

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Legs/Teenage Dreams

by Lauren Holstein

A line has been cut right down the middle of my life with a scalpel.

I don't remember anything before then.

(No wonder I express anger like a 17 year old
I constantly remind everyone/myself)

You've been my teenage lover
for 20 years

Gift from the gods
Punishment for loving too hard

I carry you around in formaldehyde

Oh, Baby.

I love you so much so much so much so much I will kill you I love you

GROW UP

Every time someone reminds me I might
heal
I panic

Don't open that jar
I will tear your head off with my bare hands if you touch my legs

how to make friends with hope?
nope

possibilities

I'll draw some seedings on my scars

revenant

or

renascent

or

reincarnate

or

just. new.

?

is it really? possible?