

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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BINGE

Nasal drip
6 am Red Bull fit
oops it was a late night slip
cocaine on my keychain
world sleeping at the foot of the bed
tylenol pm and Plan B on the nightstand
ingredients for pretty girl paralysis

let's find a new way to say what's already been said
surrender and let the dead bury their dead
lies for breakfast, lunch and dinner
the masses gorging
and looking *THINNER!*

so jaded
naked and humiliated
faded and hated
siren, the alpha female will outlast you
vixen, you're just a lip-glossed victim
daughter, you're searching for daddy in all the wrong dicks
primitive female, the artist woman will devour you

go back to sleep, pretty girl
dream pink stiletto dreams
wake up tomorrow and do it all again
the next club will have your perfect man

PURGE

Stick your finger down your throat
this is how the pretty ones cope
why be ugly for all to see
when these demons offer exclusivity

It all seemed so simple once...
matriarchs in their Sunday best
rosy cheeks and the reddest red lips a passive war lady-like combat
perfumes fighting for dominance
in the confines of the car

Silently, tragically, it happens
a purgatory between girl and woman
no one is nice for the right reasons anymore
the world only sees a mother or a whore

young thing sitting pretty reading *Cosmo*
learning to hate herself one page at a time
illusory remedies in flat abs and G-spots
she will melt in your mouth, not in your hand
strutting that shiny, candy-coated shell

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so you outrun, outdo, outfuck
you lie, you medicate, you cheat
we're stuck like a disneyland ride
it's a small world after all
mechanical, fake, on a loop—you

a father's deceit on repeat

dear henry rollins,

i love you. i'm sure we are soulmates because i am a flower that smells of gaseoline. and you like that. i incinerate weaklings just by standing here. my strength cauterizes wounds. i am a scar-maker. and you like that.

we aren't meant to be though. i agree with most of your sentiments, but in the flesh, i might feel that you were always on the precipice of whining. plus, per many old youtube clips of you, i've decided you have a bit of a lisp. and lisps are just not alpha enough for me. it's like you're inside my head though, really. we have written the same exact sentences about this world, despite being separated by time, gender and copious amounts of microphones.

i would never want to have sex with you because i can only imagine you hate-fucking me or crying afterward. you are extreme. and you are a warrior. that makes me wet. but that doesn't always mean you will be a hot fuck. i'm not emasculating, just picky. promise. it's ok. i love you. you are my soulmate.

love always,
tiff

OUTLAWS

an outlaw is a
suicide girl at trail's end
seeking retribution, reward, revolution
and the rest

bullets to fearless flesh
none bleed more violently than
womanhood's invasion
anyway

an outlaw is a
rebel who has the courage to want it all
part-nihilist, part-narcissist and
heart made of hornet dust

an outlaw is a
face immortal
like a mug shot or a
John Dillinger death mask

GONE

guppy belly
guppy belly grew eyes
eyes dots placenta blood clots
baby belly aborting bloody guppy
breathing
conceiving
deceiving
it's gone.

everything in boxes
live in a box
fuck in a box
eat from a box
wage-slaving
self-loathing
suffocating
it's gone.

balloon in hand
little boy balloon in hand
dreams tied around wrist
wrist slit by expectation not met
buying
crying
dying
it's gone.

PETER PAN ZOMBIES

Peter Pan zombies eat Barbie brains in my cotton candy dreams
wake up screaming in a world full of fiends
and now I see you...

you are tree sap and moss seeping from my pores
you are AA and slit wrists and patchouli-scented whores
you are a reindeer, a biosphere, an irregular pap smear

you are big cock pop rocks, snapping crystals to the core
you are baby bear turning out my goldilocks, it feels *juuuuuuuust* right
and i want more

so here's what I propose:
let's take a walk past hypocrisy and look up loyalty's skirt
let's bleed honey over suffering and smile between our thighs
let's allow love to cataract these worthless eyes
we can be jasmines—no, we can be gems born in soil
it's easy to merely bloom, shed petals and die too soon.

NEEDINESS

everyone needs a false idol to avoid anarchy
everyone needs love to give purpose to their madness
everyone needs to believe in freedom so their enslavement feels like a choice
everyone needs a drop-down menu to label their insubordinate sexuality
but
the truth is
we don't need any of it
the truth is
it's all a lie
the truth is
most of you are already
dead.

BITCH

I've been an ugly bitch, a stupid bitch, a whore bitch, and a fat ass bitch
they've always called me a bitch when i forgot to be what they wanted
then the ass and thighs grew thick
thick as my brain and my heart and my big alpha dick
then hate turned to sex— at first glance—at least for a start

men who want to be dominated find me in bars and ask me to hurt them
i sweetly oblige with a punch to the gut or a kick to the groin
with my six-inch boss bitch heels
and they love it
and then they call me a bitch when i won't give them my number
or when they think my laughter is license to touch and i tell them to shove it

academic masochists beg me to mind-fuck them
and then call me a hack when they can't talk back
“established” men with shiny cars and pygmy pricks ask me out for a spin
and then call me a bitch when I'm just not as meek as they need me to be

i could never find the common denominator in all the various men who despise me
i had theories:
i'm too muscular, too loud, too opinionated, too stubborn, too independent, too sexual— too small-breasted?
i'm not feminine enough, not soft enough, not graceful enough, i don't smell like perfume, i curse
and
i
can't
sing.

my conclusion:
girls were made of sugar and spice and everything nice
and then
god made me—
the anomaly.

until one day i realized:
these men want me to relieve their masochist lust for the same reasons they hate me
i will not act inferior so that they can easily define their masculinity
if my competence reveals their incompetence by default—not my fault
they want a taste of a real woman, they get intimidated, they act out in fear

I will not be Sylvia Plath or Anais Nin whining about my artist lover's wayward cock
I will not procreate when my empty womb aches and begs me to
I will not mask my feelings or dilute my words when I am more informed than you
I will not subscribe to ideals of beauty prescribed by airbrush, plastic and vixen idolatry
I will not, cannot, do not edit myself for others' insecurity
I will not be the stuck-up slut just because your lines don't work and I'm the life of the party
I will not be ashamed of my body because I have muscles and can probably outrun you
because I'm a real woman
made of honey and light and everything bright
that's what this bitch is made of.

DOMESTICS

Doing dishes and thinking about a woman's worth
a purpose perhaps... who cares?
hands scrubbing robotically
and then,
behind me, he grabs my neck, my waist,
his tongue asks me where to go
lust marches dutifully down my spine
as nature's most primitive urge arches my back
he pulls my hair so my eyes fix on ceiling
he pulls my panties down and spreads my legs
I try to push him away with my soapy, glove-bound hands but he holds me down
one hand returns to pull my hair and the other searches between my thighs
my hatred of domestic duties no longer belongs to this scenario as I stare into bubbles
and let this man take control
listening to my breath as commands
and I'm wet like the dishes
dripping in neo-feminism
as I am submissive
and served
all at once.