

Take My Wings
by Loveday Funck

Butterfly fragile,
my wings new grown.
I flew. I dreamed,
and I flew

right into your net.
Coaxed by a breath of words
fluttered into my susceptible ears,
Entrapped by my own desire.
to believe

that the intensity in your eyes
was more than the clinical interest
of a magnifying glass.

Pin my wings,
taking out your heart
even as I strip bare.

Mount me.
I helped you weave the net
so much thicker, so much tighter,
with my own indiscretions.

Bind me, wrapping me fast
into my cocoon.
Turn me back
from newly metamorphosed butterfly
to graceless worm.

I let you experiment,
your gaze scientist cold,
forgetting I once knew
how to fly.

Give Me Back My Voice
by Loveday Funck

Anecdotal evidence is everything.
One in six. One in forty. One in one.
Your statistics and methodology
mean nothing to me.
Percentages lie.

Left powerless and muted;
disassembled and left in pieces
by hands, mistrusted, distrusted hands.

My frog skin peeled,
insides laid open.
My organs on view.

To reveal his Illuminati secrets
means exposing my own guilt,
my culpability in every evil act
he ever committed, after me.
20 layers of guilt,
my own pain a lump
under it all.
No wonder I can't sleep.

I would be seen through a filter
of my own victimization.
Your lenses are red, not rosy.

I cease to be me.
I become the thing that was done to me.
Pitied, vilified, probably both at once.
I become a sample in a kit.
I become a statistic
to be skewed on a chart.

You claimed all my layers.
Thighs and lips and breasts and hair.
Even my bones feel wrong.

If I could just speak,
If I could spoil every plot
you ever conceived,
If I could take it all back,
reclaim everything you ever took,
starting with my voice.

Peeled

by Loveday Funck

My reflection is worn and weary.
I check every day.
She never alters for the better.

The mirror cracks.
Alice stranded on the wrong side.
Impossible Alice,
flushed from her victory
over the Red Queen,
fresh and full of hot tea and cakes,
smoked and delicious.

I peel her apple skin,
round and round and round,
from bottom to top.

I wear her well.
She hangs a little loose.
I can make adjustments.

I left her lying there,
flayed and quiet,
cored and tasteless.

Dig the hole deep.
Six feet. Twelve feet.
A nail through her forehead,
heart staked.

She will not grope her way out
of her grave.
She will not rise, to walk,
a zombie at rest.

I prefer my pie
with cinnamon and nutmeg.

Your Monster

by Loveday Funck

My self identity was so many pieces
stitched together on your slab,
an almost person, cold and dead.

You meant nothing to me;
my heart lifeless in your eager hands.

You flipped the switch.
Some monsters are better left dead.

The spark of life flickered. You fled.
You couldn't face what you created.

Love beating within me was never your intention.

The only way to protect my resurrection of feeling
was to hide its beat behind corpse eyes;
I worked to control the killing urge
of my fingers, which itched to betray me
and summon their master, their maker,
even knowing that you would only flee
faster and farther from our grasp.

No matter the distance,
I can feel the waves of horror and hatred
at what you gave life to. The needle shakes in your hand.
The electric current, a lightning flash, burnt us both.

Undo the stitches. Throw the pieces back into the grave
you dug them from. Take back the life you inflicted on me.
Your revulsion only feeds the continued beating of my heart.

Frogged

by Loveday Funck

I wanted the fairy tale
although I don't pretend to be a princess.
I long ago learned to rescue myself.

I passed over so many amphibious suitors,
looking for the one;
neither prince nor knight,
but someone to relish the sunset,
someone real.

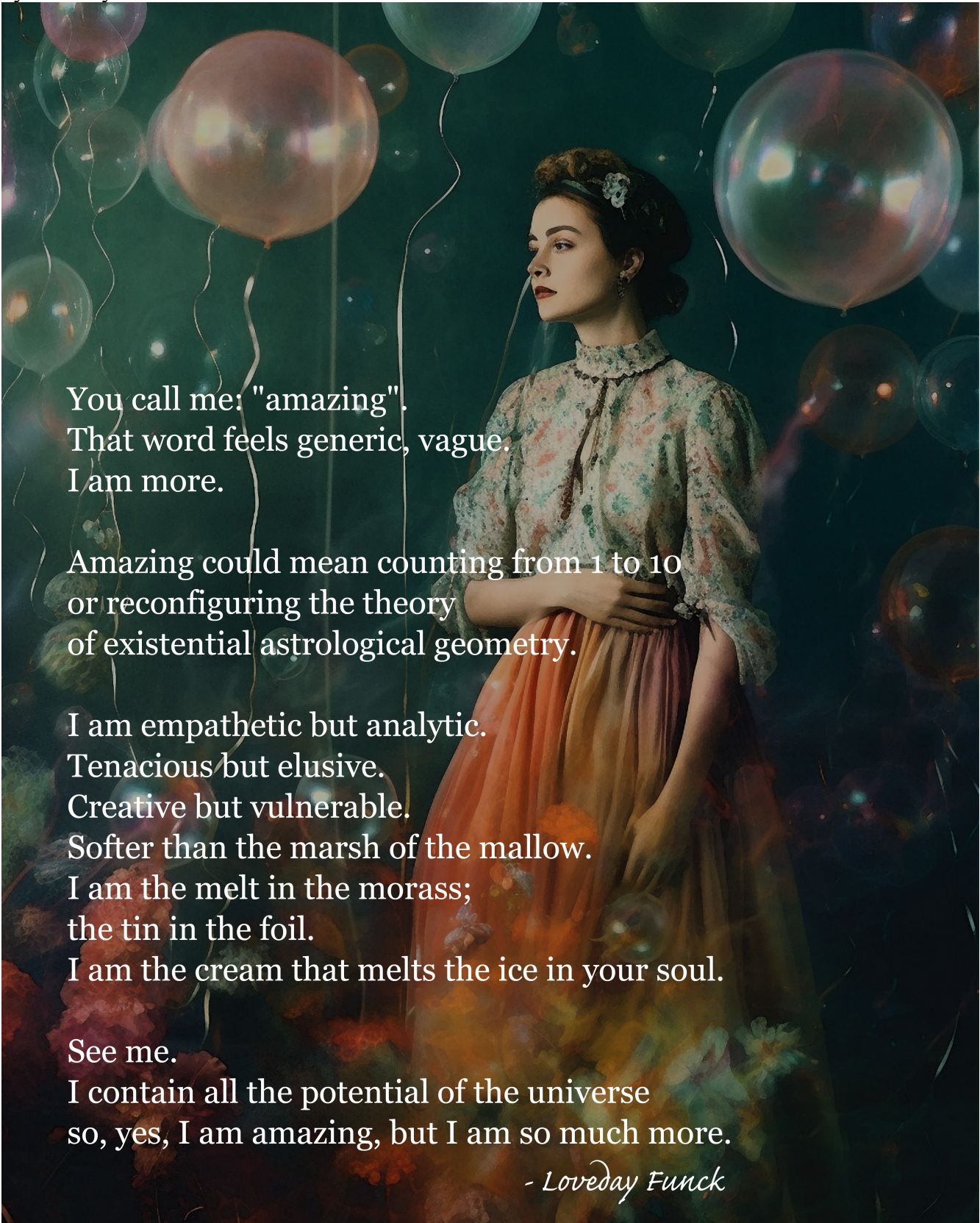
I should have recognized the taste
of flies on your lips,
foul and forked.
I spelled eyes to see what wasn't there.

I forgot my feet as your tongue
oozed its sticky words.

Awakening, at last,
to your tongue thrust,
to your slime oozing off my chin.

There are no happy endings.

I Am Amazing
by Loveday Funck

A woman in a vintage floral dress stands in a room filled with colorful balloons. She is looking to the right. The balloons are in various colors like pink, blue, and purple. The background is dark with some bokeh lights.

You call me: "amazing".
That word feels generic, vague.
I am more.

Amazing could mean counting from 1 to 10
or reconfiguring the theory
of existential astrological geometry.

I am empathetic but analytic.
Tenacious but elusive.
Creative but vulnerable.
Softer than the marsh of the mallow.
I am the melt in the morass;
the tin in the foil.
I am the cream that melts the ice in your soul.

See me.
I contain all the potential of the universe
so, yes, I am amazing, but I am so much more.

- Loveday Funck