

unlearning

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restraint

i don't know why i indulge in the only pleasure i've ever known
being raised by diet books you'd think i would have more restraint
too young when eating turned to shame
but i keep going back to the only thing that never hurt me

i fall back
when somethings wrong
i crawl back
to the fridge
where i was born
not out of a womb
but out of a pantry
is where i'm from
and i crave love and affection
from my mom

i could tie my hands and sew my mouth
but what part of my brain tells me i won't be mad at myself in the morning
what type of restraint fixes that
i think i would do anything
get lipo
but that would be a waste
i'd just refill the space
to my thighs
to my belly
my own baby that i nourish and protect
like a learned mother

ssergorp

i'm unready to talk about it

i'm unlearning what i spent so long getting down

i'm *uncoping*

i'm *unhealing*

i'm *unrealizing*

uncomfortable

unsettled

onion.

onion onion onion

chmess

you would do anything to feel special because your brain is made of drunken
architecture

you're browsing through hobbies like color swatches and you're about to
paint a room

you're attending the activities fair

you're desperate with every year you are still the best at nothing

you're looking for untampered ground

you're looking for no competition

and you would give up importance to forgo mediocrity

you hate child prodigies

you think skill building is purpose because you don't know how to live among
others you secretly hate

the idea of being equal you want to be

slightly better

if only you could find your niche

you could finally build your castle

hug

touch itself means nothing to me
the meaning is in whose hands are doing the touching
a perfect pair of hands that i have to look at
hands i can't look away from

i want to skip to my recluse stage
where i don't have to be touched or looked at or thought about
where i can live alone in a hobbit hole
and move so little that i eventually stop moving
after i say my last goodbye
after i get my perfect hug

the one that cures me
a perfect person needs to hold me just one time
and i would never need to be touched again
i could curl up and be satisfied
at the touch that finally shuts me up

from somebody angry somebody forgiving
i need to be pinned inside something strong something caring
something that stops me from running away just for a moment
a long moment held inside
inside the arms of someone who doesn't want me to move
doesn't want me to leave them at least for a moment
men don't know how lucky they are
to get to be inside someone
wrapped inside
held inside
someone who doesn't want you to leave

english secondary ed

the first thing i noticed here is that people flex their literary knowledge d---
size
and that i've got a chode
all that time not learning spanish and i only read like, the catcher in the rye
and j. d. salinger is like a pedophile or something
and relating to holden caulfield probably doesn't mean you should major in
english
it just means you're an asshole

i couldn't look away from the clock during high school
i didn't want to graduate and grow up but i didn't want to be in class either
i think my punishment is now
i'm trapped in this room filled with hourglasses
each grain of sand is something i have to lose before graduation
and it's a little piece of acceptance
that you ruin your life when you pick a major

i don't like not wearing leggings
i'm trapping myself in a job where i have to not wear leggings every day
praying for a casual friday
i hope i don't have to call guidance on any kids
"don't talk to me about your problems" sign on my door

i don't want to make friends i just want to graduate and get my degree
i just want to get my degree so i can finally be
all the sand at the bottom of the hourglass
stuck in the bottom of the hourglass
not wearing leggings

i think i could be such a good teacher, [line 15] in some aspects
but i think i'm starting to understand what i don't understand
like how can you possibly feel fulfilled

i want to be post stupid instagram captions
and incriminating tweets
and i want to keep barbies in my room

and do those skits with my friends
and i want to have drunk sleepovers
and try so many new things that there isn't time for anything else

i don't want to give up myself and i don't want to have to choose

good thing i already did the choosing

grow

can someone help me find my thigh gap? i can't find it :(

my body is done growing but i'm still growing into my body

and accepting my brain

and mourning my childhood

and now i'm poisoning my twenties

i dreaded turning 18 and i have to keep coping

- jealous of small bodies
- wasn't a child actress
- if no one makes me lunch today i guess i won't eat lunch

conclusion: too lazy to unstick myself from time

no choices were made in the making of this film

i was born because a sperm went in an egg and then i was

the sum of all those genes

that's what makes me act like this

we are robots wired with dna

hate the programmers not the program!

conclusion: forgo responsibility!

john green, write me a chapter

why haven't i sat on the roof of a building

in the autumn night

and it was breezy

my special spot is my room

people go out and i stay in my bed

i put my head in the tub but the water gets cold

that's the way that i am old

old like wasted time

conclusion: bath water

but i don't miss being a kid

"wanna race?" i kick off the side of the pool

how long before you can forget high school

people pay people to cut open their faces

to make them better and

i like to say that's empowering

~~thinking of the last person who touched me~~

thinking of the second to last person who touched me (thank you god)

this is what my body remembers

it's freaking raining today

and every year i will be another (p)age removed from the story

conclusion: thankful for unstickiness

note: poems written in respective years

2018

she exclaimed
why don't you look at me in the eyes when i'm speaking to you?!
with aggressive desperation
how could she not know that her dripping mascara would kill me then and
there
(that i could move an almost stranger to tears with the thoughts i was having)
(that a conference room was cleared out just to house my drama)
is it because you don't believe me?
she wasn't holding my hand, she was gripping it, afraid i would escape
without my sleeves pressed into the table
(which i wore pulled up to hide some things, now vanished)
her perfume lingered in my jacket for four days
i watched the entirety of 'Friends' while i was waiting to go back to school
(i did not pause to sniff my arm in remorse)
this was two years ago
and this is the most painful thing i've ever written
i'm the only one in that room who remembers.

2021

she does remember, you texted her last year to ask. she got your phone
number in february, made you call her on the spot to make sure you didn't
give her a fake one. no one trusted you back then. "i'll text you this weekend
to make sure you're doing okay." hugged you. can you believe after all that
she didn't remember to text you. you texted her later that year in april, that
was when she met you before class the next day and had you sent home.
when you got back to school there was just silence. it hurt you to find out she
gave her phone number to all the girls who told her their problems. when it
got too bad she would say "i'm not a therapist" and send for the higher ups.
she gave her cell to a bus of kids on a field trip. you were like oh.

you texted her in 2020 because you thought you needed/deserved closure.
you thought you grew enough to not have this stupid thing still be bothering
you. you sent a good, mature, grammatically correct text. of course you still

had her number. you had a lot to learn last year and every time you do anything you realize later how much you still have to learn.

when she didn't talk to you about it for the rest of high school it was because she wanted to "give you and your family space". it was hard getting space from everyone you knew all at the same time. waiting for the group therapy place to call back.

friends is the worst show ever made and watching it while waiting to get cleared for school made it, if possible, even worse. fuck people who like *friends*. you didn't even listen to the jokes. it just went in one ear out the other. you sat on the floor in the basement and didn't shower. you were too embarrassed to see your parents. how you doin'.

you sniffed your arm to smell her perfume in the basement like a little creep. you wore only that jacket and sniffed your stupid arm over and over and closed your eyes to bring you back to that conference room. you guys were sitting in this big conference room to wait for the school counselor and your parents to get there and she held your arm really tight. she said a bunch of inspiring stuff and cried for you a little bit. you couldn't look at her you felt so sick. i don't know why you wanted to smell her and that room, or why she wore so much gd perfume anyway. i guess you didn't mind her feeling bad for you as much as you did your parents.

do you grow by not being able to let things go. do you grow by reopening old wounds looking for closure. is there really such thing as closure. such thing as growth. i reclose and reopen this over and over. she said we'll get coffee when "this all dies down a bit."

my favorite barbie line

the big thighs of women

beautiful faces and dry red lips, long hair and widespread waists

fell in love with many a teacher who touched my hair or placed a hand on my shoulder

a woman carelessly being thin

a woman who can't control herself anymore

an older girl does my stage makeup before the show and i am petrified

men tall and lean

goofy looking sunken eyed hands in their pockets always joking men

the male face and the male cluelessness

the green sweater holding onto the subway pole

a man reading a poem

a man who let beer ruin his body and cigarettes his lungs

a man touches my back as he holds the door

i admire people and i am startled by touch

sometimes like i am only in the world for the very first time

and i am

for the very first time given the liberty to do anything

because i was born at 18 and will be reborn at every

birthday and every realization that i have to start my life now

because i am going to die

how to not be mean

how to not be mean to annoying people

how to not be mean to republicans

i am overcome with love

all i want is more friends, more adas.

more people to make used to me and to exist with me in the moment

and to crack the egg from the inside

and we can

come out and explore