



Succubus

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I never left a note.
Appearing to succumb to a different illness seemed
more compassionate.

No one is holding me hostage.

No one is bartering my joy away.

No one is-
A strange friend of mine.

a ghost who is leaving me.

I look in the mirror and see no one,
I can't see myself in their absence.

Arch your back during doggy,
So I can pretend there's more flesh
Cushioning you from the world.
Arch your back so I have something to hold
Other than bones.

I escaped my grave by removing my organs.
A body without organs.
The fodder for a new generation of zombie.



I'm allowed fistfuls of soft pink air again.
It dries out my skull.
The back of my retinas push to blast static.
Barely pinched into old threads
and I...
I am Exhausted.

It breaks and you run out to the fields past everything familiar.
Dark becomes white lights too bright
Anxiety has squeezed your iris too wide.
Fight collapsing or I'm afraid you'll never leave this place.

I'd like to close my eyes.
I've been awake for 36 hours too long.

An ectopic pregnancy comes to fruition,
And occupies the lack of space never created for it.

Spawned adjacent to anything sacred.
I'd prefer to be called a bastard.
It delineated some sort of space.

Purposeful accident.

I only knew this hotel room was free due to the double
booked vacancy.

I didn't hear you come home.
I didn't.
I just keep occupying houses.

A tracing of times and places
Held together by skin.
The unfurling
Of complicated hymns
In a room with no sound.

I wish you just let me slip through the cracks you made.
There's two chasms where you were supposed to be.
The natural one and the one you carved out in your non existence.

Post mortem orgy with all the instances I've touched the veil.





The suffering had to be for something?
Right?
It couldn't have just been suffering.

Every word is a love letter to you.

Watching you die
As you occupied the space around me.
As if Nothing was happening.

The only difference is I've gone now.

It was slipping out before me.
And it'll continue dripping out bit by bit.

(I'll forgive myself for leaving one day.)

I imagine that I am all the best parts of
you.
What I watched disappear.
I dress it in pearls strung on moonbeams.
Alien beauty stealing curious eyes



Surviving volcanic ash
By folding your body
Shrinking beyond a speck of dust

~Become imperceptible
Cajoled through
Suffocating cracks

Amygdala Blazing.

Daily communion of cortisol.

Suckle oxygen
Trickling faintly

through cracks

Forgetting.

The mercy your body swaddled you in.

The blackouts hold no space

Yet, their temples
still ripped caverns into the underside of your
brain.

Centrifugal force

Each sinew
Careening forward

The trick is done by pushing off from the
scratched out pieces of your mind.



A multitude of arms reach out from
different parts of the catacombs.
Congealing into the current moment.
I'm being dragged down on this spot in the river.
C a l c i f i e d .

The anesthesia wasn't applied properly.
I hate your hands stopping me from cracking open what was left.
Did you care when you left me tied to a bed in that room?
You turned off the light when you left. I'm scared of the dark.
Was it caring when it took 16 hours to let me go? Was it caring when you made
fun of me for being bad at dying. Delirium tremens as the nurses walk by me.
I don't exist in this hallway, just like the light fixture.
I just wanted to stop remembering. I am sick of what's fermenting in my Swiss cheese
brain. Clutching at what falls through the holes so easily. The only thing that's stick-
ing is what I'd happily have drilled out of me. That's why we're here in the first
place. I remember when my soul left my body, but not what inspired it to come back.

Confrontations with power sucked the remnants of a paradigm
from how you breathe. The void enters your lungs.
Softly, the most compassionately I've ever been suffocated with a blanket.
The unromantic ways we say goodbye.

Surely they can't kill you.
The reality peaked its head in between the lack of space for compassion

There's such an irony in the truths of your life
sounding like poetic metaphors.

I am the resulting succubus.

When the world refuses to stop for the curiosity of children.

If you're angry at the cunt.

Stop welding the crowns.

I'm caught in a flown apart digestive track.

Sticking to cement and potted plants

Departed from the warm softness hiding under ribs.

In piercing lights they gag in the open air.

trying relentlessly to remember their functions.

When they spew forth let it be on a soft knoll of
prairie grass.

If everything I am pours out of my body

It deserves the dignity of a fetal spore learning to

commune with rhizomes,

Underneath cattails cajoling wild violets.

Cement only digests to dust.

I've got to prep the wash basin, anyways,
for the rinse and repeat part of this cycle.
Because you won't remember the shards in my body.
They never do.

Maybe I'm too quiet. I just didn't feel up to shouting today.
I don't enjoy shouting.

"Feel better"
Thank you. I won't.

Empathy for monsters summoned when you
comprehend the necessity of shape shifting.

Stand tall on a doctor's scale to
distract from missing chunks.
I've lost weight around an internal
curve

Scrawny shame.

All the ways that make me empty
Made clear from unnatural punctures
There are holes we're born into.
Birth is a result of mother na-
ture's drill bit.

Only something necrotic can pus to
fill the pit.
I've had my fill of infections.

Heal festerings

In building a heart to Honeycomb.
Nectar oozing around holes.
Antimicrobial ointments.



