

soliloquy no. 6

Always isn't for people like us.
People who sit here or there with a paper cup
full of coffee or full of tears.
I don't think the right word exists for us.

People who sit here or there with a paper cup
trying to convince themselves not to dry swallow.
I don't think the right word exist for us, or
those who depend on Zoloft and missionary sex.

Trying to convince themselves not to dry swallow
all their pride resting at the bottom of the pill bottle.
Those who depend on Zoloft and missionary sex
drool into each other's mouths at the art museum.

All their pride fades away when I walk into a room.
There's a cliché line about women and natural wonders —
Cis men like to drool into my mouth about it at the art museum.
It makes me remember why I have so many blocked numbers.

There's a cliché line about women and natural wonders,
or maybe it's natural disasters; I have to face the fact that I'm a mess.
It makes me remember why I have so many blocked numbers
and validates why I never answer the phone when it rings.

Maybe it's because of natural disasters that I have to face the fact that I'm a mess.
People ask too much of me —
it validates why I never answer the phone when it rings.
The somber embrace of being alone in loneliness.

People ask too much of me
when I can't even find pieces left of myself to give.
The somber embrace of being alone in loneliness
makes me cry pitifully in the shower at midnight.

When I can't even find pieces left of myself to give
I still try to carve out something else. The ripping of my flesh
makes me cry pitifully in the shower at midnight.
Crimson is my own shade of giving.

I still try to carve out something else, ripping off my flesh
and trying to present it as candidly as Van Gogh and his ear.
Crimson is my own shade of giving, giving, giving.
Taking, taking, taking myself away.

I have tried presenting it as candidly as Van Gogh
but the poems I write when I want to die don't seem to come off as nice. Instead
taking, taking, taking myself away
convincing myself I don't need anyone.

The poems I write when I want to die don't seem to come off as nice
as Sylvia Plath's on bound paper.
I keep convincing myself I don't need anyone
as I sit on a park bench with you.

Like Sylvia Plath's words bound on paper,
"People or stars, / Regard me sadly, I disappoint them."
As I sit on a park bench with you,
full of coffee and full of tears, I mutter,

Always isn't for people like us.

—Amber Alexander