

Confetti Guts

Sometimes it's like my brain doesn't quite fit,
or there's a red balloon lodged in my gut.
Either way, something's off, and I am like
to burst. Something's off, and something's let out.
Schools aren't right for screaming or puking up

my confetti guts. I'm an explosion
of color and sound and mismatched debris.
I've tried carving it out into my skin,
or painting it bright across my eyelids—
singing and sobbing and banging my bones.

Either way, I'm pumped full of helium,
expanding past my skeletal walls.
Baby fists aren't made for breaking, tearing
destroying. Too little to rip it up.
I want to splatter myself on pavement,

but I can't live up to the shattering.
Maybe I want to live—just want things quiet,
too. I drip synesthetic words onto
canvas, swirled up like melted crayon wax—
Purge of poetry without acid burn.