*For as she she shut the lid* poem by Laura Morales

I want to crush, burn it

kill it, salt it, and give it

Commit every atrocity this man-made world has to know

I want to it to burn, stampede all over it, and vomit

Crash, curse it

in every religion

Give satan and sharpness

Open wounds and needles

Rot in hell, stick in hell, and suffer

Sulfur of smell, smell of tenacity

I want you to go and be banned from this world

Honestly, the whole galaxy wouldn’t be enough

Go far away, far of the farthest

Where my heart doesn’t see you, or hear you

You beating hope

You cursed, grief-stricken hope

You make me sick, sick of love

But not love of the pretty, love of the bad

Is not even love

Is loneliness at this point

 All my cells are under attack

No organism can’t get up

I hate you, they say

Me with all my being

Understatement , I say

No words describe my wish for your nonbeing

I want you gone, but you stick around

Hope, hope, hope

Why can’t you just go away

You are small but yet you shine so bright

I curse the name of Pandora

For as she shut that lid

Here you are my hungry friend

Living inside me

And yet you are still so small

And I can’t get you out

So I suffer, suffer from your little spark

I just hope that one day you die.