

CONSTELLATION: ANDROMEDA

A pretty sacrifice closed in clouds of dreaming

Glass entangles roses blooming in cheeks. Dried to potpourri by jealousy. What the mirror seeks is gloss is hidden in tensions. Toes swinging loose in crimson heels. Making me taller slimmer. To be pretty in two dimensions in screens made small in palms. Trying the fit of my reflection. If I stretch my face I can see her. Felt the fall when she cut my hair. Scissors brooding bruising each cut. Made me a boy when being a girl was all I had. Imagine lengths cascading entertainment blogs. Phantom pains swinging around my shoulders around back pages. Beauty made her the best mother at school drop off. Paint makes girls pretty she said. Pretty girls are stitched to future promises. Pretty girls have smile embroidered secrets. Sneak out at midnight to steal kisses. Her boredom shone like a pearl swirling in crystal champagne sparkling against white tipped nails piercing thoughts of dishes. Gathered its glow in my cheeks. Felt the beams of that marbled heart through pores. The only she the alpha she first she lasting she. Worlds revolve around she. She is my gravity she. I swirl like a lost moon twirl around her ankles. Pearl shattering by toes. Pulped until I'm small gravel. But if she shines in the sky so must I. Evacuating my skin of his fingerprints. Leave her alone she's sleeping. Closing what I can't say. Where words shelter thought. Where were you in silence. Still. When he's drawing your outline I'll be the ink. Twisting chain grooved wrists. Beauty squeezed me into a trickle of black. Running down her cheeks. And I was lost when beauty was all she wore. Dangling at her side. Accessorized. Chained my aspirations of her. Breasts free from suckling. Unfurling strands against stone. Pretty is a pretty price to pay. Sacrificing petals for bread. Ground to the bones ground to the bone. To be like and not liked and followed. Victim in me drips delicious. Spilling down my thighs. Hungering a tumorous heart to chew gently. I'm limp in a terrified eye. Scream the sky scatters around his blade. A breath then a breath remains. A ring of gold scratches silver from the back of the mirror. Untangles image from destiny. Abandons tippy toes with the last wave of childhood. Freedom flutters in dreams of renaming. Feet fly eyes. Wings stall waves. Grasps water falls between fingers. Limbs in solar spinning. I'm in love and I'm starving.

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