

Seraphina Violet Cueller

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.

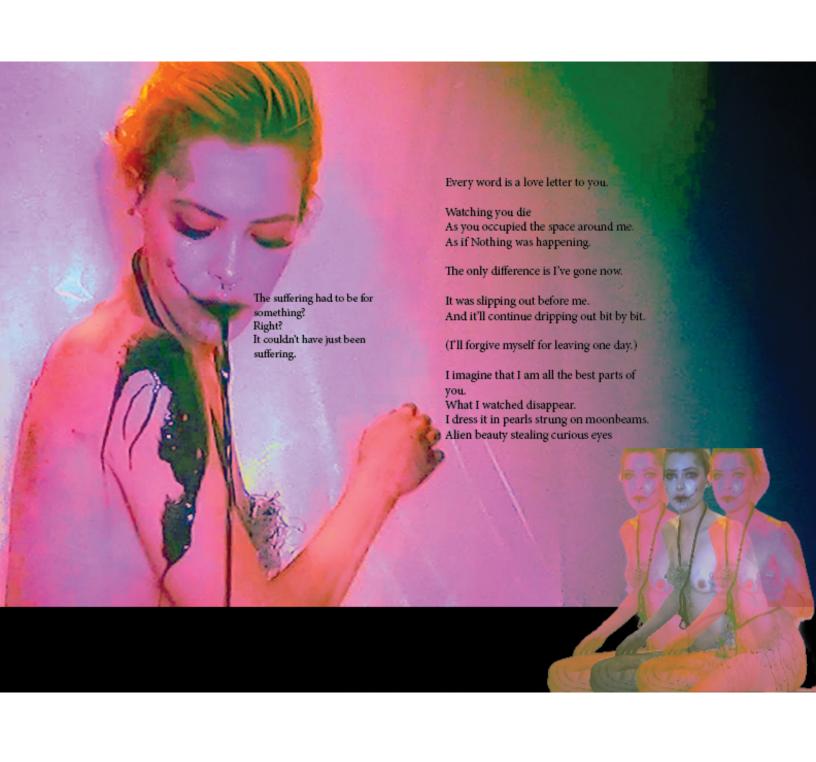
I didn't hear you come home. I didn't.

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.



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.

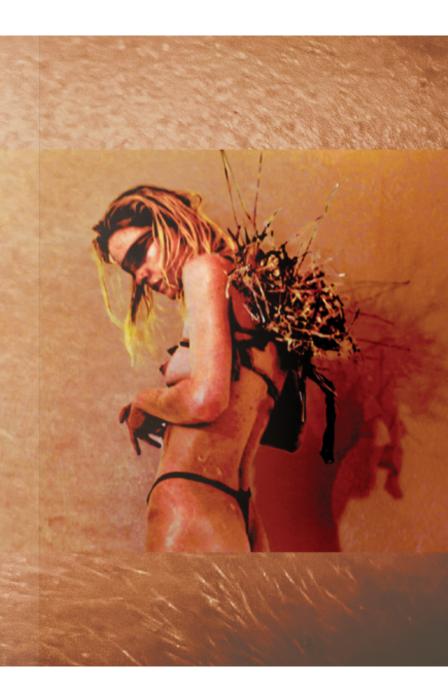
The blackouts hold no space

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.



multitude from arms reach out different parts of the cata combs. Congealing into the current moment. being dragged ON spot river. C

anesthesia applied wasnit cracking your stopping me from what you left me tied to the light when you left. I'm scared of the 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. 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 thats sticking is what I'd happily have drilled out of me. That's why were here in the first place. I remember when my soul left my body, but not what inspired it to come back.

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

Surely they cant 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.

