

to cynthia, sophie, and oliver

c.

i know you're trapped at home, but i wish
you would stop inviting me to play Village Life.
when you do, i remember
how much you made me think about my sister
and how i wanted to cry when you wept, so ugly,
about passively trying to kill yourself
and how lonely you are, and how sad, and
how i was secretly glad when we said goodbye.

i think maybe you love astrology
because you can't face the reality of how our bodies
are tearing themselves to pieces.

s.

Sophie! Sophie Sophie.

Sorry, but I saw too much of that desperate need to be loved, to have friends, to be liked-
I saw too much of myself in you to keep up communication.

I think you'll get there, Soph.

Remember our in-jokes and the songs we sang, the four of us, and
remember what I said about social justice! Doctor Who is a great show,
but Stephen Moffat *is* a sexist, homophobic asshole. Sorry.

You're a fantastic kid- just this side of nerdy, and pretty
smart, too. Remember when we went swimming! I know your pain levels were
always the highest, but you can do it. Don't switch to home-schooling, Soph.

I know the kids give you shit for your rolling backpack and
how often you have to miss class, but I understand. I understand. I understand.

Hang in there, Soph.

(Do you ever wonder if your Mom regrets having you? Do you ever wonder if she regrets
bestowing this degeneration upon you?)

o.

all of us had that one thing in common.
the two of us just happened to have something more.
your hair, your binder, your baggy clothes and eyes- I
think I knew there were more pieces of you
than just your joints that were stretched paper-thin,

barely holding together.
it's easy to claw your words from your throat,
gagging at the heavy asphyxiation and metallic aftertaste.
when I held your hands to steady them as you cut out
collage pieces,

I recognized my fingernails in yours. the blood
that comes from trying to scrape yourself awake
and rip your throat open so that you can slide from your bed to the floor

stumble your way to a shower that you won't feel
and call it a success.
there is nothing beautiful about the arms of the lover we both
slept walked lived with. she wants you
to stay in bed forever a flatline of heart brain soul.
we all shared stretch marks,
but the two of us shared the scars
of bleeding to know you're still
corporeal.

our bodies were all broken and
I can't say much for our minds, either.

