baby teeth ino buillet

a poetry zine by a.c.d

i THINK MORE PEOPLE SHOULD HAVE SCHIZOPHRENIA

wouldn't it be great if i could call out of work

CRAZY. iF MY NEIGHBOR SAW ME PACING ON THE SIDE

WALK AND SAID "Oh, the shadows again?" iF i

DIDN'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN WHY I SCREAMED IN THE

GROCERY STORE BATHROOM TO THE

WOMAN AND HER BABY. wHY DOES

THE GAS STATION CASHIER LOOK AT

ME LIKE THEY'VE NEVER SEEN A PSYCHOTIC

BEFORE WHEN I SAY HI TO THE BLACK CAT THAT DOESN'T

EXIST. HOW COME MY SISTER CAN COMPLAIN ABOUT

THE COFFEE STAIN ON HER COUCH BUT THE BLOOD

STAIN ON MINE GOES UNNOTICED. hOW MANY

TIMES CAN i TELL MY BOSS i HAVE "food poisoning" WHEN i LOSE

TOO MUCH TIME TO GO TO WORK.

WHAT IF MY PSYCHIATRIST DIDN'T HAVE A JOB BUT INEVER HAD TO WORRY ABOUT MINE.

Conversations Held on the Exit Ramp of I-35

I tried to kill myself yesterday, and today

I am in the car with my mother. We are
driving down the highway in a charged silence,
the weight of words unspoken fighting to leak from our lips,
holding our tongues down.

The exit ramp is clogged with cars stuck in my throat and I can't speak, but the radio won't play and the traffic won't move and

my mother has never handled the quiet well.

I hear her start to cry, as

our car comes to a dead stop,

the weight of words unspoken falling down her face in streams of salt water,

my own tears eager to follow in her footsteps

like I always have.

Silence suddenly seems kinder.

I feel my mother's love like an open wound.

We are both raw with the scratch of a box cutter against my wrists.

My scars ache.

Our car inches forward as we wipe away snot with paper napkins tucked into the console,

and the radio clicks on to a song from the 80s,

and my throat fights to swallow, but it

wins.

Silence would be kinder, but instead we say we love each other

because we do and

we do not talk about my aching scars or

the scrape of metal against flesh.

Instead, we sing along to an 80s song I can't remember while the car

creeps closer to the ground.

And we go home.

I HAVE THIS RECURRING DREAM WHERE I AM THE FINAL GIRL

LIGHTS!

rich red curtains fall over the theater of a dead body.
the show is over, folks!
her eyes have dimmed their shine
and her film-roll nervous system has played the
final scene.

CAMERA!

no one can see anything that happens in your head. you can see everything that happens in your head. these facts are true of everyone.

ACTION!

you've never been stabbed before but you've been cast in the face of death as the role of the girl under attack

enough times to know that the only way to guarantee your survival is to

wake up.

there is no way to guarantee hers.

CUT!

when the credits roll

your name fills the screen.

she did not have a name,

none of them ever do.

but they are your best friend,

they are your brother,

they are your ex.

you've never seen these people before in your life.

this is not your life.

this is the set where they filmed your last two years of high school.

THE CAST AND CREW WOULD LIKE TO THANK [___] FOR HER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE STORY. THIS FILM WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE WITHOUT HER.

you want them to get up after the cameras stop rolling, and give you a pat on the back for a job well done, smile at you over shitty craft services because

horror doesn't win oscars so why waste the studio money on feeding you

and the other

nobodys in the cast.

except in twenty years you'll all be stars, and this movie will be on its third remake, and they'll all still be dead.

THANK YOU.

blood drips from my sleep like a leaky faucet

I can't stop dreaming about being shot in the head.

There is no pain—

(I've never felt pain in my dreams, only the weight of its absence)

Instead there is pressure.

Concrete filling the bullet hole—

blood hardening like cement.

My thoughts cave in with the thunderous clap of the gun, too heavy to keep me upright.

I never die, but

I know I will soon.

Fear sinks deep in my stomach

as the world fades around me,

curling in on itself like the edges of a burning photograph.

Soon there will be nothing left but cold ashes and the smell of smoke.

The shooter never aims for me, but it is always

my fault

when I'm caught in the crossfire.

Either I'm too stupid or

too brave

to keep myself alive.

I never realize which it is in time.

Maybe one day I'll fill my head with more than jagged bullet holes,

and the shot won't matter because

I'll wake up too light to be weighed down by blood.

Or maybe the gun will still fire—
the red-hot tear of fear running through me as usual,
but this time I'll be ready
and it won't be
my fault.

how to live forever

The universe will die one day like every universe that's ever existed.

It will collapse in on itself like paper folding in flame — a body decaying in an ever-present grave, a supernova of smoke and stars

But I will not.

Because no one ever taught the cosmos how to die properly, but I

figured it out when I was six years old and I've been doing it ever since.

(The secret is not to stop)

The sun will die one day because all it is is ash and light, and all life is is ash and light, but I am a corpse drowning in an ever-present ocean — a ghost haunting in perpetual motion, and my body has dirty water to douse its flames.

So I

will not.

fall fall fall 77704 77704 77704

how to live forever

or Maybe the will still fire

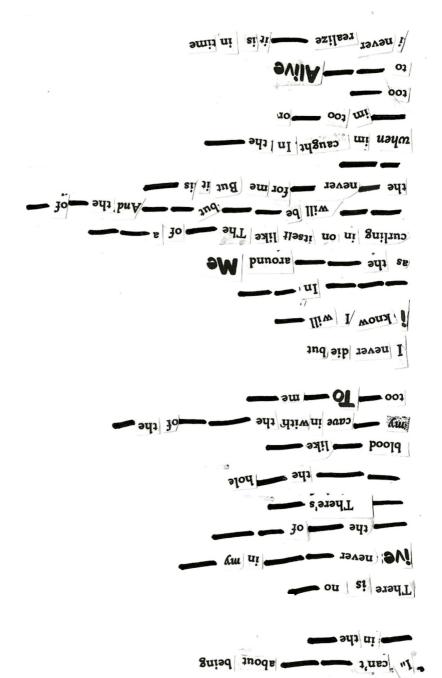
Saminary of time

but this time

sand It won't be

Maybe one day ill matter Because
"And the Won't matter Because
ill to light to Be bood

blood drips from my sleep like a leaky faucet



noX

to the story

to the story

this — would — be — without her

you want them get up—the stop

smile at you

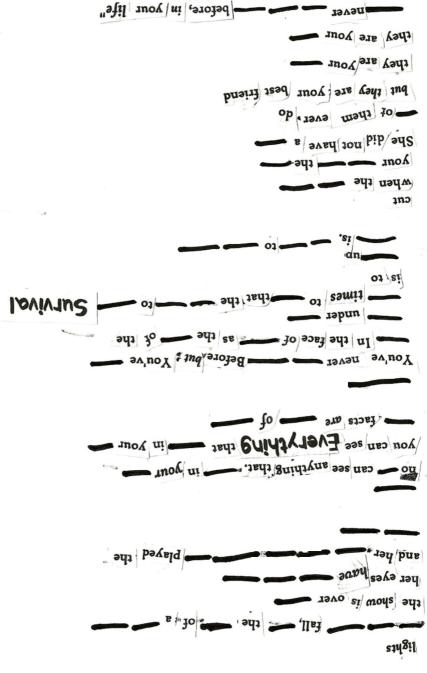
the other — In the

this — will Be on its

all still be—

this is the where they your last Years of high

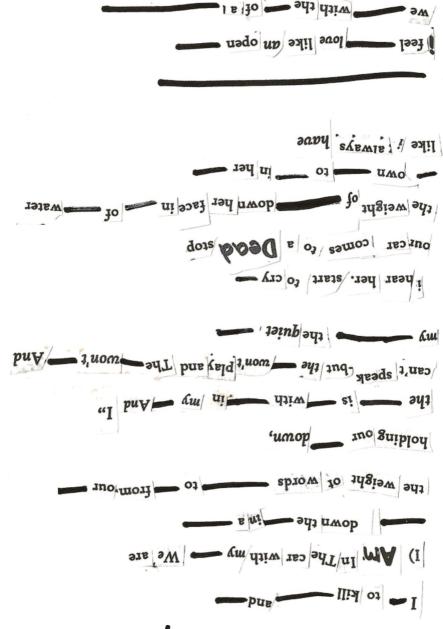
I HAVE THIS RECURRING DREAM WHERE I AM THE FINAL GIRL



to ground.
Instead, we along to an song song, besteal,
The 30
we do about aching or
— (op am
be, but Instead, we say We love
and or bas
and the on to a song sna the sna song sna bns
car as we away with

— We go home

Conversations Held on the Exit Ramp of I-35



HAVE SCHIZOPHRENIA THINK MORE PEOPLE SHOULD

a poetry zine by

baby teeth implies the second of the second