

HOLLOW BODIES

V . L . PARZ

"Vulnerable and brutal, *HOLLOW BODIES* explores a volatile relationship with the self through authentic poetry and visual art. Each line is a whirlwind – heartbreaking, raw, and potent. Parz’s stylistic voice is intimate and merciless. An excruciating and honest experience of love and hatred, this collection will leave you breathless, exposed, and hollow."

-Violet Woods

  @raggedyghost

Photography by:

(Cover, back cover, pages 9, 12, 13, 15) Tori Ashlie

(Page 18) 1236 Photography

(Page 20) Glenn Studios

Page 21) Constantine Manos

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this dedication is reserved for myself.
hopefully one day I can finally learn to love this hollow body.

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I almost put your pistol in my mouth
today, just to see how the steel would
taste against my teeth. hollow rounds
would be such small collateral on what are
already hollow bodies, so would you please
just pass that fucking thing back to me?
my god, I'm not gonna pull the trigger,
stop being a fucking baby.
this black eye is nothing compared to the
black hole of a heart I might have after
this one, because with you, oh god, with
you, life is black or white, good or bad,
love or hate. with you, it's mixed
emotions and mixed signals, and you are so
caught up in your own hurt that you don't
care to see the hurt you're causing me.

I've been gripping knives by the blade just
to tell the difference between real and
nightmare, because lately it all tastes the
same. How bad could one more scar really be?

Fatigue strikes me dead in the bones to
remind me to be kinder to my body, but for
some reason I never listen. I keep breaking
bones losing all the same arguments each time
I try to speak sign language with the walls.
Will I ever give these tired hands a break?

Will I ever let this weary body rest?
Exhaustion becomes overwhelming and I just
can't seem to stop burning out.

My mind is begging me to rest.





losing silent arguments speaking sign
language with broken walls. barely not
breaking bones, or maybe breaking, who
knows if I'll ever know. whispering
soft sorrows to unknowing mirrors as I
lay them to rest indefinitely. who
knows if I will ever care for my own
body the way I care for you. counting
sorries one by one as my tears fall
like the notes of your favorite song.
longing to shield my heart like your
blackout curtain windows.
who knows if I'll ever learn.



wow,
alright,
here comes the sadness again.
my world feels as blue as the bite mark on my back.
and the bruise tingles,
and my jaw starts to clench,
my body's way of telling me
it knows just how my brain must feel.
broken teeth crunching under tension of lock jaw,
feels like flintstone,
like eating pebbles for breakfast,
feels like your voice, when the rage takes over.
you only ever see in shades of red.
days like these,
my pendulum stays in my left pocket,
and my taser in my right,
as I tiptoe the line between anxious and angry.

love potions and bite marks
passion blossoms like poison petals when lust
spells get out of hand
you learn devotion comes in many forms the night
we swallow quartz and intertwine
because affection and adoration come so
effortlessly when it comes to you
but healing stones and aphrodisiacs still help
all the same
so we finish our reiki rituals
and you stand up,
and you grab me by the collar and I smile,
because how could I not,
when worshipping you comes as easy as breathing?
in this moment you are just
so
perfect
and I can't help but press my lips against your
chest
and in that moment
when I taste your sweat behind my teeth
I can't help but want you in all the most
unromantic ways
so I'll bite my tongue and count my blessings
because one blink and this might all become just
a dream.



you know... sometimes I think I'm crazy because
I experience things so much differently than
everyone else. but not you. you understood
what it was like to feel things as intensely
and as passionately as I do. and I think that
may have been what pulled us together the
most. I hope we don't become strangers again..

I'd rather hear your voice than any of my
favorite songs so please, give me a call soon.

I just miss you so much. I think I'd miss you
even if we never met. I know I promised not to
fall in love but I guess that wasn't a promise

I was prepared to keep. something fucks it up
every time. and I'm sick of it. look at what

we had. the way it had to end keeps me
wondering how I'm ever supposed to tell you
that I'm jealous of the way gravity's able to
keep everyone around. I wish you were still

around. have you ever thought about how
horrible it is, the way things crumble so
suddenly? it's like we're standing in the

rubble and debris of our home.

we hadn't even finished building yet.

we thought we'd have more time than this.

I hoped we'd have so much more time than this.

It sure as hell wasn't enough time.

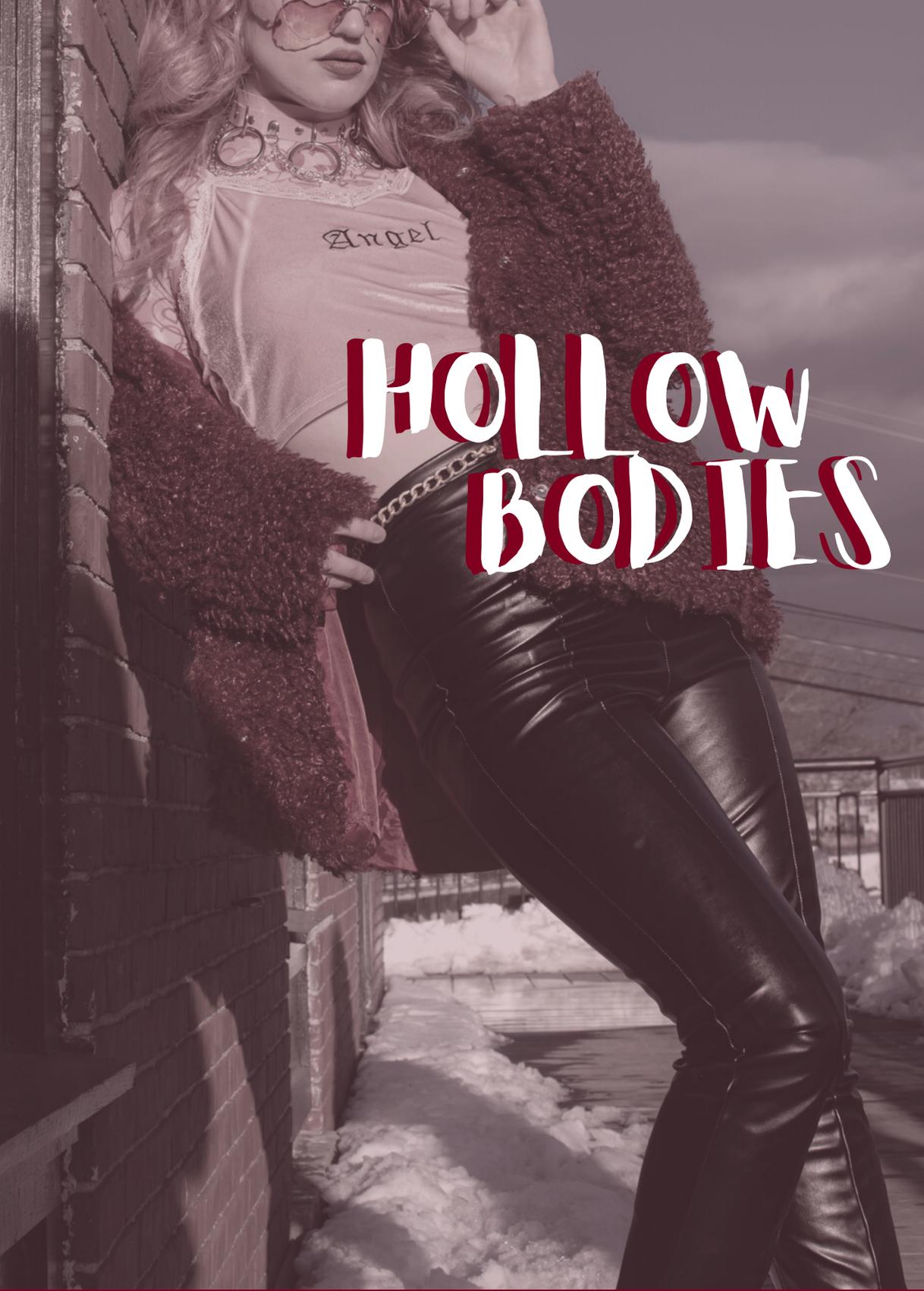
It'll never be enough time,

not if it's time with you.





Constantine Photos



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