

“Handstand”
By: Lauren Foster

TW: SA, suicide

I never could do a handstand
Maybe I was scared
Maybe the party I crashed crashed unto me
Beat after beat of a repetitive song beat me mercilessly
Instead of me sneezing on the beat, the beat sneezed on me
And I fall instantly, in a puddle of tears
This ghosttown is full of white sheers
Covering me from the outside world
But white is such a dirty color
Red pierced and perpetrated as blood makes everything so queer
Red is such a pure color
What could ever be so wrong?
I could taste red vomit wanting to spit itself out of me
But every false identity dancing offbeat causes the world to start spinning
Maybe that’s why I’m so scary
Feeling blood rushing in my head that’s full of dread
And I might as well be... dead

Maybe the party was a mistake
I wanted to show him I could do a handstand
He ate me alive
Taking my virginity as he chopped off my innocence too
Misusing my body as I repeatedly said “Stop”
No, he didn’t even care when my body dropped
I ran out, mascara drenched on my cheeks
Looking everywhere for those white sheets
Cover me from the outside world
White is such a dirty color
Kill me now so that I’m written out of this history
I never should’ve came here
But I was tired of being the dead slowly fading away
Slowly losing sanity
Slowly forgetting his vanity
Maybe if I did a handstand and stayed there motionless,
I could be-