

IN PROCESS
By Paula Duva-Rodriguez

An Introduction to Trauma

Rickety crickety ferris wheel against the midnight says “hello.” Summertime and the livin’ is mediocre. An unknown year- the wheel has been moving forever. My name is Clinton Shepard and I’ve been stuck on this damn thing, gears constantly shifting. Record breaker broken player, that’s me, Clinton Shepard. Piss on the floor, Piss Christ says there is no God. It’s been a long summer here. Eternity. My wet denim with its holy scripture speaks of pain’s evolution.

Lice Graveyard

Here lies the ferocious warriors
That were no match for the flood.
The scalp had not seen rain in weeks,
The soldiers thought they were safe.

Dirt was their camouflage.

Oil spill hair leaking down the giant's back,
Lice washes down her stream of consciousness
(Dirty) she lashes violently at her head; violent tornado
Turning hair into shattered glass.

Corpses on the floor, blood on a journey to the drain.

I should shower more, I've worn this outfit for ten days (panties and all), I am dirt.

Dear Diary,

It's now Day 1056 of quarantine. They (they who? they me? she?) splintered their loved ones against white walls (if these walls could talk). They stripped off the painted skin, bones stuck in their fingernails. Maybe they can love again.

In the good ol' days of quarantine, we were able to Zoom and circle jerk with alcohol as lube. Unfortunately, the alcohol ran out after Day 671. At least there's always mood stabilizers- we do not strive to feel alive anymore. We strive for numbness.

Premature Tomb

Modern French restaurants are the future catacombs. Not safe not safe it smells like clorox and spaghetti. Selfish scallops served to the willingly unprotected. Fuck you for being here, and fuck me for being complicit.

Chop Chop Motherfucker!

Quentin Tarantino whispers sweet nothings to all of us stuck in bed, succumbing to the pressures of the dog eat dog world.

Drowning in wine, living in the various rooms and their veins.
Cardiovascular system, the heart is Netflix and chill.

Lies on your cat scratch skin, pain is not suffered by only one. John Travolta taught me how to bleed. Martyrdom is not a sad boy that refuses to go to therapy. It is grinding calves to bone (biking is self care biking is self care biking is self care) for those you love. Sculpting mothers with toenails and clay (with all you have). Martyrdom is not guns at the capital hall. Real pain comes from knives; they hang from the ceiling, waiting for you to leave bed. People like to ask why it hurts. Look at me in my eyes and ask again. Everything is the same. Two years ago, last April, three months ago, yesterday, next Tuesday, this upcoming June, four years from now, forever. We were rotting in our beds anyways, this time we were just given a reason.

Drunk

We live. Do we want to? No, but it's whatever I guess.

At least there's nature! America the ugly leaves us precious gifts.
100 years of solitude; explore the forest from your home with virtual reality!

Look at the Blue Jay.
Blue jay not on drugs gets to fly,
Blue jay the rule follower gets to fly.

Trying to make flowers bloom from soil (damaged by tears) is fucking stupid.
Mask on, mask off, stupid metaphors about depression and physical illness.
Stupid meta-poem. At least there's always nature.

Bodyminds are real. I feel sick, I cannot eat. Endlessly stocking up the pantry, food is there but food does not taste good. I cannot pee, I would rather piss the bed than walk 30 feet to the bathroom. Give me COVID or give me death, it's the same difference.

I'm at a cabin that's not mine.
Remember to look at the nature (what the fuck is nature again)?
I cannot insert myself into reality,
everything is virtual reality, everything is new.
Stuck in the brain cabin, I'll burn the logs,
I want everything to go down in flames.

Mondays Are For Poetry

A black river appears over the snow, traversing to who knows where.
Not sophisticated, but honest.

The underdressed explorer (damn it's cold) walks along the dark stream. Call to arms,
the memory trees fall onto the snow. Diseased bark. Destruction becomes beauty.

Marks of graphite appear on the paper. A little too honest, but it's okay. The naked
writer reaches catharsis; imaginary snow falls from the sky, caressing her heart.

In process; the journey never ends.

Interlude

The camera lens is lying to you.

Covid-Cola Bottom-Feeders

Raw noodles cracking like stepping stones between the teeth
of my refrigerator stomach, dented and moldy. Smoked too much
Easy-Mac so I could forget. Hot dogs over the bonfire, intestines, the growing stomach is
ready to give birth. Can the freelance delivery driver give me breakfast in bed? Robot
pigs infiltrating my brain- half digestive system half machinery. Rigs and gears, I need
to learn how to eat; the machine is falling apart. Anthropomorphic being traveling the
world, hair nets around my breasts, feeding abandoned children because I cannot feed
my own. Crawling on frigid kitchen tiles (I cannot leave, I could never leave). Doom and
chicken cordon bleu; all my friends know how to make bread now.

Late Afternoons

Miss-a-due-date seeds planted into the carpet. Each afternoon is a later one yet she is still sunbathing under my ceiling. "It will be better tomorrow" yet budding roses escape from the floor, slithering up the bed frame. The flowers wrap around her ankles, BDSM, around her wrists, tying her to the pussy blood bed. Poems not turned in on time

Poems not turned in on time.

Suffocation, watermelons growing from her throat she chokes, she cannot breathe. Rest in pieces, the fruit respirator failed her.

Songs of Revolution

Fingertips against the cold wind, the morphine has worn off. Bliss is leaving your home, traveling to somewhere new. Imaginary Street, springtime is here. On an individual level, there are no parades. No streamers on the floor, no gleeful screams.

Fingertips reaching for the stars, for hope. Starlight, hold my hand.

Childhood

No masks on, they walk to the fastfood restaurant. Hand in hand, bladder to bladder, it's time to piss. Sparkling eyes. The door is locked. Where do they go now?

Carnival: The Finale

Wisps of rosy cotton candy falling from the sky.

Saturday night kisses traversing daydreams.

Something to look forward to.

Horse machinery stands stoic. Poles connected to its body, it cannot escape. Smiles from the machinery and the humans around it.

The carousel goes round and round. Rainbow lights travel among the shadows. Buckle up, we're going on a ride. Hold on.

Reflections from the ceiling, personal heavens are mirrors. Explore. Cry.

The moon calls the names of the beloved; seatbelts magically unbuckled, whipping knees onto the ground. Scabs.

You made it out. You made it. Build your mechanical wings and fly.

Heaven calls your name.