

Korinne Ellert

Watch Me

Watch me pluck a hair from my head and knit it into a cape.
Watch me draw lines between my freckles and cover my skin in constellations.
Watch me pull my teeth to make beads for a necklace on my throat.
Watch me play pool with my eyeballs, sinking every pocket.
Watch me play marbles with my toes and darts with my fingers.
Watch me win.
Just watch me.

Watch me sew quilts with my memories, some stained---
some ripped---
but it will still be warm.
Watch me string words into magic and make a secret spell.
Watch me electrify my lips to give all of my iterations power.
Watch me fill my lungs with sugar to make every breath sweet.
Watch me put flowers in my stomach to create gardens to feed me.
Watch me remove my hands and use them as peace offerings.
Watch me keep pens in my ears to reach my brain.
Watch me sell my legs for what I cannot stand.
Watch me birth a revolution through a hiccup and my belly button.
Watch me win.
Just watch me.

Watch me fall in love with the rhythm of a heartbeat.

Watch me fall apart to the beat of a drum.

Watch me rattle my bones and wake my soul up.

Watch me fight a war with an illness you cannot see.

Watch me love myself when I do not feel lovable.

Watch me be enough for myself and learn to walk on water.

Watch me be my own God in constant worship, my body is my temple and the praise is for myself.

Watch me look The Man in the eye in rebellion.

Watch me imagine great things in utter ecstasy.

Watch me win.

Just watch me.

Put a Sticker on Me and Call Me Produce

My body is not a shrine in decadence to your taste.
I will not come how you like me --
Perfectly spiced with everything nice.
You will not feel my sweetness without the fire of my rage.

You may cradle my healing body
Yet the bite of my language will leave you bleeding.
I am full of magic.
My tongue is a whip covered in rough edges,
Yet when you kiss me it dances fluidly as a flower's falling petal.
I breathe the scent of lavender into your lungs,
But I hide rebellions in your pockets.

I must come with a warning label,
As my love is a hurricane with searing winds
And my heart pumps as peacefully as an earthquake.
My breath wheezes tornados into the ground.
The eye at my center loves the taste of your skin,
The hum of your throat,
The scent of your voice,
And the comfort of your arms.

I am cold to the touch yet I am burning inside.
On fire inside of your body,
Tasting your flesh on my tongue,
In delectable immoral presence,
May we reside in perfect cohabitation,
Within the law of my body
Who's church praises my god --
Myself.
I am decoration for my temple.

Where There Is an Aching There Is a Bruise

No matter how much I desire to beg
and plead for your touch against my skin,
I know it is a wasted effort.
Thinking only brings me more pain.

I could conquer a world that sits between us
just to feel you between my fingers.
I could suffer a death far times worse than Christ
just to create a life of your freedom.

I pray and hope and beg beyond all comparison
for a physical and emotional love
that is the greatest accomplishment before god.
I pray for hope of a body that fits perfectly in my own.
I pray for a voice that dovetails my heart.
I lust for a touch,
a great craving for lips against my own.

I love thee before all comparison
and I wait for a day I can prove the greatness of my affection.
Until your hand encloses mine,
I bid thee adieu until morning made new

Time Travelling Oppression

Seconds turn to minutes and minutes burn like a forest fire into hours.
Hours turn to weeks and weeks into months.
Months run like ink into years,
And years pool into an ocean of a lifetime.

Im melting into a desk now,
my skin has worn away two circles
where my head has rested upon my standing hands.

I spend a lifetime of whispers waiting for a command.
I spend a lifetime of a sneeze sitting
with my nose stuck to book and my ears listening.
I wait for work or a command.
A telling to lead me,
And a word for me to follow.

I hear the paces of the overwatchers,
Watching us race steadily through work.
Knocking us off one by one by one as if we are defective.
Alluding more work to those who continue.
We are in the learning class.
We are the students.

We are the children with outstretched hands
feeling minutes throw themselves into our palms
that scream out to be filled.
We are the children who don't sleep.
We are the children who spend every night doing homework
and projects and studying for useless standardized tests.

We are the children who are being forced to grow up
but not in and not around.

We are the children who suffocate.

We are the drowning victims.

We are the students.

We are running out of our time.

We are running out of forever.

Words glued to mouths as fingers to a keyboard.

We are always working,

Writing,

Solving,

Equating,

Praying,

Praying for relief.

When the education system has brought

children to point of praying for relief;

Of praying for illness and natural disasters

to rid them of a torture all children sympathize themselves with fluently.

You try to tell us that you felt the same way.

You try to tell us that we are just complaining

about something everyone needs to go through.

But when you feel the grip of a teacher of 7 classes,

And the grip of all 7 classes asking for your full potential.

Asking for your best, most successful work.

Every minute of every day.

In every class and every assignment.

When you feel what it is like to be a child now,
Not a child then.

When you can recite to me the entire chapter that you are studying
just because you are terrified to fail.
because you know that you will disappoint
your parents and your friends and your teachers.
When you know that you will disappoint yourself.

When your greatest reason to hate yourself
is because you never feel good enough but can't feel the desire to try.
When you yearn to keep part of yourself for yourself
and not give yourself to the education system.

When you see the elite of your class,
And the smart kids in your grade.
And you feel the self-loathing
that comes with not being the best in something everyone is expected to be good at.

We are the students that understand
that just because one child is good at school;
Doesn't mean that the one child who isn't good at school.
Isn't just as important.

A standardized test made for one type of student,
given to every type of student,
Cannot test intelligence.
It only shows the negligence of the education system.

We are in the learning class.
We are the students.
We are running out of time.
We are running out of motivation.