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The Beast

loss is not a subtle beast, but it lives in the shadows in the creases of your face, and in the back of your throat when it's rainy and ripe with nostalgia,
and it lives also in the frames of your eyeglasses when the blue glare reflects just so
or when a gift smells of better days, sweet pine and cold snow, darling,
you remember... it sleeps sometimes in hibernation, like when you smile and it is curled in your rosy cheeks and
within the wavy circles of your oceanic irises, until the spring comes and it awakens,
tired and ravenous,
eating away at the peace you've formed—
loss is not a subtle beast, it roars, roars, roars
with the alacrity of a youthful sore, reborn in your wrinkles
when it rains.

Evolution of Lies

I am the evolution of lies
from little white
to puerile to insidious to
unforgivable;
the last mentioned being
what I am right now
existing merely to exist but drowning in
self-reverential existential narcissistic
whatever
vomit,
trails
of
last night's
discoveries
hidden in anthologies of the 20's
blacklisted
just like my frozen veins
figuratively
not literally
you idiot—
I care not for indulgence in prolixity nightmares
politically incorrect
screaming from the backseat of wet taxis
or—Dear God—
grammatically incorrect
the worst crime
you could commit
being with
the shallow “miss me”
meaning
that I am once again
morphing into an amalgam
of kitchen sinks and
artificial sore throats raw
from kicking in Cliché's favorite hideout:
your heart,
spewing grayish puss and bile
into horoscopes nightly

echoes
in the stars
formulated into freckles
which occur only in
moments of orgasm
not the sex kind
but the kind you get
reading a particularly good Poe poem
because you know he's manipulating you
because he tells you so
but it still sends
melancholy
crawling icy up your back and into your neck
and out of those eyes—
and I read Him there
laughing sadistically.
Inspired
I stretch my
vocal chords as wide as a python devouring prey
saying things
that twist senses and sensitivities and sense itself,
common and otherwise
(including but not limited to: of direction).
Love partially,
please
love wholly only self and love holes in self and the Holy self which is
of course
in itself selfishly oxymoronic
which is to say,
You
are the aforementioned partial
to me,
and only partial
in the margins
at the
edge
of reasons dried and crumbling
like old birthday cake
delicious in its time
now stale
and let's be honest;
there is nothing worse than

stale birthday cake
forced down
at midnight
in a rush of denial—
“I’m not that old!”
If all of this
is not enough to
drive you away,
I’ll relieve you of
puddle candles (they burned
all night; you know what you did)
and
filthy showers and filthier diaries
and
pantries of
romance food
mostly poems and inside jokes
occasionally something clever like
a play
on the words “miss” and “me”
so that whenever
anyone
whispers
these
things, you will feel sick
and vomit whatever vomit
all over the back seats
of taxis
and you will see the candle wax harden and want to
shove
all those memories
back up into the vortex of infinity
or maybe just
back up into me,
but I must warn you,
I will have evolved
into the next
lie
and this one will be
beyond unforgivable,
it will be
summital

paramount
annihilation
and it will lead to
revolution
within the psyche of modern *homo sapiens*
and it will not be made of words
the way I am right now;
it will be made of
Raw Seduction
licking lips
into oblivion, the friend
I've yet to make—
for now
I'll continue these exercises
of exacerbation,
you fucking
fucking
fucking
idiot.

Starving

bulimic control freaks enjoy post-purge highs in bathroom stalls smelling like yesterday
masturbating boys next door screech quietly at the idea of perfection planted in Playboy

girls drinking down carbonated caffeinated aspartame to keep the poetry at bay
and loners drowning in the aspirin induced lull of internet television where commercials precede commercials that
precede ads that explain with condescending authority how to fix yourself.

Don't you realize they are not the enemy? They are us.

One girl's thirsty starvation monster claws at the lining stretched far beyond capacity
Fix? I need a fix, she thinks, swallowing whatever is stale in the cabinet of claustrophobic friends,
little does she know she's not as alone as mental health professionals would have us believe in starch thousand page
textbooks analyzing twitches and the freckle constellations on her face and legs
which of course mean much more than the Gemini astrology section she reads daily, beware the love that will steal
your heart, beware the dinner that will fatten you into your mother or worse, your teacher.

One boy's angry hormones hurl his morals into battlefields where creeps are the definition of peers and life comes
in one orgasmic yell encompassing the devil's red hot passion
dreams of the girl whose mouth will turn him into an upright citizen of pleasure
we all starve for something
we all starve for something,
and sometimes the lost are the most grounded for at least they are within a moment of need
not dreading past nor future clocks the way wrinkles count years in slow rocket lift-offs.

OK

I am Oh Kay. O. K. Okay.

OK?

This time two letters define soft grass
growing in
my brain, the underbelly of heartbreak
where the damage
is really done—
from scar tissue there planted
the most beautiful garden
of acidic resentment, yellows, oranges, reds and greens
splattered
like freckled temperatures punctuated with
Hell
circle after circle after circle
where I wrote myself into
pillowed pity
sobbing corridors of isolation
greasy with self-loathing
until I realized
oh, oh, oh
so arresting, this I created, this my world
and I am King
because in this world women can be Kings
and I rule with silver-fisted tyranny,
slapping regret into dungeons of dusty books
and tying optimism to my eyes—
that's what that sparkle is,
that glimpse of the sun,
I bet you didn't realize I was holding it captive,
how brilliant my deception
as I
cough up bloody bipolar reality
subtly into a napkin
folded perfectly to match
my smile
white, pearly, always—
always meaning now, hiding all evers
especially for's ever—

winning over
angels of anorexia who cling
for dear life
to always, my lying always, of course,
and me
and my kingdom of pariahs
outcast outlaws outed by
ones who loved then stopped loving—
the cruelest of cruel
almost unbelievably impossibly cruel
yet to remain fixated is
as petty as
a thirty year grudge over five dollars
borrowed for a stale beer
once. Oh, once, how you separate
me from
my lover (once)
who loved me (once)
who told me I'd be his (once)
and who now
whispers sour nothings in the ears of another,
a girl who may
or may not wonder if she will be his
or his once
as I am, that which
my brain garden can attest to
overgrown flowering lethargy,
how I adore this garden now
how I water it
how I feed it
how I smother it with kissing poems
of nonsensical metaphors
hate poems hating love
love poems loving hate
poems hating love and hate poems
because it all seems so pointless
in strawberry sheets
and it all seems so meaningful
in the rush of verbs,
verbs do so love to rush, don't they,
screaming, punching, kicking—
breathing feverishly, they live to breath feverishly

as do I
as do I
as I realize my own mortality daily,
morningly
perpetually
especially on rainy mornings
when ambiguous Gods vaguely sneeze
and us agnostics
huddle together with atheists
to keep warm (on particularly bad storms, of course
we allow the anarchists shelter
as well.) And
well...
this concludes
yet another
empty pondering preponderance
of the forgivers over the forgiven
of the religious over the materialists
of the liars over the honest
because in the end
our gardens are our gardens
they may flourish
they may wither
they may look however we build them to look
and really be just... Oh Kay,
and O.K. always,
a brilliant summary
of my current existence
of which I am immensely proud
because of the connotations
that Tomorrow brings:
OK (once.)