

a.c.d

a poetry zine by

***baby teeth
falling out***

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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.

**! THINK MORE PEOPLE SHOULD
HAVE SCHIZOPHRENIA**

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I never had to about

Conversations Held on the Exit Ramp of I-35

I feel like an open
we with the of a
ache

I like / always have
own to in her
the weight of down her face in of water
our car comes to a Dead stop
I hear her start to cry

my the quiet
can't speak but the won't play and The won't And
the is with in my And I
holding our down

I to kill and
Am In The car with my We are
down the in a
the weight of words to from our

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.

— We go home

— to ground.

— Instead, we — along to an — song — remember —

The — of —

we do — about — aching — or

— we do —

— be. — but, Instead, we say / We love — other

—

and — to — but it

and the — on to a — song — the —

— car — as — we — away — with — into the —

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
played the
no can see anything that in your
you can see Everything that in your
facts are of
You've never Before, but You've
In the face of as the of the
under to that the to Survival
is to
up is to
cut when the
your the
She did not have a
of them ever do
but they are your best friend
they are your
they are your
never before, in your life"

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.

this is your life
this is the where they your last years of high
The and would like to for her
to the story
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

blood drips from my
sleep like a leaky faucet

"I" can't about being
in the
There is no
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
I 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
to Alive
/ never realize it is in time

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

Maybe one day I'll
"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

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 we been
doing it since.
the is to stop

is ash and and All life is ash and but
Am in an
in motion
my body water to its flames
so

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