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second stage

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second stage

i am fifteen and spiraling. i piss sand and glass and my spit is maple syrup. i am frenetic and jilted and drink too many kickstarts because i can't sleep at night. i am sixteen and furious. i am a factory worker and hurt deep in my bones. someone blocks the splash of a van's tires and he imprints on my heart. i am seventeen and burning. i am a kernel of laughless lungs and sick in the fourth stall. i leave my math class early. i am eighteen and numb. i hurt in deep secret places and vomit out my brother's words. i keep a caterpillar chip on my shoulder. i am nineteen and alone. i have slashed a cop's tires and my cane sits uneasy in my hand. i fill notebooks with half nothings and pretend i am proud of them. i am twenty and locked. nobody goes in or out and i read maus in my laundry closet. my mother wishes i knew how to speak. i am twenty-one and addicted. i am half drunk on the underground and wish someone would approach me. i do not want to go home anymore.