

Today I Stand in the Middle of Me

Phe Shay Locke

Today I stand in the middle of me
reacting to the memories once sought out from a mountain
scene
mounted on cannabis trees inside inner mental capacity's
cavities expressed as dreams
filling insides with fictional cream.
Do not eat.
Take in doses and go
standing still hoping for sound waves but find yourself
silent no longer able to define the right to jitter your tongue
to say no
constraining memories and cutting
blood flow.
Let's go sailing.
Outer body bliss
rubber band on wrist clip pull grip
sit back and let lips slip to part.
Music.
Fingers tapping R & B humming in me.
See
he said he doesn't like my v.
Telling me no isn't the way to go.
He spotlighted my flaws and showed me who really wore
the bra.
Selfish in our mental meetings I forgot which one didn't
mean it
masking a brain so delicate I could almost taste its pulse.
I wanted it but he yearned to finish.
Every little bit of him made me melt
warmth rubbing into my inner thighs.
His cranium provided no truth.

POETRY 

As they leaked at my feet these lies damaged my soles
heels drenched in envy
toes numb into me
I believed.
Proved wrong numb naked and lost
defeated soul search deleted.
Was that too much to hold?
Exposure in my mental activity has finally gotten to me.
You were unmolding my truths
refusing to spark the fuse
melting this candle so gently breaking at the wick
lick finger tips or hiss spitting to diffuse you
flame dancing music playing mountains prancing across
landscapes
ones pupils could get lost in.
I'm exhausted from the thought of it
piled in bliss open to a strangers kiss
tongues intertwined until they grow tired of the weirdness
because who is this?
Just a man who doesn't want to be found stuck in the sound
trapped in his own ego
forest like veins and brain cavities so deep you would think
he's a genius or insane.
We fought but it worked
looking to Mother Earth we would talk about the stars and
universe
wondering how we became so lucky to be human.
And who created us?
We looked above and only at a glance believed in God
only slightly did I squint closing my eyes to darkness that I
was oh so familiar with.
Fierce in my actions my body was a blessing, I allowed him
to break it
seeping my truths on bed sheets refilling his pores with
innocence
our liquid emotions
hoping they'd drain.
Tired no longer inspired I lie
fragile in the open waiting for a strangers kiss.
Today I stand in the middle of me.