

"Only the Moon"
By Mallory Christianson

Only for him
I am sad.
Only for him
I was beautiful.

What did all these years do to us?
What we let
them do.
"Don't be sad." You
said. "And you'll live forever."

Only for him
I could bear anything.
Even the end
of the world.
Even the moon
will close her eyes
to hide from the sun.
I could bear anything.
Only for him.

You must never forget that
I am the moon.
Above all else
Remember,
Everything I told you was a lie.

“Sakura: the One I Loved”

By Mallory Christianson

In spring.
The cherry blossoms
invade the
sky like
pink
samurais.
Battles lost.
Tears shed.
Broken, the warriors
blanket the earth
in a million little pieces.

In summer.
The cherries ripen.
The juice stains your lips,
a sweet smeared rouge.
The color of the pomegranates
that Hades fed Persephone.
If only she would stay
a little while longer.
If only I could touch you now.
I think to devour your ripe lips.

In autumn.
The cherries fall.
Tumble to
the earth
red
Lucifers.
Tempt me.
Touch me.
More!

In winter.
Stark and naked,
the trees die.
Like the sentiment
that never escaped your lips,
or the body
I never grasped,
or even the tears
you were too proud to
let me see.
This is for you.
Shatter me still.

"She Burns Easily"
For My Mother
By Mallory Christianson

She looks at her skin,
she is white and her
hands feel soft and gooey.
She hasn't been to the gym
in a long time.
She should really go
before her skin pushes
itself out becoming a giant white
Marshmallow.

She has replaced all of her
blood with white paste.
It acts like insulation.
So that she will never be hurt.
When her sisters call her names,
she pretends that their words do not burn.

At night she dreams
she is eating a cloud.
She is happy,
all of her burdens have floated away.
When she awakens she discovers
that she has gnawed off her
left pinky.
She looks at it for a second
and then plops it into her mouth
like a Peep at Easter time.
*After all, she thinks, Food
is food.*

Her family plots different ways to kill her.
They spread her out on a table,
each marks an X on the spot
that they would like to own.
Every night they will do this.
She never fights back.
The perpetuator of her own abuse.

Connie imagines boiling her in hot chocolate,
her skin will slowly melt away,
mixing in with whipped cream and just a hint of nutmeg.
*No, Sandra says, it can't be done like that
it will take too long. Let's shove a stick
up her ass and roast her on
an open flame.*
*No that's too messy, Karen says, I vote we
puree her and spread her all over crunchy
peanut butter sandwiches.*
*Hold on a second, don't I get a say
in all of this, she wonders.*

*But dear, her mother answers;
we always eat the ones we love*