

The Blood Rag Poet of the Year 22/23

~ Bunny Wilde ~

keep smoking

I'm on a balcony
that wobbles under my weight
I think if I move another inch
my body will fling itself over the side
smack the chatty neighbor's flower boxes
and drive my head through the the bricks
while petals dance through the air around me
there's an old woman watching
we've both got a cigarette between our lips
I take a glance at where I'd die
while she sits back in her chair
and ask myself if I dove down
would she keep smoking?

drown

waves are swallowing
black ice mountains
stingrays made of blankets
tickle my toes
there's a toy boat
on a swimming mammoth's head
somehow I know his name is Charles
I wait for the water
to take me down where the vents
are puking up hot worms
and I'm sure I'll be laughing
when I drown

You Choose

fuck me hard
into this bed
until I bite a hole
in my lip
bleeding down my chin
holding back my screams
or shut your mouth
turn off the light
and sleep on the couch

Leftovers

I have been eaten
scalp to toe hairs
by thoughts
dark as the grit
under my nails
I have lived
almost 37 years
weak in fear
brain boiled
heart sashimi
innards spoiling
and all that I am
is what's left
finish me

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Dig In

dig in
to my mind
it's what you want
blown away
you don't have the heart
to tell me
what is real
so you make waiting for death
the only thing I have
my head is full of your fingers
your touch inside takes my thoughts
be kind
aim the weapon
take me out
before I know what's gone

See You Burn

you left a pile
of cigarette filters
little baggies
with pot leafs on them
bits of plastic
and twisted papers
on the bed
and I know I love you
but sometimes
I want to see you burn

The Sky You Love

I saw you
smoking under
the darkening skies
you love so much
I think if I were more
you would see me too
you wouldn't love me
like you do the city
or the night
but if I could be a woman
you would feel me
for a while
that's all I'd want

The Heart Lies

the heart can lie
you into a coffin
telling you it loves
and love is right
while the soul
is being eaten
by the hungry and cruel
they will forget you
after they lick their lips
after your last blood runs
leaving your heart
dead on your sleeve

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