

God-damn, this poem,
it isn't just an awareness ribbon
for the black narcissist that tilts my back

God-damn, this poem,
it narrates a momentum in my lifestream
when i took a pill to killⁱ

the rushing heart-beat-beat-beat

i was drowning in my feelings

as i was screaming in-a-psy-cho-mare:

with my teeth clutched to the sheets
pebbles in my lungs
i can't breathe-breathe-breathe-

so, i had a shock to rush

the thought into my brain:

"i'm a big-time believer"ⁱⁱ, "but alas this is a real life - and it's been a
real fight just to keep my mind from committing treason"ⁱⁱⁱ

i took a pill to put the thought back to sleep:

how you took my sadness out of context^{iv}
(“did someone rape you?”)

and i had, yes i had, yes, i had to take the Xanax
(white, blue and orange)

as silence would cover me:
i came back scratching the wall,
hurting myself,
writing with my own blood
their names and your name
on the university walls, the library

filling each book with a blood-drop-dot.

But, you colored my heart blue
as you broke the beating machine in two
in the university office with a phrase
(in the bathroom with a razor
in the bedroom with a sheet
in the kitchen with a knife
in the garage with gasoline)

i saw myself in the mirror with cuffed hands pointing to the sky

“sh-
sh-

sh”

but you

push-

push-

pushed

me to the verge of committing a crime: take a pill to kill

the emotional machine that rushes the thought back into the
brain

screaming my name back into reality but at that time-

i couldn't change my mood:

i slept on a foam mat on the floor
i rolled in dirt and filth
i bathed in mold
i scrubbed my face till blood came out
pus oozed from each pore of the sur-face
my hair grew past my ankles
i dreamt of bleach
i was baptized in a treason world
i tried to escape the bars of that prison world

But, i was dressed up in a puppet doll:

i went about in *flag fiber, stars and stripes*
i danced on pills of the *Prozac Nation*
i was on my knees
i begged till the chords went out of tune
signals crossing did get con-fused
my self grew to be a sleuth
i dreamt of a test
i was baptized in a bell jar world
i evaded the jury box of a prison world

But, deep inside me boiled the blood from the urge
to know: “Did you betray me?”

Those Nights i had storming panic attacks;
i had a weight on my chest
my lungs lacked air
my stomach dropped to my knees

i was squeezed through a very tiny tight tube into a
Pandora box to be (sobbing) to be shut-

That Night up in the hotel room i took Sylvia's advice;
i put my head inside the oven of a hot, hot, hot bath
i swam through *miracle drugs* and *diplomatic discourse* as
i was drowning in my abyss:
"The silence depressed me.
It wasn't the silence of silence.
It was my own silence."^v

ⁱ Sylvia Plath "Cut": "I have taken a pill to kill // The thin / Papery feeling."

The poem appears in Plath's poetry collection *Ariel*, which was released posthumously in 1965.

ⁱⁱ Lana Del Rey "Mariners Apartment Complex":

"And who I am is a big-time believer / That people can change, but you don't have to leave her".

The song appears in Del Rey's 2019 album "Norman Fucking Rockwell".

ⁱⁱⁱ Line drawn from Lana Del Rey's poem "Bare Feet On Linoleum".

The poem appeared in *Vogue Italy*'s 2019 June Issue along other poems written by the same author under the collection title *I'm Writing My Future*.

This poem references Sylvia Plath and is part of Del Rey's upcoming poetry collection *Violet Bent Backwards Over The Grass*.

^{iv} Lana Del Rey "Mariners Apartment Complex": "You took my sadness out of context / At the Mariners Apartment Complex / I ain't no candle in the wind".

The song appears in Del Rey's 2019 album "Norman Fucking Rockwell".

^v Sylvia Plath's lines from her novel *The Bell Jar*, which was first published in 1963. The lines are here construed as Esther Greenwood's, the novel's protagonist, first signs of a depressive malaise.

The young female persona's depression drives Greenwood to suicidal thoughts, which retaliate suicide attempts. Later, Greenwood is institutionalized to combat her depression.