like leaves in the spring
I looked, I held and I kissed a poor hand

Life is a spiral, a twisted thing
A lie. You unravel the cloth with bored hands

You slip away in the death of night
Trembles, where there were once sure hands

I want to hold your heart together
But then I would need four hands

Who would you die for? Give an arm for?
Nobel, I wish you had more hands
FORGET-ME-NOT
Kieren Jeane

How do we disappear? he asked.
Two heavy swings moonlit -
we sat side by side barely swinging
wondering
how to disappear.

He pulled my swing closer to his
covering my fingers with his.
I felt like a woman -
being dragged by a big mouth alligator
pulling me down to the water
to drown me in the deepness of oxygenless,
almighty fear of endlessness,
pressing against my chest
his unfamiliar heartbeat, pounding
metabolism of a cold, wet animal.

I was aroused -
felt like I was nothing.
Anything that used to mean something about me -
cherry-scented hairspray, lukewarm puns -
became a small bundle of casual
playground hookup, a small chunk
of baseless confidence that I could fall out
of this love, as easily as in.
We went at it until the grains of the shredded rubber on the surface of the playground were unbearable, until his brains were all over me. We zipped our own pants and sat back on the swings.

When he wiggled his feet teasing the breeze just to fly him home to his king-sized bed, I felt in my spine he wanted freedom. I chased him with the corner of my wisdom disappear through the predatory swamp that swallows every good thing worth remembering.
I no longer care to be understood.
Or to write in a way that others will thank me for.
My words are not for your enjoyment.
My openness(?): not an invitation to enter.
Instead, take these letters as a Notice of Warning:
All who may enter here
will find no refuge in my pretty things,
but instead a twistedness ~
with every turn leading further
to no end.

All are lost here.
Midnight summers.
Wet heat wrapped in my hair.
My hair wrapped around my face.
My face facing you,
facing a future that scares
and excites me all at once.
I step
and I trip.
I skin my knees.
Blood drips down
always down
and down further.
Why He Kissed Her

Marah Hoffman

Dollish in her grace
The blush of life still
adorning her empty face.

I scoop her from
the silk river of death
to hold once more.

Watch the
Angels crowd me
and kiss the color
from her complexion.

They, celestial seamstresses,
clothe her in robes
of stars.
Soon porcelain skin beams with other-worldly light and I am drawn into her.

The angels warn paper arms waving frantic that I shall too be ignited. Drowned in the flickering folds of her yellow nightgown if I get too close.

But already, this line has been crossed.
To My First Favorite Poem

Marah Hoffman

I took a knife to your vocal folds
as you sang
of magic and stale dreams.
Their sharp splitting made the same
sound as God when he smelled apple juice
on Eve’s breath.

Then, I embraced you tightly
and thrust the pen which birthed you
into your spine
between the 15th and 16th vertebra
and twisted.
It’s raining jellyfish.
You can see them in the puddle on the sidewalk,
the thin veils of life congealing into constellations
along the frothy border between water and concrete.
A temporary parting.
Tomorrow, they will slide together, a waltz of states,
and make mud with the grass
at the edge of the asphalt.
Life on the margins of things.
Jellyfish are a simple kind of arithmetic and biology,
cells and static oozing with body magic--
the kind that also ignites pistons in my brain
and makes it slick and shiver in the open space
behind my eyes, as it rolls
to the six eight beat
of the rain against the puddle
and my body.
Me and the puddle.
Swirls of emptiness that rile with electricity
dangerous and beautiful.
So I stick out my tongue
and let the black beans of rain
make mud in my mouth.
I sleep with the front door unlocked, 
deadbolt flipped left, 
loose chain swinging on a cedar frame, 
but no one has ever come in. 
Makes sense, it’s a secret invitation—
only available to people with one 
hand already on the knob—
meant for no one in particular. 
Clementines are rotting in the fridge ‘cause 
the grocery store’s family-sized packaging 
was not made for a family of one; 
no one has realized I’m offering to share.

Maybe tonight I’ll let the door 
hang wide on its hinges.
When a bird sings sweet enough
for molasses to go rotten,
my hair will stand on end
and molten rock will
seep through my pores
and the air will get so hot
the drapes will
burst into flame.

Mark me, I’ll burn
the whole place to the ground
before that song is done.

The woman in the moon
will drag me through
a hole in the ceiling,
across an empty sky,
up high enough
that no sugar wings
can ever reach me.
This is not the good morning we had hoped for. Puffy eyes, heavy hearts, and warm wishes lay the foundation for our days. Another Black Death.

We are stricken with crippling anxiety. Our bodies begin to tense up like they didn’t trust us anymore like they thought we had traded it in for a chance at heaven. I wish the words “I’m sorry for your loss” didn’t seem like the catchphrase of our lives. I wish us and death didn’t know each other on a first name basis. Can we go back to being strangers?
And everyday,
no matter how much
this world berates our beauty,
I am reminded
that we are magical creatures.
Crafted with the perfect pills and potions.
But what happens to a people that are too scared
to ever feel like magic?
Do we get our happy ending?

So to all my brothas and sistas on our gloomy days,
may I remind you
when it seems like the world could give a damn
and all the countless names go unsaid
We will continue to scream.
Loud enough that God himself will hear us.
Something absolutely wrong

must occur,

    like,

when she is younger

her mother must stand

    firm

that new jeans won't be bought

until sizes are lost.

Or,

when her father takes her

for a run outside

on the trail in town,
he’ll admit,

“Hun,

no boy will date

a chubby girl,

so, this is what we do.”

Let her room reflect white

like a ballet studio,

dysphoric,

looking

down at her nose, and have Mom

promise

rhinoplasty as a milestone

future gift,
laser hair removal for that

    pesky upper lip,

introduce to her

a calorie

too many,

    have her hold

five pounds of fat

ask her to consider

    how many of those

are holding her back?

Yes,

she needs all the ink

in the family printer

    to trick herself,

to fold in.

Asterism
She rounds edges
close cuts
on pointe nails circling
cinched,
corseted, waists.
She orbits
pixie profiles with
pretty
plump
lips,
let her believe
she could
be,
maybe,
have the girl stretch

Asterism
longer,

think thinner,

fill her up

with good old-fashioned

carbonation

a diet soda

for her, is all, thanks.

Coveting girl

equates

three hundred paces,

from reaching grey wall

to wall,

on tiptoes

to be a mile's worth.

Entice her to manipulate
the measurements
from the scale
off by a few,
etch the calculations
to hang alongside
    slanted reminders
she loathes herself.

    Mother should applaud
her dedication to health,
as she said,
    “That shirt
never looked good on you
    Before,
So tight on the sides,”
What flavor slim fast should she sip tonight?
A Note for Bertha Harris

Mason Gregg

After Down and Dirty (1994) by Louise Edith Fishman

“Take what you want and leave the dreck.” -L. Fishman 1977

(P.S)

I believe

angry women

are passionate women

so

I stapled up

our door frame

and spackled over
the windows
with us inside.

I miss you bubbling
rage over ice,
your weighted mark
traced across pages
and pages.

I liked searching
for victory
in the sleight joy
of your implicated eyes,
and you loved
the devotion of my defeat-
like fire meeting filter-
in our little game of
rooftop roulette.
Practicing the condition
of perfect love
makes patience split
like hardwood,
passion welling
possession, loud
like black ink on
white satin sheets.

There is only
so long before we know
it is done with.

Get your fix
run with my love
on the loose.
Queen of Dirt.
Deja Jones

I sit on my throne of maggots,
They squirm beneath.

I rule the flies,
They linger around.

I keep my head up,
They fly above.

Vultures.
They peck bones.

The sun scorches.
Burning my decaying eyes.

Don’t look down,
Don’t look back,

My heart is rotting
And I will fester.
I stopped eating.  
I started sleeping in.  

Dreamt of being the girl of your dreams – not mine

Receipt paper unraveled debt  
like tears rolling down my cheeks  
Beauty is expensive – Love is priceless.

I gorged my eyes out  
Implanted your eyes in the sockets  
judged my grotesque image

I hated myself.

You hated all the colors I wore  
So, I cloaked myself in black  
black beauty

Dressed for my own funeral  
The girl you’ve dreamt up  
has died in your dreams.
The moon drips nectar
And washes her bare flushed skin
In coal dusted fur
And sharp, cherry claws.

Her cry shakes men to their bones.
They bleed excitement in harsh winter’s bite
As they hunt her down.
Her coat does not keep out the cold.

Down the street under warm lamplight,
Her head is sprinkled with snowflakes
Reflecting in dead eyes
Which want this nightmare over.

Prey approaches.
Starving.
She strikes— it’s her body
Against his

Her groans of pleasure ring true
Of scarlet flushed victory.
She survives another day,
Bathed in red.
At one point, he’s what I desired

A lean, coy, nerdy figure

Stirred up envy because she was admired

Neglected him and left him disfigured

Envious of his observation

I lingered between the steel bins

Skip to a prolonged infatuation

My existence felt agonizing and I let him win

Repugnance of my entity

“You’ll never be her”

Hence, I changed my identity
Became somewhat of a poser

I’m aspiring for something deeper

Not a man who is deranged and erratic

Something like a keeper

A man whose love remains emphatic
Reprimanded when my words were ill-timed
Yet her words cut me deep, like the scissors that once slashed my arm
Everything I did was wrong, no matter how I was primed
Mother knows best, yet mothers don’t cause their children harm

The one who held me accountable when I couldn’t feel a flame
Pertaining to her, inevitably I will hold a grudge
Disconnection notices at ten years old, yet I was to blame
When it comes to her, I won’t budge

This anecdote should seem familiar to you
I’ve never understood why you can’t see
Her era to accept accountability is long overdue
You know what she did to you and me

This isn’t meant to be endearing even if it rhymes
I’m hoping one day, I’ll receive a call
I’m struggling to understand how you accept her crimes
Do you think of your big sister at all?
eve & isaac & iphigenia all have different eating disorders

Michelle Alstaetter

eve & isaac & iphigenia all have the same father
the father is the first betrayal, after all. when you grow up thinking
the tall man that lives in your house is god, eventual disappointment
is inevitable.
the father is the first betrayal and once you know that the man who
is supposed to protect you has no interest in protecting you, what
really is the point in trying to protect yourself? if the man supposed
to fill your plate has no interest in filling your plate,
if agamemnon if abraham if god if Dad cannot will not won’t do it,
well, you can’t blame eve. all that, for an apple. you’d probably get a
thing about food too.

when agamemnon and iphigenia sit in the doctor’s office do you
think agamemnon feels any sympathy for why she might be seeking
comfort and distraction in food when the doctor says iphigenia has
gained forty pounds in eight months or does he just think about
how she was such a prettier, more beautifully tragic sacrifice nine
months ago when agamemnon and iphigenia sit in the doctor’s office do you think the air between them is so thick when the doctor asks where iphigenia got a hand-shaped bruise that high up on her thigh that you could cut it with a knife thick like the air between us when i do my eleven o’clock confessions
a knife like the one abraham was going to drive into us
a knife like the one agamemnon drove into us
a knife like on account of your dessert, even the son of god had to die

you’ll notice satan offered us the apple not god

when abraham watches isaac work out for hours and track his macros, do you think he knows his son only started going to the gym after his dad tried to sacrifice him
when abraham sits and thinks about that time he tried to sacrifice his only son, do you think he ever wonders if it was the voice of god or the voice of satan crooning in his ear
when abraham tries to justify trying to behead his only son to himself, do you think he convinces himself it was okay because his Dad was telling him to trick question. abraham doesn’t try to justify trying to behead his only son to himself. abraham doesn’t sit and think about it. abraham doesn’t even notice isaac’s obsession with control. abraham doesn’t care. the father never cares. or have any of your prayers ever not gone unanswered?
it’s okay. it’s nothing personal. he never answers eve’s calls either, if it makes you feel better.
the father is the first betrayal because if the father is never wrong if
the father is the strongest man in the world if the father’s job is to
look out for you if the father cannot be corrected
if the father is never wrong and he doesn’t love you then there
must be something wrong with you

if the father is supposed to protect his children and the father
almost takes your head off with an axe then you must not be his
child. if the father is the strongest man in the world maybe working
out for six hours daily will make you the strongest man in the
world and you’ll be able to sleep soundly at night without worrying
where he’s keeping that axe these days
if the father thinks love is a dagger shoved into you maybe eating a
whole chocolate cake will make you feel better
if the father doesn’t love you maybe you don’t deserve 200 calories
a day.

you’ll notice satan offered us the apple
not god

oh, right, eve. we’ve forgotten about eve. well, everyone does. how
else would she be able to hide skipping dinner from adan and the
kids?

don’t feel too bad for eve. she deserved to get kicked out of the
house anyway.
the father is the first betrayal because if you told someone for thirteen years that they’d always have an orange tree in the backyard and then you took an axe and cut down that tree in front of them into bloody wooden splinters they’d probably feel pretty let down
if you told someone for thirteen years they’d always have an orange tree in the backyard and then you sliced their throat to keep the greek army from starving to death,

you’ll notice satan offered us the apple not god

he’s always liked his kids waifish

look, Dad, i’m really sorry for quitting band but did you have to spill my blood on the altar of artemis?
of course it was hard for you to raise that axe over my head and prepare to bring it down, but i feel like we’re overlooking the real victim here, Dad.
Dad, i’d really appreciate it if you read that article i sent you about gaslighting. yeah, yeah, cain and abel are doing okay in school. are you listening to me?

the father is the first betrayal because i’ll eat an apple if i please, Dad.
(no i won’t, Dad)
(i could never disobey you, Dad)
the most important part of anorexia recovery is to know the biblical expulsion and subsequent fall of man wasn’t my fault. Ironically enough, the most important part of binge eating disorder recovery is to know that the fall of Troy was my fault.

Oh, great, Isaac just googled orthorexia. Pure little lamb. I guess it’s true what Eve’s known since that whole Garden incident - shit can always get worse.

The father is the first betrayal because why don’t you love me. The father is the first betrayal because maybe I’ll drive a knife into my gut and sacrifice my virgin blood to the goddess Artemis myself. I wanna be just like you Dad!

You’ll notice Satan offered us the apple not God.
of course it was hard for you to raise that axe over my head and prepare to bring it down, but I feel like we’re overlooking the real victim here, Dad. Dad, I’d really appreciate it if you read that article I sent you about gaslighting.

Yeah, yeah, Cain and Abel are doing okay in school. Are you listening to me? The father is the first betrayal because I’ll eat an apple if I please, Dad. (No I won’t, Dad) (I could never disobey you, Dad)

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You’ll notice Satan offered us the apple not God.