

Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

Rachael Stanford

Tiles

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four without water marks

Every thrust
rips deeper.

I want to scream, my raging lips
covered, bite
instead, hope
it hurts.

He doesn't flinch.
Thrust.

□

six, if you count
the crack in the middle

He's harder, faster.
The tears wiggle
down.

Under his weight
I squirm.

- Oh god yes!
I hope you die.

perfume, beer, sweat



Someday I'll rip out your
love, he can't feel

heart

for now, the night
like he
still young

Whisperings

Tell me that forever didn't pass us yesterday in a beat up Suburban with a bleach blonde soccer mom at the wheel. Tell me I'm not weak for calling you. Tell me you didn't notice the hack job they've done to my hair. Tell me your phone's been out of service for the past week. Tell me I'm prettier. Tell me you've noticed the way your hand fits into mine. Tell me I'm not your servant. Tell me I'm not imagining all this. Tell me the sun won't rise. Tell me you hate subjunctive sentences. Tell me you hear me. Tell me I'm crazy. Tell me to run. Tell me to burn your pictures. Tell me running wouldn't do me any good. Tell me that you don't think I'm as crazy as my grandmother who thought my aunt was a robot. Tell me you'd get into a car with me and drive until we ran out of gas in a ghost town. Tell me to forget you and walk away. Tell me actions speak louder than words. Tell me you can conceive. Tell me one day it will change. Tell me those things you said weren't true. Tell me one day it will be the same. Tell me words speak louder than actions. Tell me I'm not a robot.