

# EVERYTHING I'VE EVER FELT, ALL AT ONCE

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*Acknowledgments:*

“Everything I’ve Ever Felt, All At Once” is a lot of things for me, but that’s not really the important part.

The intentions I had in writing these words died as soon as the page was printed. The poems now belong to you. Whatever you decide they mean, is the truth behind it, and there is no wrong way to interpret them.

I have a lot of feelings, and I hope I make you feel something. That’s all I want from this.

Thank you to all of my friends who so eagerly read my drafts in their infancy, offering up their reactions so I may better gauge my affect.

Thank you to all my many parental figures, complicated friendships, former lovers, current lovers, a handful of Greek gods, and Leonard Cohen. This book wouldn’t have been possible without you.

I had an ex-partner say to me, during a particularly tender moment “I think you’re the goddess of war and poetry.”

I guess you’ll have to see if they were right or not.

*This book is dedicated, especially, to Lexi Cohen.  
You were the best thing that ever happened to me.*



*Vancouver Gothic*

There's a man screaming on the street.  
You don't make eye-contact with anyone.  
He could be anywhere.

"You're so lucky" says your friend from Calgary  
"It never gets as cold in Vancouver as it does here" they laugh.  
You laugh.  
The chill is in your bones from when you left the house yesterday.  
You laugh.

Every restaurant is dimly lit.  
The food is delicious.  
You cannot see the door.

You hold your breath every time you feel the ground quiver.  
What was that?  
A tremor?  
The neighbours running the laundry?  
The Big One waits.  
Where will you be?  
Where will you be?  
Make a decision.

You wait on the corner,  
Trying to decide if the \$3 bus fare is worth it to get home.  
It's 12 blocks away.  
It's raining.  
Is your resentment for translink stronger  
Than your fear of walking in the dark?

In the summer, high school kids drink in the forest.  
They gather in hoards and indulge  
Until they drag each other out of the dark woods.  
Every year the forest swallows more.  
They drink to forget.

Middle age women meet for happy hour at bars in September.  
"It's only just started raining and I'm already depressed" one says.  
"I'll be happy again when the sun comes back out" another replies.  
Drinks are only \$4 until 3pm.

You wander down to the beach on a cloudy day.  
You find bird bones scattered on the wet flat sand.  
The seagulls call in the distance.  
You look at your boot prints.

Neon glows down Granville street at night,  
And every day of the week concert goers line the streets.  
The ground is always wet.  
The ground is always sticky.  
A woman holding a duck approaches and offers to tell your fortune for a  
dollar.  
What will you say?

All your friends are in a band, on a film set, doing a startup.  
You like their facebook page.  
You can't remember how you met any of these people.

You refill your compass card.  
You tap your compass card.  
Insufficient funds.

*Borderline Personality Disorder in Five Parts*

*Part I*

I bare my soul every day.  
Not in an act of bravery,  
But in desperation.

Who wants a soul you don't have to bargain for?

*Part II*

Parts of me that had been dormant  
Woke up to cry in pain.  
Leviathans of loneliness,  
  
That can't be tamed by mortal company.

*Part III*

I grew to know that giving is  
An act of pain or else is invalid.  
I felt so endowed by you,  
  
I was sure I was ripping your fucking heart out.

*Part IV*

I get rejected the most when I'm drunk.  
When I'm sloppy and honest  
And not reshaping my soul.  
  
Do I get to dance with you when I'm not dancing for you?

*Part V*

Don't leave me.  
Don't leave me.  
I'm in a hallway with doors closing.  
  
I just wanted to dance.

*I Cannot Be A Prodigy If I Cannot Practice Piano*

My mother wished for a cloud  
And I grew particle by particle  
Until my storm was ready to drop from her sky

I wailed and crashed and blew across countries,  
Until her God Voice began to weep:

You're ruining my Summer, you November, you Curse  
Why are you swallowing my sunshine?

And so I held my breath

I emptied my soul on a sounding board of Ocean  
Lessened my impact to lonely lakes and reclusive rivers  
Until her God Voice roared through the sky:

Oh my beautiful Earth, she's scorched, she's burned  
You horror you drought  
Why do you scorn my fields?  
What have I ever done for you to hurt me this way?

Now I revel in her quietude, her lack of witness  
Forgive me Mother  
My belly is so full of feeling  
I do my best to only sing when you sleep.

*Empathy*

Your sister has been bitten by a wolf  
That has bitten you

The saliva off its teeth has seeped into your blood  
And gone on a cross country road trip of your  
Vascular system

Your sister's circulation knows the trip  
The road burn, the tire  
Tracks

How can you help when  
You're still wrapped in your own bandages?  
How can you help when your legs  
Are still learning to hold your own weight again?  
How can you go to her  
Without your knees buckling?

But still you go  
Still you go  
So she won't be bitten and bleeding alone  
Won't be bleeding with strange bedfellows  
Won't be bleeding in the cold  
Without your own blood to comfort her that says  
I have bled too

*Emancipation*

i.

The Whore of Babylon felt her hair  
Laced and pressed into her own fingers,  
Cradling herself.  
She kept ending up on this kitchen floor,  
The carpet intimate to her sorrow now.  
She dreamt of retirement.

Always a lonely child,  
Her heart grew familiar and attracted  
To the unavailable.

She's played this game before.  
"There's just something about you"

Promethean in her resourcefulness.  
A tapestry of the strings she pulled.  
Never alone,  
Never alone.  
What image does she weave?  
It's different from every angle.

ii.

I surrender to the feeling of spring against  
My bare heels  
My own apple  
Sweet from the blossom  
That first serpent can keep his poison from me  
I am complete as I am

Nakedness in my joy  
A tree grows where lightning struck  
I don't need you in my forest anymore  
Flowers grow out of my hair  
In defiant originality

God as my witness I am whole

I don't need you to love me anymore  
I don't need you to love me anymore  
I don't need you to love me anymore  
I don't need you to lo-

iii.

A different kitchen,  
A different time,  
A different panic attack where  
I eat potato salad out of the bucket and  
Cry for an hour,  
Maybe two.

I used to miss you every day,  
Until I started picturing a shotgun against your chest  
And screamed at you to leave me every time  
You entered my brain.

I can't emotionally wait by the phone anymore.

I haven't gotten laid in almost a year  
But that's not really the point.  
There's a lot more than wet stuff that you swap around  
When you rub up against bodies like that.  
I can't seem to want the cheap stuff anymore.

I've cultivated taste.

Let us cry again  
And again  
And again  
Until all the tears are out.  
But let us not hate ourselves for doing it this time.

It's all part of a process.

*To Demeter; To My Child*

I'm so sorry my child  
When you were sitting  
So young and pretty in the garden  
Flowers in your hand  
I was not watching.

I am no goddess.  
When Hades saw your loveliness  
and swallowed you into his world  
I could not save you.  
I had no one I could run to  
I had no one to beg.

I have dreams now  
that you are resting,  
like Persephone,  
in a special place in his heart  
like the place you held in mine.

I would chase you if I could  
and tear down the underworld  
to have you in my arms again.

But you are gone  
and I love you so  
In a way I'm not sure Hades ever could.

*Aphrodite*

Aphrodite morphs to you  
Born of the ever molten tide  
The apex of sea glass  
The ebb and flow of the ideal  
Moves in  
Around  
Through her

Does she look like power  
Does she look like a girl  
Does she look like a lover you had when you were 21 and the world was  
new

Does she look like someone you would save  
Does she look like someone who could save you

Her perfume on the breeze  
Her whisper in the nearby wind chimes to the left  
You saw the way the 5pm sunlight shined through  
the stained glass window  
And colour has never looked the same

See the silhouette of the love of your life and you'll find her in the light that  
bends around

*Eden*

Come with me

My fingers are soft and cold against the heat of the evening  
My skirt, in flowers and wild patterns, flutters behind me  
My feet are bare and calloused against the earth  
My heart is beating out of my chest

Come with me

We have stars in our eyes  
and laughter in our breath  
and whispers in the wind got caught in our hair  
and I have kisses upon kisses upon kisses to lay sweet on your skin

Come with me

Under the pomegranate orchard in the twilight of august  
Let's take off our clothes and jump in the lazy river  
Trace stars with our fingers, making constellations of our sunspots  
Make our bellies warm with wine

Come with me

Lie down  
The night is cool and the linen is light  
You can see into the garden from here  
Love is here

*How Do The Trees Get The Water From The Roots To The Leaves*

My girl looks at home in a garden  
Like blooming for her as she moves  
My girl looks like a garden  
Dancing with feeling, down and up  
My girl walks through my garden  
And the birds and the bees hum the air  
And when we are a garden  
We sink our fingers in our dark thick earth

I love you  
Call Chrysanthemums  
I love you  
Call the bees  
I love you  
Whisper Violets  
Who are kissing roots of trees

It's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's  
raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining  
it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's  
raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining  
it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's raining it's  
raining it's raining it's raining it's raining

Grow.

*As If It Were A Flood, A Homecoming*

When I am to see you again  
The sky will open up  
And the tides will rise  
And the water will sweep by my ankles

When I am to hold you again  
I will not notice that the ocean  
Has come up to my chest  
I will be breathing you in as the water greets my chin

When I hear your voice again  
The water in my lungs will not matter  
And the spots in front of my eyes will be fireworks  
I will not notice that I can no longer breathe

When I can spend my day with you again  
The end of the world will have come  
But the light at the end of the tunnel  
Is just you opening the door to me

And the world will awaken all over again

*Ensanguined*

In a haunted house in the forest,  
I brought my love to drink from a bottle of wine.

Deep royal shades of night  
Obscured us from the rest of the world,  
And hid our secret thoughts  
So they could freely dance between us  
On the dining table of softwood.

A silent waltz of vulnerability.

My disturbing intensity.  
My skeleton childhood.  
My empty dollhouse at the end of the bed.

No one touches anyone  
In this manor of portraits,  
Lest we prove that secret fear that  
We are all  
Ghosts here.

The only life in this place.  
Drink up, oh my secret darling,  
My lover by night.

Was it the wine or the blood, my beloved,  
That made you run from me  
Into the belly of the forest,  
As the world thawed in morning  
Without me.

*Deep and Dark and Cold*

I am a mother  
My belly is a cradle  
for the dark and the squirming  
My back is a mirror  
an infinity of bruised colour  
My voice is a lullaby  
for the heat of the summer  
My crash is a scream  
for once married husbands that feed my hoards  
My body is a swaying road  
for the daring and desperate  
My children are hungry  
To eat and be eaten  
You love me for I am life  
Big and beautiful and nurturing  
You hate me for I am death  
Dark and Deep and cold

*Rite of Passage*

I was 15 and I was pretty sure I was pregnant  
How can you ask a kid to know how to be a person

I had had another human being inside me  
Moving like a dancer lost in the groove  
Was I the groove?  
Did I still have another person inside me?

I'd missed my period.

God I loved being wanted  
I loved that I wasn't a virgin  
I loved that he touched me and made me feel Cool  
His 18 year old hands on my new baby body  
What felt like plucking me from obscurity  
I loved watching him do coke  
I loved watching him want me and take my clothes off

Now I'm nauseous in the mornings  
And he's still doing coke  
But I'm a 15 year old woman

I'm scraping together change from my friends to afford a morning after  
pill.

I never told him  
What could he have done?  
What would he have done?

I literally danced for joy when my period interrupted my school day.

"Take care of yourself, kid"  
I intend to.

## *Torrid*

On Vocabulary.com

Torrid is:

1. Adj. Characterized by intense emotion  
(the feeling of a mountain cracking magma is the same as an egg into the frying pan)

1.1 Adj. Emotionally charged and vigorously energetic  
(have you ever felt like the milk when you're blowing bubbles through the straw?)

All I see is a picture of me  
Sweet, I love you ardently  
You found me in a dictionary  
Oh you favourite of mine

I want to hold you 'round your rib cage  
'Round your waist  
'Round and around  
I dance and I dance and I dance and I dance

In the Oxford Dictionary

Torrid is:

1.1 Full of passion arising from sexual love  
(jesus jesus jesus jesus jesus how the fuck do you do that keep going oh my god)

2. (British) Full of Difficulty  
(I don't need to spell out to you the sin I feel at my butterfly existence, do I lover? At least we're having fun. you're doing well.)

And all I see is a picture of me  
A whimsy flimsy torrid me  
I douse our souls in gasoline  
And we'll never stop catching fire

A torrid love affair  
A torrid dance  
Psychologically hot.

*The Goddess of War*

You learn to love the collar.

The love of my life  
Cold and beautiful as a statue of  
Athena,  
She loved the leash.

I still feel the grain of old wood on my bare feet  
The coolness of faux tile  
The worn down carpet  
I got to know the floor so well  
Loving her.

My knees yearned to buckle  
Instead of run.

If you need to tie someone up  
To keep them  
Have you really dominated them?

A bunch of amateurs  
Aren't they, my Dear

I still feel her in my arms when  
I'm alone in the dark  
When the right song comes on or  
The temperature is just right.

My leg on her hip.

I held my breath  
So I wouldn't disturb her in the night.  
I didn't breathe at all  
For a whole season of summer.

If I turn blue, will you love me?

*Liminal*

Sometimes night, but endless days  
You twist time in funny ways.  
In this house- with unwound clocks,  
Abandoned underwear, slouching knee socks,  
And whispers into caves of bone;

I like to pretend that this is my home.

*And The Grass Was Golden In The Evening Light*

We imagine warm fields with the summer light  
And there they lie in the lazy sunshine

We like to imagine they are happy

When the living approach the god of the dead we ask  
"What is it like over there?"  
The god of the dead says  
"It is exactly as it was before you were born"

We dream of the conversations we would have  
With those whose voices are so much louder  
Now that they cannot speak

"Where is death?" we would ask  
And when the god does not reply  
We imagine  
The golden light of a setting sun  
And those bodies we loved  
In the fields of summers in our minds

And the grass was golden in the evening light

*A Love Letter*

My extradimensional lover. My forbidden poetry. My eternal fairy tale.

I have built us a house.

It is on an island in the Great Boreal Rainforest  
Where it is wet with thick raindrops  
And thundering all the time.  
We will look out our windows and see  
The wisps of clouds over great billowing goliaths in the sky.

All this we discover from this hide-a-way we have nested.

See, Love?  
See where we will plant our garden?  
Where we will get on our knees  
And dig with our hands, in our mucky soil.  
We're surrounded by life.  
Tomato plants, kale, and squash.  
They will be blessed with rain, and warmed by the sun,  
Just in time for thanksgiving.

We get honey and oils from local farmers markets.  
In our sweet kitchen, we make our own pasta,  
We grow our own herbs,  
We eat cinnamon buns from the dock-side coffee shop.  
We laugh over our morning brew.

And here is the island I have found.  
Away from all the noise,  
We have our own forests and beaches.  
Here I will show you all my tide-pools.

See all the little fish,  
Know the name of every crawling creature  
Across my wet sand.  
Know every barnacle that grows on my soft fleshy heart,  
And I will know yours.

I want to dig my toes into your beach,

And hear your seagull soul.  
No one would ever bother us again.

Lets collect shells to make a wind chime  
For our wrap around porch.

You know me in my overalls,  
I know you in your underwear.  
Our faces with smiles smeared on.  
Sloppy kisses.  
Tender touches.  
A house full of musical instruments,  
A cello, a trumpet, a ukulele, a baby grand.  
We know each other's buttons like  
Pressing the keys of our piano.

A desk for my novels.  
A library for your thoughts.  
We can hear each other from the next room over.

In the summer on the shoreline we can lie in the sun.  
Tell secrets.  
Read each other passages in windy sunshine.  
I smell the salt and later I can taste it on your skin  
Wherever my mouth falls.

We count the days since our joining,  
Gleefully watching the tally grow like a sunflower.

In the winter we watch the mist roll in off the ocean.  
Blissfully alone with our rainboots in the fog.

I love to watch you grow older.

Some years there are power outages.  
It takes days before anyone can come fix it,  
And we are left to our peace in our house.  
We never grow cold,  
For our hearts roar like a fire,  
And we expand like a furnace

Under our sheets.

Sometimes when this happens,  
I hope they never find us again.

At night we whisper to each other.  
I tell you all about the stories I'm writing,  
Talking quietly,  
Close  
While the storm rages outside.

You could tell me what philosophy you've been musing.  
What you've been learning.  
You'd ask questions about my characters  
And I'd ask for your thoughts on the world.  
With finally enough time to talk about things  
Besides ourselves.

A little house with so many opportunities to work with our hands.

We have a baby.  
She has my freckles, collecting more every year,  
And your halcyon eyes.

We cry when she is born  
And our hearts weep with joy every day to look at her.  
When I'm singing in the kitchen,  
You have her in the bath,  
And I hear you talk to her.  
Even as a wee one,  
You use big words to tell her about the world she lives in now.

She begins to use her hands to grab things.  
I never knew fingernails could be so small.  
She sings before she talks,  
She dances before she walks,  
And the forest around us loves her as much as we do.

The whole sky came to see us tumble in a flower field.  
My whole body lit up to see your face.  
I want you, with my whole chest.

You told me you never want to know life without me again.  
I still choose you every time.  
I want to choose you every time for the rest of my life.

“Don’t dismiss yourself so easily, love.  
You don’t know how much you mean to me.”

I asked you why you went through everything I put you through.  
Why didn’t you just leave?  
The simple reply:  
“Because I love you.”  
Sent me screaming into the sky like the biggest firework in the show.

I will never hurt you again.  
I will never betray you.  
I want to make you laugh forever;  
Collect tree rings on our bodies, beside each other;

I want to make up, every single time;

I want to protect you with all my teeth,  
And hold your heart tender,  
With an ear that will always listen.

A warm patch of garden after a storm- you have never hurt me,  
And you love me for all my gold and for all my flax.  
I want to see the world through your eyes, and stay holding your hand,  
For as long as I have a body and soul to greet you with.

My extradimensional lover. My forbidden poetry. My eternal fairy tale.

I have built us a house.

*Sweat*

You are to me  
heat  
to an iceberg.

You shake and I  
sweat  
and  
shiver.

You touch me and I  
crack  
into  
the ocean,  
bit at a time.

Break me down  
But I'm  
Taking  
You  
With me.

*Mythos Pathos*

Eurydice woke with her hands around her neck

Dreaming of Orpheus

Scruffy after two years of silence

In an elevator going

Down and

Down and

Down and

Down.

He lands like a phone book

No rebound, just a thud.

Eurydice woke with her hands on her locket

Anniversary dates etched in

Why is she still wearing this fucking thing?

It drags her

Down and

Down and

Down and

Down.

He wanted her safety

More than her wings

Eurydice woke with her hands over her mouth

Muffling the harpy scratches

From her throat as she sleeps.

Nothing is real since she's been down here.

His fingerprints, the only thing left in the elevator.

Up.

*Sex in the Garden*

All I want is to dig my fingernails into his back and pull  
I want to bite down until I see blood.  
Then I want to kiss him oh so softly all over.  
Oh Serpent Oh Snake Oh Crowley  
You think you're the only one who can rip someone apart.  
How'd you like them apples

*Celestial High*

Imagine a teenage girl  
Imagine a god  
What's the difference

How do you relate to people  
How do you tell them you're coming down from the high of  
Divinity  
Celestial blood  
Ambrosia in my liver

My soul is so loud I feel I could combust  
I don't want my song to land softly on ears  
I want it to strike a chord with a hammer  
I'm surrounded by angel wings  
How can I demonstrate power to softness

Match my intensity  
I dare you  
I beg you  
Oh please for the love of the light that is me

I used to be a god of fire and sky

Imagine a teenage girl  
Imagine a god  
What's the difference

*The Prodigal Daughter Performs A Solo*

Pointe shoes on a treadmill  
The delicate sprinter  
Ambitious ballerina  
Meet your deliverer

(Oh God how much longer can I keep this up)

I'm almost turned on by the blood on my feet  
By the stakes of slipping  
See how hard I'm working?  
Young and full of hot blood  
Success is inevitable  
Sleep when you're dead  
I want to be a young god

(Oh God how much longer can I keep this up)

Queen of the cock fight  
Unable to hold my tongue  
I prove my intellect  
I am always right  
Lets see how long it takes for you to find me insufferable  
Its fine, there's no one I'm not ready to lose

(Oh God how much longer can I keep this up)

The tap tap tap  
Running 6 mile an hour sprints  
Are you still going to love me if I break my ankle?  
Are you still going to love me if I can't perform?  
Will you love me if I decide not to  
Dance myself to death?

(I can't keep this up)

Who's waiting backstage after the show?  
Who will bring me flowers when I  
Often fumble my grande jeté  
Who keeps coming to the show when

“You’ll do better next time”  
Stops being true?

(You? I didn’t think so)

*52 Pick Up*

He slides a card across the diner table.  
A jack of hearts.  
What's this for?  
Nothing. He says I felt like giving you something.  
The waiter brings us a garden salad.

I get another card.  
A queen in the same suit.  
The song changes on the jukebox.  
Our feet bump under the table.  
The fries are fresh from the grill.

Our hands brush.  
He passes me the king.  
I don't blink, and our words slow.  
The buzzing light of neon emulates heat.  
They use extra sugar in the pie here.

We stand outside the diner and wait for my cab.  
He slips the ace in my pocket.  
Where's the rest of the pack?  
He looks at the stoplights and says he's holding it.  
The take out is already cold in the bag.

*Lilac*

The sky was lilac

I stuck my head out the car window  
I had given up on feeling alive  
And was working more on feeling

Id never figured out how to be

My whole world had exploded  
Suddenly  
In a parking lot one night in April  
I am still standing in the steam  
From the rain hitting the fire  
After the bomb went off.

The sky is lilac  
And death cab for cutie is on the radio

I think its time for me to stop expecting  
People to take care of me

*Museum of Jah*

I stumble into a museum of  
My mother's former lover  
His faces on the walls  
As a hundred voices hum  
That he loved her more  
Than anything else he's written

All of life is suffering  
Which sounds like a lot of fun

My almost father's soul follows me  
Down the hall  
Through the park  
Through the Museum of Sex  
Down to the subway  
On the couch with me now

Somewhere in a train station  
An old man plays Scottish music  
On a Chinese fiddle  
Sewing all of New York together

My mother  
Her lover  
Jah on every corner  
And me.

*The Birth of Violence*

She came into the world screaming  
Red faced  
An intensity to her desperate shrill  
That left no room for memory of detail.  
When pain was not enough to birth her  
Death gave the last push

Something inside me died, and she came to life.

Labeled a problem child from day one  
I didn't know what to do with her,  
What to call her  
Except for "Mine"  
This alien baby that gave such gruesome dreams  
That had never belonged to me  
How could she have come from me?  
Who was the father  
That went out to get milk  
Then never came home to carry her with me?

I could never put her down to sleep,  
Never willingly shut my eyes  
For her cry was made for my own ears.  
What if her earthquake lungs called out in the dark?  
It took doctor  
After therapist  
After sleepless night  
To get her down to dream.

Now she sleeps most of the time.

My Daughter  
My Violence  
My Beautiful Creation that was born again and again  
When I prayed to God to end it all for  
It was too much for my human heart  
And she fell into my aching arms  
Her first words were "Fight Back"

*Reverie, L 68*

Midnight on the beach in October  
In the intermission of my life  
A twinkling of starlight  
A soft wind tossing our curls

You pass me a clove cigarette  
And put your sailing jacket around my shoulders  
A tear down your cheek  
The Ocean is a dark void as far as we can see it

Can I send this feeling in a postcard?

Dance Shows and Attic Kisses  
The year of my life that feels like a fever dream  
I didn't actually know you loved me until we had broken up.  
Did my lips ever actually touch yours?  
I can't seem to remember

I wake to the sound of Debussy downstairs  
Nine months I lived in Eros' palace  
On the edge of the sea  
Pacing tile, waiting until dark so we could adore each other  
Without eye contact

Your brother introduced me to someone  
as your wife, once.  
Neither of us knew how to respond.

The ocean crashes before us  
Alive in the dark  
This moment, incorruptible.  
"I think you're everything I need right now"  
My strange friend  
My love from a dream.

*Lovely As A Face On A Quarter*

He told me he flipped the moon like a quarter  
Tossing it in the air and swallowing it before it landed  
“What was the choice the coin toss would decide?”  
I asked  
“I’m ok with never knowing”

I imagine decision still turning in his belly  
Pulling on tides of circulation and digestion  
And a reflection on his ocean  
Bioluminescent in the depths

*What's Born in Summer, Dies in October*

Drive me into the mountains  
Give me your heart  
Never leave either of us to question again

Purples, greens, blues  
The autumn colours of an evergreen forest  
My tan leather jacket, your firewood crackle smile  
Commit to me lover, and we'll never want again

Why do you still fear?  
What in your heart keeps you from me?  
No matter, for my eyes will still turn to emerald gold in afternoon  
brightness  
Regardless of whether you witness it  
For my smile will still flash like river water  
breaking in sunlight  
If you never cause it again.  
My wild mare soul will continue to ride  
Even if you veer off my trail.

I had hoped you would be brave enough not to flinch,  
But my life is full of joy  
And you are the one who loses  
from this loss  
more than I

I am liquid gold walking.  
I don't need you to know what you're holding for that to be true  
But if you won't enjoy it  
Then leave my light for someone aware of my worth

*Salivation*

The first time I had an orgasm  
I didn't know what had happened

I felt light blooming through my whole body  
My toes curled  
And my young throat caught  
In surprise

I could feel my face tingle  
My feet arched as if in my ballet class  
And I stayed frozen in shock  
Unsure of what I had experienced

Delighted and terrified in equal measure  
Curious and awe inspired

Faced with a new precipice  
No road yet carved for me  
Yet I'd reached the destination

How delicious.

Last week I told you that  
In my series of tragedies  
I've lost the ability to de-escalate

And so you didn't kiss me all night  
"I just want to get to know you"  
And you took my hand

You touched my face,  
Played with my hair,  
Laughed at my jokes that I didn't find that funny,  
And asked about my life.

"If its too hard for you to be present  
Once you feel some labour of expectation,  
Then I don't wanna push that.  
I just want to be near you"

I could hardly believe your words.

Delighted and terrified in equal measure  
Curious and awe inspired

Faced with a new precipas  
You're a new frontier, all over again  
Simply craving the meandering journey.

How delicious.

*Lenses Without Frames*

A Nostalgia Junkie

With more hang-ups than a coat closet

More hang-ups than a telemarketer

More hang-ups than an executioner

Can you hear me ex lovers?

I said my new favourite colour is rose

*Adulthood*

I am unhappy with the price of cream cheese.

Not only do I consider it a lot of money for not a lot of food

But also it is part of what has made me realize that \$4 is a lot of money.

But also, against all logic, I keep buying it.

*Garden Lessons of the Cosmos*

As a 4 year old I found the long stalk of a flower  
I took it in my small, inexpert hands  
And I brought the blossom with me as I swayed from side to side  
My mother said "You're hurting the plant"  
Before I could think I was saying "No it likes it"  
And she rolled her eyes and continued to water the gardenias

I stopped as soon as she looked away  
Consumed by guilt  
That I, in my selfish and fresh understanding of the universe  
Had been so presumptuous as to assume something was wanted  
Before I asked

*It's Not Tomorrow Until I Wake Up*

Its 4:15 in the morning  
And all I am dreaming about is getting rid of my stuff  
And I want you and I miss you  
But I want it to be different  
Which means I don't really want you

When your fingernails were bleeding  
And your heart was being scratched at by harpies  
And all you could hear were my screams  
You kept pushing up  
Now I'm going too fast to catch

I want to get rid of my stuff because it's so much easier  
To leave something behind when there's less to leave behind  
And who I used to be is everywhere and I am not happy by her reminder

And I can't spread my arms out without hitting you  
Without hitting me  
Without running into myself at 15

I always get what I want  
I always get what I want  
Whatever that means

*Grabbing the Sheets*

Like two ocean currents  
Rubbing up against each other  
Perfect invisible friction  
Perfect transfer of weight

Sloshing turquoise  
Sloppy Kisses  
A tumbling of oxygen, through  
A wave of bodies  
Until my whitecaps are ready to  
Crest  
Swell  
Crest  
And break on your coastline

Trembling in the swirling waters  
Sinking and gasping  
You're teaching me to relearn  
Floating  
Then you catch me on your banks

Heavy in your sand  
Weightless in your sea foam  
Alive in my blues



### ***About The Author***

Greta Makena Gibson is a writer and artist based in Vancouver, who can be best described as “Trying their best.” They make a lot of art of all shapes and sizes, including but not limited to: Film, Photography, Screenwriting, Poetry, Music, Tarot Reading, Dance, Cooking, and some very funny twitter posts. Greta can often be found trying to get work done while their cat, Matilda, climbs all over their laptop.

You can keep up with Greta’s future work at [www.GretaMakenaGibson.com](http://www.GretaMakenaGibson.com) or follow them on Twitter at [@GretaMakGibson](https://twitter.com/GretaMakGibson)