

BIGGER THAN THE SKY

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They didn't make me big enough
To contain such emotion.
They put moons in my eye sockets
But moons aren't meant to be on earth.
They put fungus in my veins
And gave it no room to grow.
Passion drips out of every orifice
Because I'm too full of it.



They should have made me a god
But instead they made me a girl.
I don't know where to put the rest of me.
How do I box myself up so that I fit?
The contortions required for this version
Are overly complicated and painful.
How far away can I get from me
Before I finally feel more like me?

The body is a vessel that doesn't
Reflect the true self inside.
It's not humanly possible
To communicate this ocean-depth.
My body is a wet cardboard box
That's buckling at the edges.
Try not to think about it too hard
And it will stay whole.

One day my body's gonna tear
right down the middle like paper
Leaving me in pieces.
And one day I'm gonna grow so large
I'll burst at the seams like an overstuffed toy.
But one day I'm gonna die
And my body's gonna grow flowers
Like a revelation.

