

BY CALLIE

Chrysalis


I am grieving like a soft cocoon
With bandages wrapped 'round my wrists
And heaving up red lungs like trees
Uprooted, sapped, O—I am a cyst
Unbelieving wingless baby chrysalis

The little fingers leak, capillary crimped
Chrysanthemum claws, they skin me alive
Sobriety lingers, pulsating, moulting nymph
Makes laudanum sticky larval writhe
Slurred Ying'er flesh-strewn butterfly bereave

I am angel-bound in sericin gauze
Pooling over the wounds in syrup sap
Rattled shell sound, tomorrow gnaws
My bones' sour marrow out the wraps;
I peek out between the sharpened gaps

Gather up the echoes as they paper atop
Vein bruised sails, pomegranate streaks on skies
Slathers down my face in tree-branched drops
Where his fingernails kissed, moon eye to eye
And I blathered, spiral-tongued, throat dried,

Nectar choked, seethes on mothy snow ash flecks
Swallowing tears me raw, thorny laurels
Rung wreaths around my pupal neck
Rubbing the hairs on the blooming Veronal
Orchid sheaths, palms clamped over my skull



They'll boil me in a blanket soft as wool
Then fish me out with nightmare gasps
Blood coiled djinn-draught lovelorn blind fool
Weaver wished, will make my sinews clasp
In spoils of brocade lotus-bound pus and masks

Of Seraphim-gowned silken marionette-made grins,
Twisted into rubber, little mucus puppet-ball
Salt round threads of sharpened flesh sans skins
Caterpillar blubber seeps out the exoskeletal sprawl
And I am crowned, antennas of baby breath's scrawl

Sieve-drained from that lobotomal stir
I am zipperfaced with my lips split two
Pins as chains on a cotton pad whisper
Boney-braced with a navel-borne glue
I stain the petal-tips of memory tissues

I was waiting for you in the garden then
When I fell asleep, drooled away in dreams
Sating my appetite under the door of the glen
As it held me in its keep, shut tight in its seams
Breath-bating, wringing my love out in screams

Ocual caves, I drowned kaleidoscope hells
Pupil poured into chandelier saucers
Icaral-depraved in that creature's swell
Eyesore, it hurt in cotton cocoon blurs
When he shut the door, for sure, for sure

Pressed me between the vellum and ink
Fluttered out my lips, from the grave-gut's brink;
The strawberry glittering open fresh blinks,
Pretty, white, clean, when I do not think
Of how her brains dripped down the sink