

requiem aeternam / good bye, good girl

kat, may 20 2024



the hot sting of morning coffee on my lips, then my tongue.
the loud, sudden crackle of the receiver when the aux makes contact,
then the quiet pop of the tape deck when the music begins playback.

water breaching my lips, tablets down my throat,
one after the other,
ringing hollow in my insides,
echoing their lament until I feel their sunken cries,
the loneliness of being the only one correct,
the one to correct,
the solitude in having to make things right,
for those who only know discord.

“and she burned the sky”
is what a woman sings,
her words hushed and whispered,
but made a demand through the mesh speakers,
desperate hushes turned to solemn orders,
and burning the sky is what I dream of doing,
in my worst moments,
when I want only to destroy the visages of myself seen only by the deception above the water,
and the distorted, torn semblance of me reflected in the river,
my hands on the railing,
my stance leaning forward,
my head tilted downward,

my face masked and covered but the chills of the river wind parting through the gaps it could find,
until I push off, all torn asunder,
but the veneer of me remains in the water,
even as I walk away,
quiet and rippling in the waves,
the sound akin to that of tape static in my ears,
no longer calming,
all hiss and hollowness.

and another woman proclaims now,
that the devil is in her,
against slamming,
ominous,
rolling waves of electric guitar,
crackling, distorted semblances of radio noise over her voice,
as she rambles and cries out her despair,
and I know how she feels,
I think,
sitting at my computer,
feeling nothing but the spring wind through the window,
nothing but the shake and bounce of my knee against the floor,
trinkets along my desk shaking with it,
shaking in time with the rollicking, angry drums.
I think,
now,
that she is right, that the devil is in her,
for the four or so minutes that the song lasts for,
and I wish to embody that kind of emotion,
that genuine, true posturing,
that only a real artist could muster in performance.

I hear now,
ominous strings,
quiet, sharp cries from another new woman,
in this next track,
drums slamming and echoing like trees having fallen in a forest,
and I wish to be possessed by the kind of spirit of this song,
in my most despondent moments,
so that when those moments come,
when I am at my most useless,
most quiet, but sharpest,
words all rusted blades,
but still blades in the end,
still finding some use even so brittle, so dark,
that when these moments come,
there will still remain a use for these thoughts,
the storm clouds brewing over my head,
darkening my eyes,
time slowed,
my arms heavy,
as I carry the weight of eternal unforgiveness.

and when I've finally gone and lost it,
my life or my mind,
whichever comes first,
while I lay in that bed,
crystal white sheets stained by sweat and diseased, twitching legs,
rigor mortis taking place,
I want you to cast my dreams onto a screen
and show the world what I was made of,
all rotten, mangled, bits of flesh escaping,
taken flight over the ruin of my body,
so everyone would see what I was truly made of,
coffee stained teeth, too sharp for the inside of my cheeks,
twig-like arms,
as I return to the forest of my dreams for the final time,
leaves sprouting in the places where blood escaped from me each time it had the chance,
with the gentle slice of a surgeon's precise needle,
or the splice between my weightless legs,
leaves taking the place of each spot,
making homes from the most blasphemous of houses.