

## Firestarter

Fall 2014

If the zombie apocalypse comes  
My only plan is to spend every day watching Jersey Shore  
until my brain rots  
and the zombies will pass right by me,

but you will have a stockpile of canned food  
a wind up radio  
and a map of every road out of Southern California  
waiting  
in your backpack  
just in case.

You had me from the first time you actually made eye contact,  
which took you about a month,  
From the day I asked Does my snoring bother you?  
And you said Baby,  
Oppression bothers me,  
You don't.

I want to believe in this.  
Watch us fall like trapeze artists  
but before you get too close,  
you should know that I chewed through my net,  
that I am a grenade  
with my finger stuck through the ring  
I am always ticking.

I tap on my mind like an egg shell,  
cultivating my cracks,  
building my destruction.  
Every forest has to burn at least once.  
It's just reincarnation.  
I have justified a thousand things,  
like the lines will just fade in the morning.  
This is just a cry for help.  
I'm allowed to fall apart.

But when your eyes meet mine  
like a searchlight in the rubble  
I stop looking for escape routes on my wrists.  
The scars have all faded like lines in wet sand,  
put your lips here.  
Remind me I am a sandcastle.  
When the tide rolls in,

when the rocks kiss the windowpane,  
I will hold it together.  
I will practice my survival skills.

You make me believe impossible things,  
like maybe the morning rises from our palms  
When the bad nights come,  
all we have to do is hold hands.  
And maybe the world will end if we stop kissing,  
so let's never stop kissing.  
Maybe I can leave rock bottom in the drawer.  
Maybe you will make me feel enough.

When the wolves come out of my throat and start howling,  
when my head is too heavy to look for anything but storm clouds,  
you will call me the sun,  
remind me I am stronger than the riptide,  
tell me I'd look hot with a machete.  
I am pretty sure zombies aren't real,  
but I've stopped underestimating monsters.  
There is always something wicked in the deep,  
but you will have a flashlight hidden up your sleeve,  
a swiss army knife,  
and a photographic memory of every fire escape,  
for all the shit I give you,  
you make me feel safe  
you make me feel strong  
and you and me,  
we've got a world to save.