

cicada

The Queen is open in the middle
again displaying her innards.
like a gutted fish on the neighbor's dockside

she flairs the skin of her belly as
fins, but of some jewel instead of
dull brown herring, maybe a

glittering jellyfish.

The Queen paints her virility
purple and pink, milks in virtuous
contempt of poor children.

poor children like us grow into jewels if we learn to open ourselves up and give milk.

i've never been milked by a man
only lapped up like resin from
sickly pine, too viscous

for weak tongues of flesh. *soften yourself*

The Queen speaks butter

*soften yourself on the skin, where
milk flows*

the core remains thick honey, only
the bravest can withstand the sting
or gentlest may hush into
blossoming.

i'd rather be a garnet in the raw, heavy
with the weight of myself

bronzed and unbreakable exoskeleton, never
to metamorph into dainty deity only to die

every night but

we are poor children and poor children
are expected
to be jewels, delectable, malleable

jellyfish on the dockside.