

***baby teeth  
falling out***

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

i NEVER 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*

*fall*

*fall*

*fall*

# how to live forever

the — will die one. day/like every — that's ever —  
it — in on itself/like — folding in flame  
a body — in an ever —  
a — of — And —

/but i  
— not

because no one ever the — how to die — but  
! it out when was — years old and i've been

doing it — since.  
the — is — to stop

— one. day because all "It is  
is ash and — and All life is — ash/and — but —  
Am — in an —

— in — motion

my/body — water to — its flames

so —



Maybe one day I'll — more — than —

"And the — Won't matter Because

ill — up too light to Be — by blood

-or, Maybe the — will still fire

— of — running — me —

, but this time — be — and It won't be

—

blood drips from my  
sleep like a leaky faucet

"I" can't \_\_\_\_\_ about being \_\_\_\_\_ in the \_\_\_\_\_

There is no \_\_\_\_\_

!Ne never \_\_\_\_\_ in my \_\_\_\_\_

the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_

There's \_\_\_\_\_

the \_\_\_\_\_ hole

blood \_\_\_\_\_ like \_\_\_\_\_

my \_\_\_\_\_ cave in with the \_\_\_\_\_ of the \_\_\_\_\_

too \_\_\_\_\_ To \_\_\_\_\_ me \_\_\_\_\_

I never die but

! know I will \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ In \_\_\_\_\_

as the \_\_\_\_\_ around Me

curling in on itself like The \_\_\_\_\_ of a \_\_\_\_\_

will be \_\_\_\_\_ but \_\_\_\_\_ And the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ never \_\_\_\_\_ for me But it is \_\_\_\_\_

when im caught In the \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ im too \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_

too \_\_\_\_\_

to \_\_\_\_\_ Alive

I never realize \_\_\_\_\_ it is in time

this is your life  
this is the where they your last years of high

The and would like to for her

this would be without her

you want them get up the stop and

you a on the back for a

smile at you because

win So why the on you

the other In the

in years you'll all be

this will Be on its

all still be

You

# I HAVE THIS RECURRING DREAM WHERE I AM THE FINAL GIRL

lights  
fall, the of a  
the show is over  
her eyes have  
and her  
they are your  
they are your  
but they are your best friend  
of them ever do  
She did not have a  
your the  
when the  
cut

up is to  
You've never Before but You've  
In the face of as the of the  
under to times to that the to Survival  
is to

no can see anything that in your  
you can see Everything that in your  
facts are of

and her  
her eyes have  
the show is over  
fall, the of a

car as we away with into the  
and the on to a song the  
and to but it

be. but, Instead, we say We love other  
we (do)

we do about aching or  
The of

Instead, we along to an song remember  
to ground.

We go home

# Conversations Held on the Exit Ramp of I-35

I — to kill — and —

I) Amy In The car with my — We are

— down the — in a —

the weight of words — to — from our —

holding our — down,

the — is — with — in my — And I"

can't speak — but the — won't play and The — won't — And  
my — the quiet, —

i hear her. start to cry —

our car comes to a **Dead** stop

the weight of — down her face in — of — water

— own — to — in her —

like i always have

—

feel like love like an open —

we — with the — of a l —

— ache

# ! THINK MORE PEOPLE SHOULD HAVE SCHIZOPHRENIA

— it be — if I, — could — out of work  
crazy, if my — me — on The —  
and — the — again / if !  
didn't have to — ! — in the  
grocery store — to The  
— "And her. — why does  
the — Look —  
me: — / never — a —  
before, when ! say hi to the black — that doesn't  
— / how come — can — about  
the — on her. — but The blood  
— on — how many  
times can I tell — I have when / lose  
too much time to go to work  
what if — didn't have a —  
I never had to — about —

***a.c.p.***  
a poetry zine by

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