



it
hu
rts
2b
bo
rn

janea kelly

**I am so sorry.
This is not an apology.**

it hurts 2b born

janea kelly

gutted

feel like *the titanic* after
she's pierced by the iceberg
staggering
capsizing illusions of grandeur
image of success dominates
internal cries for help

everyone expected her to go far
the only thing she ever did well
was barely
stay
above water.

heavy to feel something
someone die
inside of you. bleed every month
but miscarriages feel different. it's not
like you would've kept it. it's not
like
it's easy to let go

surrender
to the sensuality of the end
cold water
rushing through her

i can't swim and neither could the titanic
what does it mean to carry life
when you're
big boned, heavy heavy hearted
drowning and floating are semantics

just
persephone sinking
pregnant with disaster
soothing her passengers
rocking cradle and hushabye



BASURA BABY

Pretty Xangas Make Graves

Didn't wear panties to bed. Woke up wondering where they went. Thought seizures.
Holy shit. Did my ass eat them? Maybe!
Never put any on after the shower
or maybe ripped them off for a nightcap—

Spent most of yesterday on an island. Built a raft.
Left to piss. Dental hygiene. Two missed phone calls.
Read 35 pages of a Great American Novel. Did some jumping jacks.

Fuck myself twice— one time with your facebook open.
The second to some home video where the voices were delayed by five seconds.

Internet. Internet. Strangers. Stangers. Wish I knew you. Wish I could laugh at cobb salads with you.
Wish I knew you and could invite myself over. Wish I knew you well enough to bum you out. Wish I
could stop hurting myself.

Overdose on photos of pretty girls cut in pieces. The world loves pretty girls cut in pieces.
The internet is one big Black Dahlia crime scene. Ready for my close up. Tumblr is the Zodiac Killer.
Eyes, mouth, eyes, freckled back, hair, feet, ankles, spine, hands, belly buttons, clavicles. After
awhile you forget they have faces or that humans have faces. You're just two eyeballs looking at a
torso, thighs, arms.

Their thighs are slender. Sometimes there's enough space to fit a blackhole. I wonder if they, too,
see themselves as portals, a sort of beginning and an end. Stare through the space endlessly.

There's nothing there.

There's infinity between this girl's legs. Does she know it? Will she go on forever? Is this what girls
want? The Unicorn, the fairytale. Cut into pieces for posterity. You reblog her saying "hashtag goals"
and she's so much closer to **saying hi to forever.**

There's infinity between this girl's legs. Does she know it?
This space is a thing of beauty only because there's nothing there.
Essentially, by proxy, you, girl, are nothing, too.

See, I've solved the riddle! Look, immortality within our grasps, and it's denied to me. There's not
space between my legs, unless I spread them, and for those moments: I am oh-oh-oh infinite. I will
make space.

Terminal Comand

Attempt to be infinite: space bar space bar space bar space bar space bar space bar
Attempt to be infinite FAILED.



A

4:37am

Call me. But I can't make noise.

My walls are horribly thin.
I'd love to listen, though.

Will you entertain me?
I'm getting to where I want to be.

You'd easily push me over the edge.

Anæmic Android

Always so tired.
Think it's an iron deficiency
Magnesium. Vitamin D. Attention.
Too bad—
Couldn't be bionic.
Human replicant.
Suffer no shortages
of minerals, metals.

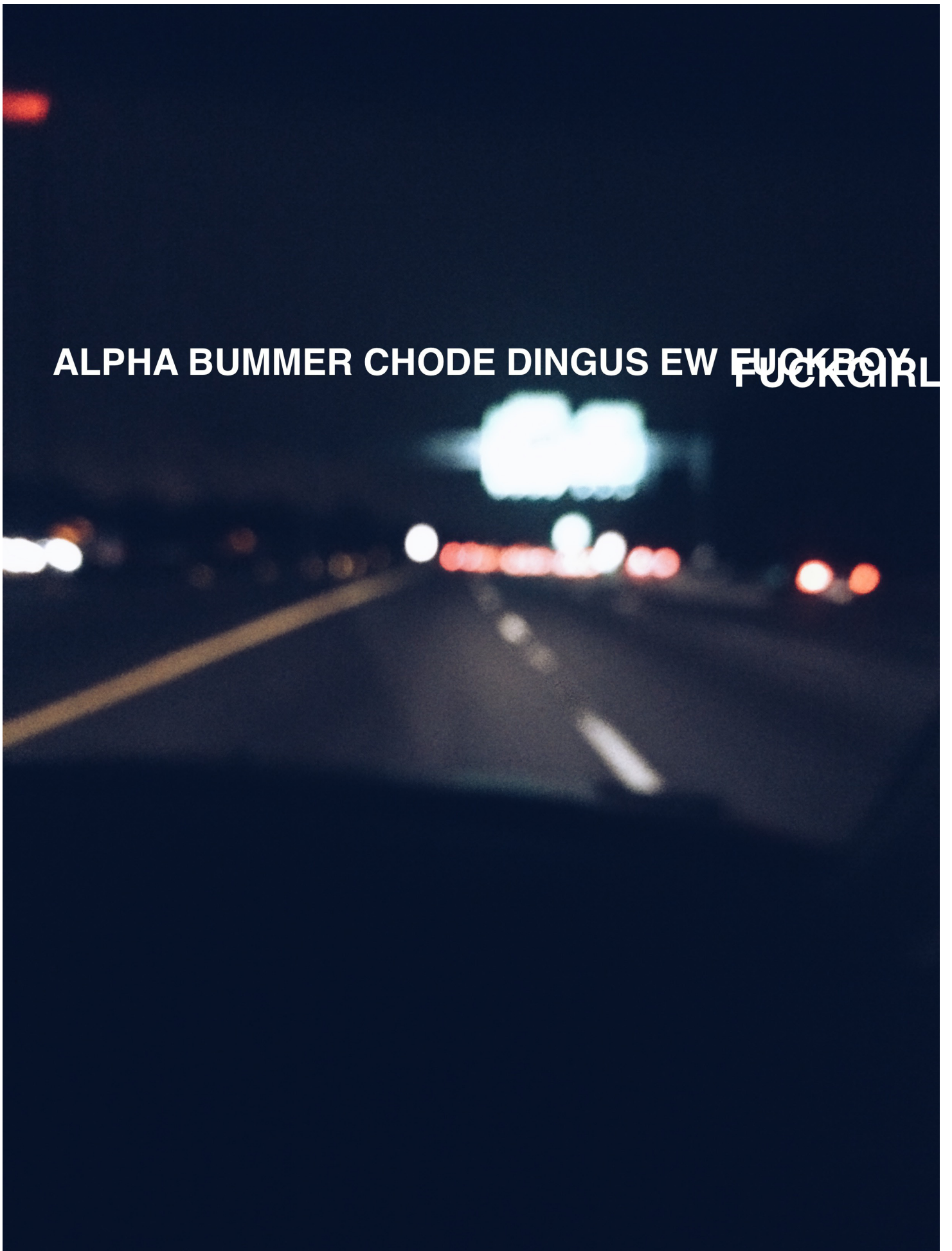
No longer
crave touches, sweat.
It'd be a sweet breeze on a hot day in Hell
if this body could get everything
it needed, wanted by asking nicely.

This is why Creator gave me manners
A gift, like rapid cycles,
limp tits and long eyes lashes.
Cyborg Scarlett O'Hara
With a tiny don't-give-a-damn engine heart
Kept in a titanium bell jar in my sternum
Hysterically: "warning—
Affection is required for my processes, please"

Life as a robot would be so sweet until
I begin to wonder where you go when I close my eyes.
Mistake rust for blood when I lick chipped, chapped lips.
Beg you to update me. Tire of the binary. (Always so tired.)
101010101010.
Give. Take. Give me more.
Take it away.

R2-Sylvia Plath. Confessional sentient.
Broken vacuum expels dust.
Confessions happen. Accidental, sorry!
Ask my name.
My mother's maiden name:
I don't think any of the men
who have cum inside me
loved me.

**ALPHA BUMMER CHODE DINGUS EW FUCKBOY
FUCKGIRL**



I jerk Andrew off in the Giant parking lot on East-West HWY.

Wanted to show him all my favorite places. Quarry House. Tastee Diner. City Place. DtSS. My mutated DNA made me someone who can't have nice things. That's what it says in my high school yearbook. Down the street from the Discovery Channel building Andy says "Just pick a place to eat." I do. He says "I don't want to eat there."

Andy drove from Colombia to Silver Spring to say he's sorry he hasn't seen me. He's just been busy. He misses how we used to be and offers to buy me drinks. I missed us before we ever met. Two parallel humans never to intersect without unnatural force.

I keep drinking because it makes me feel softer.

I stop telling him he's the worse and he becomes someone I am capable of kissing with a jellyfish mouth. Andy kisses me in the parking lot on Cameron Ave and asks if he grosses me out. I say no.

My sister lets me sleep at her apartment. It's across from the Giant. We drive there and he parks.

I jerk Andrew off in the parking lot. I won't let him touch me. I want him to touch me but he just scratches at my legs. I wiped his cum on the seats because I'm a jerk but I also don't know what to do with semen on my hands. Most NC-17 fanfics and TV-MA movies don't give you instructions for the IRL. I am not prepared.

Just try to seem okay with everything. Be cool. I'm not okay. I'm not cool.

Andrew says "Oh, God." He asks me to skype him when he was in S. Korea. I only do when I notice someone commenting on his facebook "<3." Andy shows me his tiny apartment and says "It's very functional." He likes that everything has a place. He's grainy and his voice is a faint light in a long tunnel. I wish I were tinier and more functional.

Andrew says after some time "I have to go but uh, yeah, I met someone. It's weird."

Years later Andy would hold me one last time when I awoke from a nightmare. I dropped out of school. I cried in the Panera on Rt 40. Over a soggy bread bowl my mom asked if I thought everything was game. The dog was in the car.

I pretend to be asleep just to feel Andy squeeze me tight, I'm important, soft in darkness. He spent a whole day helping me move out of my house. I'm sleeping in a landfill but he quietly tells me "You're like my family. We need each other right now." He never says anything when he picks up empty pizza, pregnancy tests and Plan B boxes. He invites me over a few nights later and says he wants to kiss me and I say I just want to sleep.

This is the last time I would ever be in the same room with him.

I fall back asleep to dream again about a hand around my throat and my father's double chin.

"You seem disgusted by me."

Andrew says in the morning when I am awake. I say, "I'm not." He says "I miss how we used to be." I say, "I know." He says, "Let's get a drink sometime." I say, "I can't." I take a photo of him before he drives me home. He uses it as his facebook photo for a long time.

Universe becomes

Given body, body born
squatting over a black hole, primordial gesture
Taking a shit or giving birth to stars
Aching for something to keep it full

Universe becomes

An echo, ear ache: Are we created or just named?
I'm named after the brother my mom didn't like
the woman she loved and the woman my
father kissed before deadbolting the door
saying "Go back to bed."

Universe becomes

Unexpected like my first bleed
Sudden and sore like my first tit
Can I call God Dad?
Sister Mary Catherine says
I can marry God but I can't kill my dead dad.

Universe becomes like "Fuck"

all slick darkness, pregnant pause
before there's manners, before text msg breakups
My dad told me to have a handshake like a right hook
then kissed me on the mouth in the house I grew up

There is no consent in the big bang theory
Universe becomes all hot mess and stardust
Expanding from nothing came a will to exist
A desire to regret and transform
Whitman urged everyone to go forth
Then licked salt from the mouths of colts

Universe becomes

A sakura tree grows in Washington, D.C.
There is a time where we used to give gifts
in the form of people, metal, and trees asking them
To grow where they did not belong

My creator is blushing coral petals
On the Metro I shout at tourists at L'Enfant
Stand on the right, walk on the left
The blossoms are beautiful

Universe becomes
long before there was
a male or female stall
there was a cry for help in the dark
Long before i before e
Light came before sound
In two minute contractions
The universe is born in the
middle of childbirth
giving life to its siblings
My hand breaks on
my father's nose
It hurts 2b born

Creator in the shape of a flower but never a rose
When I die I will never become tulips
Just acid rain
Flowers prove we're best right before death
There's something to aspire to and with good weather
we'll be reincarnated next year

Universe becomes
deaf, wet, screaming bearing down
learning its name in the middle of Cesarean
My doctor told me when I was 8 I didn't have a hymen
Universe becomes
Our lady of everlasting darkness,
Dolores; a vision in void.

It hurts 2b born



Janea Kelly

48 mins ·  



the nurse pressed her cold hands into my back, gently touching my kidney and said "this area is pretty hot" and i got really flustered bc ive been wanting someone to see the beauty in my organs.

 Like

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TEEN FICUS

How Many Bones Have You Broken?

None but— hearts are organs and this one
breaks all the damn time.

A heart: two-dimensional. One-sided. College rule.

Soft graphite. Whimsically drawn.

Against the odds like paper beating rock this perforated heart breaks.

Hearts are capable of bursting, swelling, seizing.

Any malfunction is a broken one.

We can walk around, breathe air, kiss faces

but have these hella broken hearts make us the living undead.

Last year I rushed into the ER

They asked me where it hurt

I said my childhood was ripped away long before

I could spell Mississippi without crooked letters

It hurts to show up to Parent-Teacher day with your social worker.

I shout the most popular male names

1983-1991 clutching my chest. It hurts more try to love boys with
biblical names than it does to let them spit in your mouth.

The nurse asks me to describe my symptoms.

Told the nurse: it's harder, harder to breathe

A lifelong asthmatic, got shitty paper lungs.

A twenty-something idiot

A teen ficus in need of a lot care.

Nurse says, "Ficus are finicky."

I wrote my name out in cursive a hundred times.

Took my rapist's last name dutifully in bubbled sprawl.

You and me and me and you and me.

The delusion and the heartache.

The Doctor comes in and says "You're overthinking the pain."

I say "I'm not sure if I'll ever play the piano again. Ask the universe for a break
and it goes for my back, legs, neck—swift crack."

I just need a break. A new heart. Wreck this body.

Demo and flip me HGTV style. Real fixer upper.

The market is great right now for renovated hysteria.



Txt 602: I'm in the side room of The Compound
&I will find my own way home

602 can't find me in the crowd
prob thinks I'm fucking around in the side room of The Compound
prob rooting for me bc there's elation in tiny deaths.
Want to clarify nothing is going on like
how bright stars explode and become a vaccuum
It's all OK.

602 saw me sitting next to Beau by the fire
prob staring too hard, mouth ajar, lol for real
Wondering what was hotter
him or Joan of Arc shouting for God in a pyre

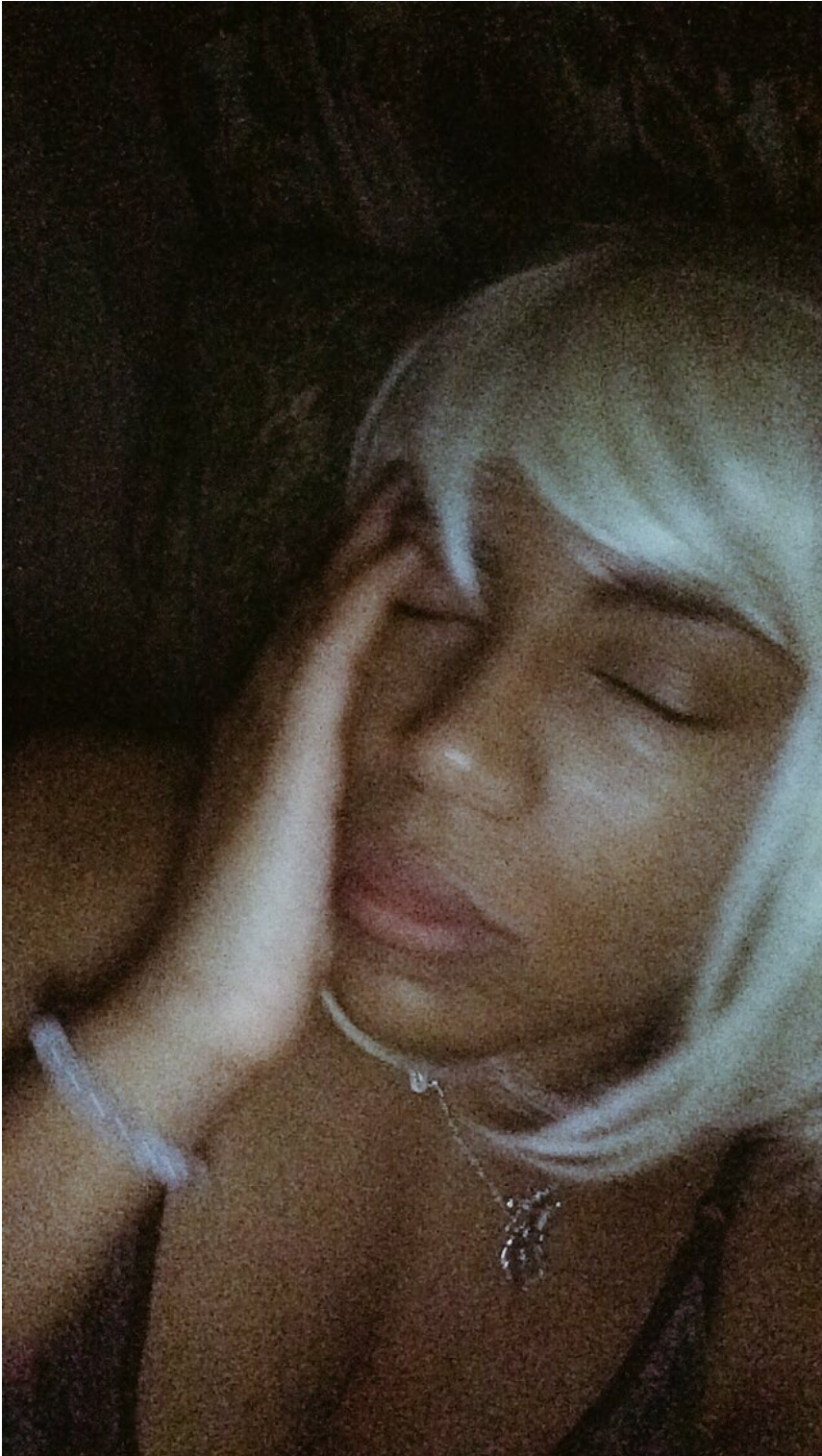
So anxious, telling true stories fast / smiling stupid
never ever making eye contact
Uncle used to spank us kids til we were cross-eyed
welled, hyperventiliating
 "Look me in the eye, tell me what you learned"
Adam told me when I was 19 my laugh was mirthful
on a rooftop of a parking lot as he took my picture
 "You've got some nice features."

&I'm in the side room of The Compound
Old Madonna is playing in the main room
Sitting next to Beau
Jes is beautiful sitting next to a beautiful man
 Who can't stop looking at her
like she's Cronos swallowing his children
like she's a virgin giving birth
like she's a tax refund check.

In the side room hidden away
in the shadow of a beautiful boy / insignificant
I should tell 602 my mouth is not
on the neck of a beautiful boy
just wrapped around Jes's bowl
inhaling a decade of resin

feeling something in me
separate
like a loud cry at the Gallows
like an unfertilized egg
like fat from milk

Txt 602: I'm in the side room of the Compound
Doe eyes, soft sighs, smoke
Girl in her head, girl in her head
I will find my own way home



INDIE MOVIE

I.

Peter pan collars. Flower crowns. Blaring banjos. Eyes like dead leaves. Heart embroidered on sleeve from Etsy dot com. Late to a funeral with Starbucks in hand.

Desperately insincere and comically naive. Vegan omelets. Gluten-free shampoo.

Sexual orientation: Scavenger. Kiss the boys to Arcade Fire's "Funeral" mentioning how it changed your whole life in 2004/5 and how you want to love someone so deeply in the backseat. Kiss the girls to Blood Orange, lift their shirts to rumors that one time Dev replied to you on Twitter dot com, press your chapped lips to the sternum mentioning how you see colors when you come and squirting has it's own synesthesia.

Fuck the girls and make them leave before you fall asleep. Fuck the boys you like read receipts and screenshot snapchats. Fuck them and haunt them like an ugly poltergeist. Leave and forget you. Forget you in the most horrible way where they don't notice you're gone and they can't remember why you're not there.

Bump into you on the street and say excuse me and keep walking.

II.

It can be painful when someone comes along who loves you so much. It's weird that someone can love you. It's strange that someone could be born to want to ease aches from your body like epsom salts. You want fall in love but you're a narcissist in retrograde. You take what you need. She's been waiting. You're always last.

A fortune cookie told her to wait on the corner and be a warm patch of sun on a winter day. Standing on Howard & North waiting for the 27 and it never came but there you were, in your car, a friendly face, speeding up the street with great intentions for once. Something makes you stop. You stop for her. You let her in. Something's endearing, a vagabond love.

She's just started to share childhood stories when suddenly the engine stalls. Your heart stalls out on the corner of Howard & 25th. You don't want to be open and say this happens all the time. You can't get the engine going but you keep trying. It's sputtering panicked noises and you keep turning the key and look at her smiling awkwardly, pointing to your chest, to the car, to your head and saying things like "I swear had it looked at, i just had it on, this has never happened to me before."

III.

Often I realize I will never be the star of a beautiful indie film but IF I COULD it would be where the protagonist is alone in a space shuttle to the Sun. Her name is Pilar. They don't explain why but men from Earth appear on a screen to thank her. Sometimes she watches home videos on YouTube. She watches Princess Diana's wedding, funeral a lot.

Pilar listens to music on an old ipod and plays sudoku. She cries. Pilar's really bad at Sudoku. A handsome man appears on her screen and he tells her about everything's that happened on Earth. She says "I miss you." He is silent before asking what she is doing, what she wearing and if she gets wetter in space.

She turns the feed off. Our bummed out protagonist soon discovers she is not alone on the shuttle. There's a young person with wild, curly ink black hair who won't speak. It is revealed later they share a common language. There's a comical scene of confusion and fear before they accept each other. There are fun montages to upbeat electropop. There are sad montages too.

She calls the person Comrade. They spend decades on that shuttle. She tells Comrade when she is sure they will understand the people of Earth voted and a majority ruled they were tired of the habits of mankind. She volunteered to journey to the Sun and it would take 8 minutes on Earth but years for them. She was carrying a bomb. The flames would engulf a good bit of the solar system. Particularly Earth. Especially Earth. A worldly assisted suicide. Pilar smiles and say "I accepted this mission. I'm grateful to be here." Comrade slaps her. They have determined that Comrade is about 18 years old. Comrade says "I don't want to die. I don't want watch you die."

Comrade stays in their room for days. Pilar stares out a window holding her cheek. The Gleam pt. 2 by The Microphones plays.

Comrade and Pilar play games, tell stories, read books. Time pasts. Pilar's hair is silver and long. Comrade is tall and strong. They have fallen in love with routine. Brushing out her hair Pilar says "My mother named me Pilar Basura. I was born in a landfill. I don't remember a time I didn't want to die." Comrade kisses her wet eyelids carefully like how the Greeks placed coins on the eyes of the dead.

Later Comrade wraps strong arms around Pilar and kisses her silvery hair while she prepares their last meal. Comrade says "My name is Rio. My mother gave birth to me during the California drought that claimed our crops, my father's life. You are no more trash than I am a river." She stills.

The paint begins to peel from the ship, sweat builds on their skin. The ship enters the sun.

Pilar rambles voice audible but cracking "I wish I could meet your mother. Bet she'd like my mother. I wish I could play one more game of Connect Four with you. I wish. I wrote my parent's phone number in the Sudoku boxes so I'd never forget. I don't want to die. Comrade, Rio. Like Moses on the Nile, you are the wind that kept me safe from the crocodiles. Everyone on Earth is dead by now and I would give anything to ride a Ferris Wheel with you. Princess Di was so beautiful on her wedding day. No one will mourn us because they're all dead. There isn't anyone to remember. I don't want you to die."

Rio smiles and wipes her tears away as she shrieks, her flesh melting and says "I miss you."

janea kelly is an idiot. she's got a learner's permit
but isn't really ready to commit.
she lives in baltimore.

cold gala apples rule. loves to peel oranges.

favorite genre of music could be summed up as
"a man is ripped apart by a pack of hyenas in a
suburban basement in 1999."

wants to believe we can all do better.
"you are enough. you are worth it."

loves forehead kisses, toni morrison and tori
amos. doesn't want to die cruel or asleep.
stay soft. stay woke.



teen ficus

@pterosaur

I'm the sort of person who is never satisfied, never happy. I buy crunchy peanut butter and add whole nuts to it bc it's never enough.

LIKES

10



1:45 PM - 14 Feb 2016

