

and i sit at this desk crafted from the bones
of our good catholic school girls and
i melt under their stares and i whisper a prayer
and it goes like this: *god, save me from sickly
wonders and poisoned dreams and hope*
but god was made for girls like margaret
with ashes melting on her forehead and
holy water in her broken pupils and
prays caught in her beautiful smile
and sunday dresses imprinted on her skin

and i can be a saint to if you acknowledge my god
is a glorious woman named teresa and
she has smiles resting in her mangled hair a
miracles tattooed on her broken veins and
three stains on her blessed uterus and
my sisters and i wrapped in her fantasies and
why can't my mother be god if she *made* me and
a new world within this humble household and
my love for her is the highest form of servitude

and when did god give a damn about me
when did he help me when did he save me
when did he love me when did he hug me
when did he whisper in my shattered ears
child i'm so glad you're here and ALIVE
god god god make me feel ALIVE
CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE KILLING ME
LIKE KEKE LIKE MALIK LIKE ALIYAH
like those good catholic school girls who
sacrificed their bones so i can sit here and
pretend to pray when everyone knows
i'm dying inside and all i really want to say is
no