

rose

water



the unfinished manuscript
kristie shoemaker

rose water

the unfinished manuscript
by kristie shoemaker

for

elliott smith and ja rule

return to sender	1
opal	3
feral	4
words strung together always make a poem	6
break up candle	7
untitled about Baltimore	8
sorry can't respond, i'm dead	10
happy motherfucking 26th kristie	12
driving in crownsville is always good for something	13
30 Unedited Tweets	15
take adderall to sit and write poems about stuff	19
family matters	20
untitled while waiting	21
two flowers	22
about a bee	23
i wrote a poem while cleaning my room instead of cleaning my room	25
lol i wrote a moody thing	26
i know it / u know it	28
sneak peek	29
nine of swords	30
chopping cabbage to the beat of some dream pop song	31
the death card	33
five of cups	35
queen of pentacles	36
untitled	37

i wrote a poem about last night at the hobo	
johnson show sorry it's long	38
untitled 2	42
weird flex	44
we buried my dog in the backyard	46
a poem	47
a poem i think	48
a poem about love songs from the 90s	49
i don't remember this note but ok go off sis	50
for my grandmother	51
shades of blue	53
untitled ("lol bye")	54
diners, drive-ins and dives	56
white suit and a shot gun	58
40 More Unedited Tweets	60
random notes on my phone	64
work in progress	65
acknowledgements	66

return to sender

August 2017

why do i feel more comfortable
in places that are not mine
and hold no pieces of myself
than my own body

i am genuinely curious but
also filled with delusion
because comfort is a construct
and i have been very anti-social

how to i return myself
if i don't even know
where i've come from
i was shipped but definitely not handled

i must be unfinished
or broken because
i keep having this intrusive image
of worker bees dying for their queen
project behind my eyelids

i'm leaving stingers
left and right in my own narrative
ripping out a piece of my book
bound in peach fuzz

and planting it in each boy
who has ever kissed me

and yet here i am
doesn't matter how hard i try to destroy myself
my existence is stubborn
and it's ruining my life

opal

September 21, 2017

my mood ring is broken
in the sense that it is mistaken
as a way to understand my feelings

please close the door
my body is an echo chamber
throwing knees and elbows against flies

full of bug bite constellations
angered by dirty nails
stained by week old smokestacks

i want to collaborate on my life with you
and also drown myself in rose water

feral

Written December 2014, published fall 2017

i am dismantling a song above my body
outside of my body
inside of my head
so that every sense in every sense of the word rips it apart
delicately
so that i can finally understand

why and
how i feel this way about you

movement slows down
the words get stuck in my throat
like a pill i desperately want to swallow even though my
mouth is a barren
desert
exhale/inhale
the only life for miles are the sandstorms kicked up by
my panting breath

my tongue spits acidic love that burns holes in the carpet begging for
attention
more, always more
never enough
your tongue is miles away now

my mouth is a small cave
filled with bats and saliva
but they are safe in here

eventually the bats tire from flapping against teeth and gum
they are drunk from lingering alcohol fumes

why and
how are others asleep when there is so much happening right in this
moment

i find a glow stick underneath my couch and i bite it open
i let the liquid pour all over me
it pools in my mouth
the bats wake up with new life and go crazy
collectively losing their minds

the glowing liquid drips down my chin
and down my body

i am a feral neon home
to everything and anything that will trust me

words strung together always make a poem

September 21, 2017

a mermaid

half sea creature, half depressed person

with glitter hair

made the sea a snow globe

half off at the gift shop on the beach

that has been closed for thirty years

because the rent was too high

to contain such a large novelty item

break up candle

September 23, 2017

under the blue light
we breathe
i am swimming
my fingertips scream
with every dive back under

under the red light
we fucked
while my bloody valentine played from
the shitty speakers in my phone
and i will be forever
grateful for that

untitled about Baltimore

October 4, 2017

Baltimore seems different at night, like the heavy heat and the constant parade of people going places and birthing feelings are contained in fleshy bubbles always on the verge of but never quite bursting. This film is shed and the city can finally breathe. Maybe I am projecting my own needs and emotions onto concrete and potholes and traffic and piles of trash.

But there is a beauty walking across the bridge, holding hands with someone who loves you as much as you love them back. Walking in silence can say so much when fingertips trace shapes in the palm of my hand. The city breathes and moves my unwashed hair just enough to say *this is important, please pay attention.*

Standing at an intersection with that someone's arms wrapped around my body and their head resting on mine, I finally inhale. There is no eagerness, just purity to our existence. I can feel that person's facial hair dance across my forehead and I feel so swept up in joy. We stand and the lights change. The city still wants to go, wants to move, but we just breathe in the air between our fleshy bubbles. They finally burst, a figurative needle breaking the transparent bonds. I look up and that person is smiling and I find myself smiling too.

After multiple light changes and one or two cars drive by with no sense of urgency, we break apart yet still somehow remain connected. We walk back home and I thank the city for not judging this moment of intimacy. I thank the city for providing this backdrop that I can project anything onto, for making things quiet both internally and externally, so that I can feel loved and love in return.

With each finger wrapped around mine and each shared glance, we wait for the elevator and I look out the window and breathe again. The city sighs in response as the elevator dings. The city is now gone, hidden behind the closing doors, but that person is standing in front of me with a crooked smile. I step forward and happily, we collide.

sorry can't respond, i'm dead

October 23, 2017

they don't share drawers in the morgue
and i want to know why
because i would if you wanted to

there's a spool of red thread in my bag
it's unraveling to mock my existence
it's making a mess of a disaster
and as hard as i try
it won't break
it reminds me of blood
in the sense that they are nothing alike

but it's my world and i say it's okay

it's funny how you can bond with someone over dissociating
while you're both dissociating
like you're meeting above it all

i can only tell the time as 'it's raining' or 'it is about to rain'
because that is actually true
if you think about it

being high alone feels different than being drunk alone
i feel somehow healthier
i'm coping better maybe

i have a date tomorrow
so i am preparing by lighting a candle
taking off my bra
and having a panic attack

my outdoor light doesn't come on when i walk past
which is all the proof i need that i'm a ghost

happy motherfucking 26th kristie

October 26, 2017

i stared at the sun so long
that when i finally looked away
my vision consisted of two pink circles
like shitty rose colored glasses
i think i liked that better

i saw someone have a heart attack while
driving and i didn't know what to feel

except at that specific moment in time i gave
consent to whatever the chemtrails were
doing to me

driving in crownsville is always good for something

November 3, 2017

should i text my bf and ask if he wants to
move in to the rundown mental hospital
down the street that is overrun with vines
and graffiti

can i even call him my bf

for the purpose of this poem i think it's ok
i'm also near this campground i used to
spend exactly one day at every summer for
10 years

i remember there being a graveyard right
behind the cabins
and always leaving wildflowers on each plot
they were all my boyfriends
i thought as i delicately placed a flower on
the overgrown land

the next summer

there was an abnormally large puddle that i
fell in
right underneath the left swing on the set
living in the swampy water were angry wasps
i remember running in the mud and slippery
grass from dozens of flying monsters
i got stung for the first time that day
but it was so many first times

the most exciting part of going to camp
wasn't the risk to my life
or my dead boyfriends
but the fact i knew there was nudist colony
right down the street
and every time i drove by
there were naked people on the other side of
the tall fence

30 Unedited Tweets

December 7, 2017

depression and sparkling water, name a more iconic duo
i will wait

it's so romantic when u wake up next to ur partner and
both immediately pick up ur phones and scroll through
social media without talking

my mom asked me how i was and i just politely closed
my door and blasted hawthorne heights until she went
away

u ever dab so hard on the haters that ur fidget spinner
rips a hole in space & time & the haters are replaced by
the members of switchfoot

i want u to draw me like one of ur french girls but the
lights have to be off and we need to be in separate rooms

i've eaten an entire jar of pickles today do u wanna date
me

going to bottle my tears and sell them on etsy

i've been on airplane mode since birth

sex: i will ignore u and flake on plans and get sad a lot
but will randomly text u at 3am months later desperate
for human interaction

my new aesthetic is 'small child angry at the grocery
store who got separated from her mom and is crying by
the pizza lunchables'

just chased my dog around screaming 'world star' at her
if u were wondering if i am still unstable

sending a boy pictures of my rock collection trying to
impress him

me, flirting: here are twenty memes about my
deteriorating mental health and a video of me drunk
singing elliott smith

i'm Very Stoned and a yellow moth just landed on my
nose i am not even lying this is a damn poem

just said 'i am above the influence' out loud to no one
except this moth

i wanna share a drawer at the morgue with u

u ever make a typo in a tweet and then get really mad
and end up texting ur mom ‘WHY WAS I EVEN
BORN’

instead of ‘wake and bake’ it should be ‘wake and ache’

frozen pizza for breakfast, it’s not delivery it’s
depression

me, flirting: i’m washing the crumbs out of my bed for u

the scene in ‘space jam’ where michael jordan decides to
play basketball after telling everyone he’s never playing
it again fucks me up

my grandma said to me today ‘i have never done a
weed’ and if that isn’t the most pure thing u have ever
heard idk what is

me, when i’m on my deathbed at 100: emo isn’t a fad
mom, it’s a lifestyle

if u write a poem about someone don’t ever send it to
them just keep it to urself and send them an emoji
instead and immediately block them

i want to go to couples therapy but like only with myself

u ever stare into the void so long u hear it whisper
'same'

opens up private browsing to take buzzfeed quizzes

i am trying to write a poem and literally the only
sentence is 'lol how high is too high'

wait ur trying to tell me getting stoned and masturbating
aren't healthy coping mechanisms

me, flirting: so i need to look up ur birth chart before we
kiss

take adderall to sit and write poems about stuff

January 26, 2018

the end of the world is coming
according to scientists
and i will spend it with you
in this twin sized bed
not saying a word
but screaming with our hands
limbs tangled in queen sized sheets
day old makeup on everything but my face
exchanging heavy breaths like a faulty
smoke machine
hearts racing to climb from our throats
safe from nothing
and ready for everything

family matters

February 20, 2018

before you unfollow me, remember my mental stability
is based solely on internet validation mary

before you unfollow me, think about our thirty year
marriage, our mortgage, our time share, just please tell
me where we went wrong sharon

before you unfollow me, remember all the times we took
the family to the shore and collected seashells betty

before you unfollow me, think of the kids sheila

before you unfollow me, let's just talk about this, we can
try couples therapy, we can fix this martha i promise

untitled while waiting

March 24, 2018

i've always been early to everything
to life,
premature and small but strong

to trauma,
exposed to the harshness the universe can create

but i'm late
to the most important thing,
loving myself

destructive like a small windstorm jealous of tornadoes
a hill constantly stretching itself towards the sky to
become a mountain

but mountains get stepped on
mountains get claimed
and i am my own person
even if i don't know who that person is yet

two flowers

March 28, 2018

sitting in my car in the rain
waiting for a class to pay for a mistake i made a year and a half ago
my car is full of smoke from my vape
and i am scared the old woman parked next to me thinks it's drugs
i shouldn't always be so early to things
gives more time for me to want to leave
to make it stop
to put it off another day
for people to see me
alone, surrounded by melon flavored clouds
and make assumptions
but looking out my window
i can see a tree that looks as fucked up as me
and now i have to stay
because i've found solidarity in something

about a bee

April 28, 2018

im sitting outside reading a book
and a bumblebee is hovering over my shoulder
like he wants to read too

maybe he's curious about how humans act
why we write how we feel
and why we feel so hard and so fast so often

or maybe he is self centered
and wants to know if the words on the page
are filled with how good of a bee he is
and how it's a scientific miracle that he can even fly
being so round with such little wings

i think he has every right to love himself
and be proud of the fact he is alive
what he needs is a tiny megaphone
for his tiny body
to tell the world

HEY PAY ATTENTION TO ME
I AM CUTE
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THIS LOVE
AFFAIR I HAD WITH A TULIP
ARE YOU LISTENING

I PROMISE I WONT HURT YOU

he flew away

bored of the book

and of me

he is probably going to make love to an ambrosia flower

i can't say i blame him

i hope he has a good day

**i wrote a poem while cleaning my room instead of
cleaning my room**

August 8, 2018

a bare mattress
stained with black sharpie
and the faintest
most delicate
almost perfect circle
of blood
that looks like
it's tried to be cleaned
removed
forgotten
diluted with water
and yet there it is
just ever so faded
as if to say
you can't just wash everything away

lol i wrote a moody thing

September 11, 2018

i want to consume you
your flesh
your bones
the secrets you kept
the feelings wilted and dead
i will be as messy
and loud as possible
as my metallic teeth grind
against you

with every satisfying sigh
a craving to binge
and purge every plastic feeling
shaped in imperfect hearts
you smashed on the floor
they are covered in blood
by my constant walking over
the jagged edges
to get someone
who was always miles away

i want to devour you
so no, i won't apologize
i am hungry
you have left me starving

for attention

your self esteem
along with your pride
will go down smoothly
unlike the words
forced down my throat

i swallow your spine whole
my jaw cracks and breaks
but i feel no pain
i still crave your guilt
although most days i forget
you can't miss what was never there

now wipe my mouth
and smirk
i am full of regained strength
and you are just a stain
easily washed away

i know it / u know it

September 21, 2018

drown me in your bath water
dry me with the towel
you use to shove under your door
so your parents won't smell your weed
and bury me behind that weird tree down the street
in the yard of that weird house
we all know is haunted

sneak peek

October 4, 2018

illuminated by the soft light of my phone
i smile and tell myself it's ok
to feel again
to allow warmth to travel through
my frozen veins

that i don't have to apologize
for being someone
capable of more than what
i've told myself i deserve
reflected in the shattered screen
i spend most days staring into

i am picking up the pieces
and i won't say sorry
for being afraid
of how life can be
when you love yourself

nine of swords

October 12, 2018

there is a peach pit in my stomach
watered and knocked around
by the anxious waves crashing against
the lining it calls home

i can feel it growing
but like its host,
it's already rotten
i pull at my skin
but i am helpless to save
this molded fruit
or myself

the only purpose
is to remain
steadfast
to feed the bats that rattle around
the empty spaces of my insides
meager portions
enough to keep them from starving
at least one more day

**chopping cabbage to the beat of some dream pop
song**

October 14, 2018

my eyes shut and reopen
i am instantly on the porch out back
unsure of how i got here
there is no memory of my body moving
and that's something you don't forget
as it takes so much work to do

i am overhearing conversations
of strangers in the dark
marlboro reds are the cowboy killer
i say to myself
and immediately smoke goes in my eye
as punishment for listening to secrets not meant for my ears

back inside i hug my other half
both of our faces flushed
both of our lids heavy

they tell me about their childhood
that this sparkling water
tastes like the lemon italian ice
they ate outside in a parking lot
filled with christmas trees

as we chased the spirits that burn your insides
i realized
nothing represents the state of the world more
than a broken frozen pizza

the death card

October 15, 2018

i die in my own arms this time
and bury the parts of my other lives in
different places across town
that i used to haunt

i just want to have my hands in everything
to construct my own narrative
sometimes i try to remember my birth
to reflect on the one time in life
i had no reservations going towards the
unknown

my trash can is filled with small coffins
that have only taken up space in my heart
and there is no longer room as i am cleaning house

i sacrifice the part of me
that holds on so tight
to people, places and things
that are insidiously wrapped and woven into my being

i sacrifice expectations for reality
i sacrifice promises that could never be kept
i sacrifice the creature i've grown to protect
that finds safety and comfort in misery

a symbolic finger dragged carefully across my neck
there is no desire to mourn
i feel like i can finally breathe
without consciously thinking about it
i am no longer held hostage by the diseased thoughts of
 others sunk into my brain
finally allowing myself to get off the merry go round
of the men, the self sabotage and the long suffering
complicity

my mind and body are friendly again
without the gossip that kept them bitter enemies
i stay quiet and the only voice i hear is a familiar one
louder with each syllable
you deserve better
you can do better
no excuses this time
you will be better

five of cups

October 23, 2018

if the glass

is half empty

there is less

to spill

onto my floor

in a dream like state

it will remain

sticky and sweet

until the morning

queen of pentacles

2018-ish

my body is a temple
for starved visitors to pass through
on their way to
something greener
and younger
and simple
while they are housed
in the grand chamber of my rib cage
i will let them consume
whatever gives them strength
and hide them away
from the dark clouds
always teasing a down pour
when my momentary loved ones
decide to move on
no tear will fall
i am the pillar of a community filled with
strangers
i am the mother of grown men

untitled

Late 2018

existence is stubborn and trying to ruin my life
the faint buzzing you wish was your phone
is just a lonely fly circling the sugary stains
with lust beside the bed
sticky like my shirt after cleaning up the
collective mess
dripping down her cliff of a chin into a pot
filled with milky tears
heat rash is cheaper than blush
the glamour of self hatred
ring lights and ring worm
handle with care unless it's me in which
case you should throw me against the wall
fall in love with the chipped paint scattered
on the floor

**i wrote a poem about last night at the hobo johnson
show sorry it's long**

November 18, 2018

first there was fake snow
that looked like asbestos
falling from somewhere
other than the sky

this one guy was a talker
saying things to me
like i have never left the house
although maybe he was onto me
because i rarely do

he said that there would be
fines for cursing on the street
while i was shivering
and he laughed when we
asked if there was recycling
because how the fuck am i
supposed to save the environment
if i can't even save myself

another guy at the show behind me
who i decided was thirty
and a future divorced dad
was screaming the lyrics to every

mediocre nineties song
out of tune and
constantly touching my hair
with his beer covered fingers

but then the lights dimmed
and bodies pressed against bodies
and i had to remind myself
i was part of something bigger
even if it was filled with men
who touch you
and girls who scream
that they love someone they don't know

i get it ladies, i do
i have been in love for years
with someone who can't love me back

so throw your bra on stage
but be careful
and don't ask for it back
because honestly your commitment issues
are showing

the floor was sticky and full
of sweat and tears and
a used condom
which was orange and bright

like cheap glow sticks
bought from 7-11

but hey frank
standing out in the street
because the sidewalk was crowded
with more bodies
sorry if that was as
overwhelming for you as it was
for me

our foreheads touched
and you promised to read my poetry
after screaming POETRY
directly in my face
although you'll deny it
with that smile i can never recreate

i touched your chest and said
in the loudest voice i could muster
just please read my shitty words
and you said you would
and reassured me
that it's okay

to feel nervous
and tall at the same time
i thought i imagined a kiss

on my freezing skin

but it was as real
as the walk back to the car
and the motel 6
and the four hour drive home
and the crawling into bed

so thanks

untitled 2

November 24, 2018

soft moans
wake up the sleeping
bats in my rib cage
from their hundred
year sleep

dragging fingers
are leaving imperfect circles
of smudged prints
on my thighs

teeth crashing
like waves of
warm rain water
collecting in my mouth

my hands are
on your neck
and if i could get closer
i would

it's hard to find
the moment to pull
away from something
that stops time

so long as when
existence resumes
you are here
because the cards say
we are better together

weird flex

December 1, 2018

wearing my moms shirt
from her 'thin phases'
that were
more than only that

i am not wearing a bra
in a church
and it is the most holiest
and close i have ever felt
towards god

romance today is
someone turning their lights off
in their apartment across
the alley while
i make bedroom eyes

this cat runs away from me
as i softly screech
I LOVE YOU
in the shadows of stairs
i should surely avoid

this cat runs like every person
who has almost loved me

before this
but with a danny devito voice

so here we are at
locust drive
inside of my lungs they
pour out of my mouth
all the way to the moon

just another charity chaser
an existential crisis in a church
about being more than
your skin and muscles
and organs and
all of the bones
that make up
life size
purely scientific
constellations

are you ok
i will be fine
but hurry
i am suffocating
call my mom
before i get crushed

we buried my dog in the backyard

December 4, 2018

it's weird how you can
love something
so much and
so hard
and then they are
gone with an
unspoken goodbye
and the world
just keeps happening
and people keep
loving other things
until those things
disappear too

a poem

January 5, 2019

fake velvet pulls back
expired feelings
and stale songs
to fade
into the strange
stratosphere

surf rock
drowns the best of us
don't leave me
high or dry
because coldplay
said we could
still make love

a poem i think

January 13, 2019

listening to
you're unbelievable
with headphones
i am my oldest sister
in her room
hiding pills and
strange trauma
brace yourself
what is it all
about

this is my reply
it gives you away

oh
stupid girl
melt into the
guitar riff
and pretend you're bored
anything
it's all what you give

a poem about love songs from the 90s

January 19, 2019

it's the sweet sweet fantasy baby
with all the high notes i could never hit
because i am constantly
 searching
 swimming
towards the horizon
in an ocean
full of soft pink and violet
to loved and be loved
it's so foreign

i want to fade into you
swallow up your darkness
but i know that
me and billy corgan
want to turn you on
you said my excess of emotion
was something not to be afraid of

so let's just feel
the soft side
of oblivion
together

i don't remember this note but ok go off sis

March 26, 2019

i have a picture in my head falling asleep
your breath can't catch or be held

touch and touch and press skin together
until it is raw and bruised and used up

maybe the next person to love me
will finally be myself

for my grandmother

May 17, 2019

my new hobby has become staring at your chest
and counting the seconds between each rise and fall
not realizing my own face was turning blue

we have the same hands
and same feet
and i will spend forever trying
to fit into the spaces you have left
following footsteps plated in rose gold
hoping you are proud

running my fingers
through your hair
that has grown like wildflowers
just in time for spring
and yet you continue to bloom

but i realize now
why you have so many fake flowers
perfectly arranged around your house
full of waves of soft pinks
just like your cheeks
on a good day

and that's because they can never die

and now that your new home is in my heart
you won't wither either

shades of blue

Spring 2019

i close my eyes and see empty hands
both forever hovering in the moment before they touch
blue water runs through valleys of life lines
and streams of romantic want
into a pool on my lap
and spills over onto the wooden floor
with a lazy determination
soaking through the sheer blue fabric
ultimately revealing my feminine secrets
it is heavy as the boulder perched on my chest
i stand up and drag myself
with pruned toes
set in stone of pale flesh
towards the old table with fake flowers
the high priestess
keeps assuring a passionate love
is alive and thriving
no more cracking skull against skull
as blue flames ignite the plastic petals
dripping and discoloring the shriveled tips of my fingers
and i understand now that
i just didn't know
it was with myself

untitled (“lol bye”)

May 30, 2019

laying next to you
you are the most quiet person
to ever sleep next to
waiting for your breaths
to synch with my own

we touched knees
and it felt so pure
that i wanted to cry
so i went to the bathroom
and let the tears fall
as the sink ran

you make me feel so good
so healthy and stable
and strong as we devoured
champagne and homemade tacos

i felt like a housewife
providing for myself
but also our pretend family
cleaning up as you kept me
sane, leveled and okay

in a place that we are both happy

surrounded by plants
and unspoken emotions that
i am okay with allowing
to float around
for the time being

where we choose each other
together,
forever
honestly
whatever that means

diners, drive-ins and dives

Spring 2019

sisterhood of the traveling earrings
shared in a refurbished seventies diner
just imagine
jake gyllenhaal in prescription sunglasses
calling art
uninspired
burn all of my art because
it's all

ashes to ashes
falling off a stale cigarette
within a heated car
pretending the seats are a
deep floral velvet
office chair

my name is the tinsel on the tree
where the top
is just a bachelor's degree
in walking around your house naked
remembering an epic saga
blood red and smelling
of gasoline
is comforting because
paintings have feelings too

have you ever seen a dalmatian in real life
because i am stuck here
at a funeral
swarmed in burnt orange
as cackles bounce off of a
dead deer

a knife made from a bullet
should be destroyed
planned like the titanic
to sink and sink
into an ocean of distorted voices
twenty thousand leagues
under the sea

the phases of the moon
god damn
i am finally
drawing lines in the dark sand

white suit and a shot gun

Spring 2019

hey i have killed
something so much
bigger and younger
than you
everything outside of a dream
is still the movie 'inception'

so imagine your anxiety
as a fake tanned
sixty eight year old man
screaming at you
smelling of moldy bingo cards
and day old coffee
directly in your face

light a cigar
on a peeling red
fire escape in a city
you tried on and
quickly donated to charity
to regret it later
whatever it is

so hey um
it's a beautiful day

and we are out here
feeling soft and
full of memories from
high school
and smiling so hard
it hurts

do you like classical music
well
i don't know
but I think I would

40 More Unedited Tweets

editor's picks

fidget spinning to eliott smith as a form of self care

the most important meal of the day is internet validation
and water

sex: help

who run the world? cockroaches, because it's only a
matter of time before they have little polly pocket house
suburbs and names like janet

i wonder if the fbi agent watching me through my
webcam is concerned about the amount i cry while
trying to compose a tweet

what medication is going to make me someone who will
actually answer the phone regardless of if it's someone i
know or now

i want to start a band where we all just scream at the sky

shout out to not having a body, shout out to the void for
never returning my texts, shout out to this plant that still
loves me even though it needed water, shout out to
shouting

rpg where ur a plant and all u can do is photosynthesize
and hope someone waters u

when ur drunk at the bowling alley and u request ja rule
and the 70 year old dj plays him

on my resume: i am good at crying and disappointing my
parents and i can type over 100 words per minute

my favorite color is bruised knees

opened my window just to say to the world ‘whatever
dude’

sext: ur leading me on and i am 100% emotionally
invested and i know this will destroy me so yeah i will
go to applebee’s with u

my entire life is clickbait

oh u like me? name three of my unhealthy coping
mechanisms then

called a radio station this morning to talk about how i
have to take fifty selfies just to find one that isn’t
horrifying

on my tombstone: was eaten alive by mosquitos, was ok with it, h.a.g.s :-)

dreamt i was in a talent show and my talent was crying and i got a standing ovation

horoscope for today and every day: lol life u know

my strange addiction: falling for the emotionally unavailable

before u unfollow me remember that my mental stability is based solely on internet validation

i want to shave my head, i want to lay in the grass with my rose quartz and sing to the trees, i want to befriend a bug and apologize for sometimes being afraid of them, i want to tell everyone i love them and that i'm trying

dating bio: i enjoy long walks to the pharmacy and holding hands in line at the liquor store

the sky looks bruised and tired of being stared at

i want a song written abt me but not abt me being bad, but abt the good parts of me bc i know they exist i just can't seem to remember them

being in love is a lot like watering a plant and hoping u
don't wake up one morning and it's dead

it's mother nature's world we are just struggling in it

u ever just want to go outside in the sunshine and feel
the soft breeze and dig a hole in the ground and crawl
inside

'if u want to be disappointed and confused give me a
call' written in sharpie on a public bathroom wall

once saw a dog eat a butterfly and i'm pretty sure the
meaning of life is in there somewhere

every time u yawn u are actually screaming into the void

who needs therapy when u can chug holy water

one way to stop a psycho killer from murdering u is to
compare ur birth charts bc i promise u they will be so
fascinated they will forget about killing u and u might
even make a new friend out of it

some of y'all have never screamed at the sky while
sobbing and it shows

i have nothing interesting to say anymore so i guess i can finally quit the internet

u ever feel like ur life is a really shitty indie movie and the only thing keeping it together is a semi decent soundtrack

kiss my bug bites so i know it's real

coming to terms with the fact that i will never be a cloud

i had an identity crisis once but i took a buzzfeed quiz in 2014 and it said i was a potato so ever since then i've been doing pretty alright

random notes on my phone

June 1, 2019

like wildflowers
abundance comes when we need it

the smell of gasoline
is more comforting
than any
childhood memory

i want to scream
the universe is gaslighting me
but i don't want to wake my parents

reminder for tomorrow:

vibrator and tarot cards
don't feel guilty for feeling

work in progress

unfinished, June 10, 2019

watering roses
with lovers spit
like touching tongues
and standing
on your toes
under a full moon

acknowledgements

this collection is composed of everything kristie shoemaker posted on her social media and writing published outside of her full-length collection. previous publications include:

- *Be About It*: “return to sender”
- *tenderness lit*: “opal”
- *Show Your Skin*: “feral” and “words strung together always make a poem”
- *Spy Kids Review, Issue 5*: “sorry can’t respond, i’m dead”
- *Philosophical Idiot*: “30 Unedited Tweets”
- *witch craft magazine, Issue 5*: “shades of blue”
- *Zoomoozophone Review, Issue 17*: “diners, drive-ins and dives” and “white suit and a shot gun”

as time passes, lit mags shutter, and the internet decays, it would not have been possible to accumulate this collection without archive.org.

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