

Girl Named Mary Jane

[rooted]

I was a shell shadowed in earth,
hungry for more than survival, you
were fluorescence, neon in shade
hungry for euphoria. I was nurtured by you,

nourished by your hands, coaxed
tender in your humidity. I was rescued by

you, blossoming, plucked from solitude
blazing into the open. I was protected

by you, hugged tight in snug
darkness tucked into the folds
of your bed. I was

treasured by you, a museum
commanding donations, an idol
perfumed like a goddess. I

was in debt to you, as my worth
slumped into depression.

[business]

Corners of your grin trending downward.
Value depreciated by my economy class.

Calculated risk underestimated.
Uncertain bliss deceiving my interest.

Cost-benefit analysis proving unfavorable.
Profit subdued at my expense.

Collateral circulated in collateral damage.
Doubt ricocheting through my vessels.

[butane]

Scanty flame licks me dry, you stick it in my sticky insides.
Lucid fluidity loses me in the glue between myself and what I see,
cleaves sheets in bleak leaks where reality is fallacy and
moral marbles a lover and a pal, petty prowls for truth

or love and longing
 lunging into my lungs.

[tripping]
I slip down your delicious lips
 delirious in wisps
slick your hips sliding
 swinging
 swirling
 blurring
 the pain trickles away down the
 drain the sting in dull pings
coloring clinging to a fleeting
 feeling the tracks of your veins
 trains coiling terrain tickle
 your brain leaving nickel stains
chain your migraine
 then wane like troubles to
 restrain bubbles
 from crisp champagne.

[reprieve]
Champagne without bubbles is just unrefined orange.

[emerge]
Your memory flickers
 against my red giant phase,
 razing the maze of gamma rays
 glazing eyes snicker at my fazed craze,
 my memory preserved like lemonade
 for a minute-maid hour-charade
 to linger sweeter than you:
 tracing starry night circles
 as they become straight, twirling
train of thought left for freight.

Sedated by anesthetic affection.
 Deflated.
Hallowed in your red light.
 Hollowed.
Fog clears my clouded judgement.
I see through the eye of my storm.

[exhausted]

I am ash

to you.

I am scrapped trash

to you.

I am hashing out cash

to you.

I am a mirror smashed

to you.

I am the shattered slivers

to you.

I am a shiver and I am inferno

to you.

I am a sacrifice to your god of entice and vice.

All I ever wanted was to make you happy.

*Written by Emma James
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