

“The Murderer” by Hailey Furilla

Dorian Gray, don't you see
I was born from your thumb
Afraid to examine what I once was
Knowing what I have become.

Shooting stars slide
Past fingers outstretched,
Mangled and bursting,
From what I have fetched.

Down the river we turn,
Knowing all too well where it ends.
Necks weighted with cheap finery,
Clawing at the nearby bends.

My hands are slick with the blood
Of all the things I haven't done.
A testament to why the ship
Goes ever faster.

Yet the more I do,
The redder I get.
Fingers turned talons
From this ruby debt,
So I may keep grasping
And grasping,
And grasping...

“Unnecessary Sacrifice” by Hailey Furilla

I'm sick of leaving things best unsaid.
I'm about ready
To gut myself on the altar,
Take my sorry liver out,
Ask the stars what its grooves mean.

I don't need goat blood,
White-furred creatures,
Owls flying over the yard.
Just the cold marble,
My toga holding back
What's left of my insides

I don't know how
To live with absence.
Let me empty myself.
Jupiter will see me,
And—with his pity—
Bestow me with answers.

Though as I slip into
That deathless sleep,
I wonder if I'll learn—
In the mirror life—
How to simply grieve.

“Cat Fights” by Hailey Furilla

They’ve turned you
Sharp and thorny
All cutting remarks
And honed edges
Our conversation
A battle
I must endure.
For,
If anything,
I am a sister
Before
A daughter.

I let your claws sink
Past sinew
Down to
The very bone,
And when they ease
You talk
Of life.

You share with me
Your sanguine music,
Spill shared stories,
Pour your heart into
Your novel creations,
Guide my hand
As I try myself.

You’re learning
How to live.
How to leave.
Earlier than I,
But I find it better
You do now.

Learn to live.
Learn to leave.

To beat your feet
On this sullen earth.
To raise your voice
So it may
Reverberate
Across the crystal sky.
To plot a path
All your own.

Learn to leave,
So you may learn
To live.
All I ask
Is to hear
Of your stories
When you're back.