

Come Out and Play

By Marirose Bernal

Come out and play, they tell me.
Cracking into my phone with demands left unread
but I don't want to go unless
I can bring my bat along.
(Crack open a few heads,
see if there's anything inside, after all.)

Never played baseball,
but dragging it along the ground,
I admit I enjoy swinging hard with the intention to hit.
I feel satisfaction in the almost-crunch
I'll create in the near future,
smashing up my town through customs
quite
unconventional.

Boys are knocking on my window,
waiting at the door,
driving down the road,
holding altered memories like glass.
As once put:
"I love you" doesn't mean a fucking thing if
you spit it down the throat of every girl who
makes you feel less dead.

All these different eyes with the same look.
Experimentation comes with curiosity:
If I kiss you harder, will you say something interesting?
The answer is no almost every time.

Fighter

On the weekends, I chase dust and abandon,
screaming every soft dusk until the harshness
makes my lung snap horizontal. So stick around,
pull me in and pull me down,
tuck me into the bronchioles.
I'll run your bones forever,
or at least until something better
comes along.

Forget it, I don't regret it,
I taste what didn't happen and everything you breathe
I question.
I can't believe you let it
go when all you should have done was mention it, repeatedly, or
reel it in, to a cage, to a breaking, boiling point. Don't fade away;
I'll hate you for leaving me alone in a Venetian Pit,
witch doctors to the left,
an ebony array of masks to the right.
There's so much noise and no one's talking.

Relax the noose around your wrists, you've got it all wrong,
it's just memory
like poison gas.
Kill me! At least in death
you can laugh at an old joke,
remember that time we hit the night sky like a bullet and became the same.

On the weekends, I chase lust and phantoms,
reading until it's too late to go out
or leaving early to go home and read.
I trace my mind on the ceiling,
sit alone in the dark and think
about what I've mapped above me.
It's a cryptic constellation, a message no one understands
and that no one ever reads
because I'm the last one who looks up, here, on both sides of the trees,
in a cold town where snowflakes catch the window pane without warning.
The sky is too light for midnight but I don't care.
The entire world is quiet but it's the wrong kind.

Hit the hallways and the world has been muted in thought, all the brains start to rot
to grey matter and it never *mattered* anyway. Liars.

We're amplified in voice

Shout louder! Color brighter!

You're a winner, you're a fighter,

you'll take that lighter to your future if you take one more hit.