

Subject: [REDACTED]

Date: Monday, February 13, 2012 12:39:57 PM Mountain Standard Time

From: [REDACTED]

To: stephen Gibson

Beat

I lay in bed, listening to my heart;

Beat.

Roll over and i hear Simon's heart;

Beat.

On my other side, Murphie's heart;

Beat.

I open my eyes and my thoughts;

Beat.

I think of you and i feel a

Beat.

Everything has a

Beat.

Thoughts of you race through my head;

Beat.

I beat my head to rid myself of this;

Beat

Why must my day begin with a

Beat.

Why must you be one of the first beats i hear and feel?

Turn on some music to drown my thoughts

Beat.

Water from the shower

Beat.

I look at the counter and your stuff still in its place

Beat.

My heart races and;

Beats.

Water from the shower wash away these

Beats.

Life is a beat, every step, and every movement;

Beat.

Driving i look around and see

Beats.

Horns honk, lights change;

Turn signal;

Beat.

The words you last said to me

Beat,

With the rhythm of my heart, my soul

When will these beats end....

I need a new beat to go with my life.

I need the beat you have me for so many years to;

STOP!

Covering my ears, i hear my own heart

Beat.

A sad beat, heavy and hurt, still after so much time.

Subject: [REDACTED]
Date: Sunday, February 12, 2012 1:48:43 AM Mountain Standard Time
From: [REDACTED]
To: stephen.gibson@uvu.edu

I Understood in the Morning Market

I marched along my mother
with the pink overalls I hated so much.
The Amazonian meager market ignored my scowl.
I slapped my only pair of sandals,
like angry girls attacking the path.

I begrudged the boy selling the salty fish;
a Marmoset monkey was seating on his head,
speaking a language I longed to know.

I was deaf for a second, or two
at the words my minded mother spoke.
I heard the raven monkey called again
to the fat flies feasting on the fish,
and the boy's busy lips.

I laughed wickedly as my naughty feet
hit an *aguaje* seed, sending it dancing to distract a dog,
urinating by a tortured post.

I killed the mocking grin, chocking on my thoughts.
The dog wearing mange for clothes,
didn't know where he was going to end up.
Even the boy I didn't like, was bruised
by mortality's mark.

I felt a cold match snapped to light,
and time rested rigidly as
I saw the world turned black and white.

I savored a dew of dusty knowledge dropped
on my tiny three-year old simple mind.
I held my mother's hand tight,
in a tropical morning
we endured along the earthly walk.

Captive to Your Words

Your words, like winter wind, bite
and stab my hope apart.
Longing for shelter
from this piercing cold
I wrap my life tighter 'round me
like a worn coat.

Trickles of diluted sunlight
ripple to and fro
between the dark clouds
that flow from your tongue.
They caress my cheeks
and hug my broken body.
They wrap their flaming fingers
through my knotted locks.
I shed my clothes to feel the heat
relax my tense muscles.
As I turn my face to the sky.
molten gold slides down my throat
and burns my soul away

before being dammed
by your icy fist.
I stand before your harsh gray eyes again
unprotected and conquerable,

Subject: [REDACTED]

Date: Monday, February 13, 2012 10:49:12 AM Mountain Standard Time

From: [REDACTED]

To: stephen.gibson@uvu.edu

Starving

She is starving

She is starving to see her back bones, like a stegosaurus.

She is starving to feel wanted by the faceless man in her dreams.

She is starving to count each of her ribs, one by one.

She is starving to be loved.

She is starving.

She is starving to be accepted and understood by those who think they know her.

She is starving to see the curve of her hip bones and the veins in her hands.

She is starving to have someone appreciate her for who she is.

She is starving to be "beautiful".

She is starving.

She is starving to be perfect in every aspect, no hair out of place.

She is starving to control her life, her love

and her inadequacy

She is starving to see her stomach shrink and muscles become prominent.

She is starving to fit the mold, to be normal, to be just like everyone else.

She is starving to lose herself, to lose her life.

She is starving to death.

Subject: [REDACTED]

Date: Monday, February 13, 2012 10:41:38 AM Mountain Standard Time

From: [REDACTED]

To: stephen.gibson@uvu.edu, stephanie@stoliker.com

Petals sit so still

They almost seem lifeless, white

like a fish belly.

They smell so sweet, though.

Nothing like a fish, more like

perfume that's too strong.

The perfume hides near

the petals, lying about

itself, deceiving.

You think the perfume

is good, will make you happy,

but it makes you sick.

Like too much sweetness.

You get tired of it all

and wish it would leave.

Subject: [REDACTED]

Date: Monday, February 13, 2012 9:25:08 AM Mountain Standard Time

From: [REDACTED]

To: stephen.gibson@uvu.edu

Dirty Love

By my hand into the forest she pulled
We both disrobed and observed without touch
Surrounded in pines, in the mud we rolled
And covered our skins in gravel and brush
She glanced with cat eyes into my soul
Purring and growling she lunged toward
Me, but a wall erupted from a hole
and shot to the sky like a stabbing sword
Place our muddy hands on the glass between
If only we knew how to do it clean

Subject: [REDACTED]

Date: Monday, February 13, 2012 9:23:27 AM Mountain Standard Time

From: [REDACTED]

To: Stephen Gibson

Hell does not have hands, head, or eyes,
but it has a backbone, which they felt through the tires.
Like skeletal ribs the ancient road ran;
thin, like a knife jammed into the promised land.
The black model-T with it's dirty iron grill
kicked like a mule, but it ran the ridge well
till the white steam screamed out from under the cap
and the old black car pulled a premature stop.
Three plain children and a faded housewife
caught hot in the desert, at the ridge's tall height.
Four sweating people at the top of the hill
caught alone, far from home, on the backbone of hell.

Unwelcome Wisdom

I'll leave you alone. I'll leave you alone
for the rest of the night. Battered old crone
is what you call me when I'm being me.
See? Growing into Great Mothering Tree.

Branching through and sneaking into your thoughts
Treading where your crooked sweet peach brain rots.
You don't want me there though, calling you out.
Your thunderous shoulders support your great clout

But inside that cave, scared little boy,
you know the reason I seek to annoy.
I've waved index finger once and for all
Great Mothering Tree may just have to bawl

the rest of the night.
The Battered Old Crone.