



By: BAEVY

My Chiseler

your deceit and my statue
moving again with these words
rest now

Step 1

Cuddled into a fold-out chair
arranged in a circle I sit
feet to the plastic
knees by my chin

Hung on the wall a genius's
red lettering:
Secrets Make Us Sick

The men assess the damage
caused by fists
women remarking on the bruises
and pillow feathers on the bed

a glorification of toxicity
well hidden
between the pages of tears

My shit is kept to myself
as told to me by my man
and repressed adhered to myself

aside from the notebooks
burning as brightly as tribulations

Please
let me take off those summer shades
and let me write again of my own eyes

Summer bathhouse

Under the season of beaches my
white button-down ties under
my breasts
while I lay in the sand

and watch you talking politics
between strangers and friends

Shaven for the summer
your chest is prickly
on my moving hands

I close my eyes and dream of
sheets cut in corners
duvets fluffed and blankets made

arching my back
the hair between my thighs is
yours and mine
eloping an orgasm
as the day turns to night

Adultery

Soaking by the yellow on the beach
the wife of your friend
could hold grains
of sand
in the flower
between her legs
and yet

never cure herself from your
staff of
ivy

binding at her feet
as the blue increases
its opacity

And her toes are tickled
by the seaweed

Facts of entertainment

Elvis composes himself in wax
photo flashes shine on his plastic eyes

Melodies repeat themselves
in different space across time

The World drips juices
peeling back the orange rind

Rhythm is born in the body then
executed for an audience

Whales eat toy puppets
singing a modern pop song
the song we like so much on the radio

Venganza

This is my punishment
collecting a book of poems amongst
food scraps

I finger

The Spanish Dictionary
and wonder if I found the word vengeance
in another language it would be

not so passé

My anger then to be marked with a novella flair
an extending arm and a flying
hard-bound leaving the shelf to your

bent back
my voice screeching like freeway chases
this is not mine
flipping my favorites off by the bind
onto the floor

Slamming the door closed behind me
pumping on the brakes
I am drunk on rum running

Straight into a boulder
knocking on your door
lo seinto mi amor
again
lo seinto mi amor

Fizzy pop

I like pineapple soda served
sunshine in a frosted glass bottle
he knows this and picks up a wine
at a corner store gas station

Cattle and crazy lovers share
common ground except the ladder
is harder to catch by the neck

Lasso spinning overhead
I know to die by insanity will mean

carnival souls will dance
in full-moon light
with martinis in their ghostly
hands spilling liquor on our

headstones
getting drunk under titles
his and
hers

Vampires

Old Hollywood's glamour pin-up girls scream
terror as their necks and satin nighties become stained
with maroon blood
and black cloaked figures
pull away from their feasting
to lick
their buck teeth dripping red

Well
your front teeth are quite pronounced

Pale-faced hipsters pull away
from New Hollywood's soft-spoken starlets
fainting from their snake bites

Well
a snake like you I think

The sickness in the sink
is evidence of my mastery
in poisoning

Well
I am tired of being your snack

Woodland Creatures

The ogres took refuge from you
the wizard

policing their pillaging of defenseless
fairies in your moss-covered cottage

I blow the mattresses up
upon their arrival

at night I drip candle wax
out from their ears

and whisper when they are clean
I won't let him here
if you won't

And then I go to bed
kicking my slippers off

undressing and pressing my chest
against the bed frame

through paper walls
I can hear the fairies chant

Piano Dreaming

You have arms no more
you have wings
you have no fingers now
you have feathers

Crossing over and playing the keys
you could make a mortician believe
in fate
and remorse a buried liar

A melody for our children
half-yours and half-mine
dancing barefoot in the lawn grass
under a sprinkler and the sun
coaxing little rainbows out between the tree's leaves

Facts of happiness

Murder is suicide's
lucky brother

Preprogrammed tears are tributes
with false allegations

Vocabulary is often
careless means of communications

Don't jump on his hood like that
he really doesn't like that
but you always liked the drama of his wrath

Alphabet Soup

How can I sleep now?
restless in these timeless days

The soup you serve me
has chicken and the letters
of unnamed words
I stir them and watch them
like tea leaves
in a witches brew

But nothing appears
blanks
my voice gargling broth
and reaching for another bite

After this I wish to go to bed

but *we have so much to do*
he says
and pulls me out the door
with shoes in my hand

In the car passing the rippling waves
I imagine the soup again
and letters hook in with another

the chains are weaved throughout my soup
the soup I never had time to finish

where I wish to sleep now
amongst the celery and carrot bits

Moon-faced

At the age of twelve
you penetrated a mattress
claiming your love to be for the moon above

The pretty girls on your screen
are stars in the making

I understand I do
they need your support
they need to be wanted

Don't mind me as I lay here naked
and count the moles on my stomach
waiting for you
to spend some time on me

your little star
your kitten stretched with my back
to your fierce hands

Facts of marriage

Promises are grafted by
ring finger diamonds

Love affairs traumatize
children kept in remembrance

The Proposal

Yes left my mouth
in a predicated mess

Looking up
from the base of the rock
I see a cliff for brides to be
happiness is fleeting but so is

falling

ending my story
sponged of false tidings

The morning after you served me crab
with melted butter
and nausea crept up my throat

Another time ago I felt radiant
another time a year after
down a passage of another romantic advancement

We found ourselves
taking in the sky as we painted it
the purples and pinks only
touched by the waters'
reflections of the jagged edges
the mountains beside us

From the view off the ledge
I choose to-

Your son

He jumped out of tuck-under spaces
lust for life in his eyes
as he chased me out from under the ottoman
and all around the house

Your mother's house

Nerf gun in his hand
he shoots me down
I fall on my back and don't move an inch
playing dead
a wounded warrior

He laughs and cheers

Then begs me to play again

Jaded is a term
undoubtedly reserved for those delivered by
its heavy hand
but I never thought I'd see
your son

begging for attention

howling at the moon

crying like a wolf

Your daughter

We dance in our socks
again
in your mother's living room

No man is here but you
so we shake our hips
and toss our hair
to the singers singing

She needs your validation
tell her something sweet

but that is not without your confliction

lifted is a term
for the holy
yet you choose to acquaint it with
harsh theatrics

The splintering

Untouched from my journal written on your porch

The deer were walking through the field
which used to be a forest
I am receiving all I ever wanted
with a taste of scorn

The people who once loved me
now pray for my return
back to the city
back to the desert

Back to another home
cut underneath leather belts
my old friends think I am
an addict

No one loves me
without their preconceptions
of who I am supposed to be
I am fire
I am wind

Burning this field
and all the houses on this island
to ashes and we shall leave
on your father's boat

I Love You,

BAEVY

Video Available at

www.baevy.love

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