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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.)