



vessel

vessel

Dione Jones

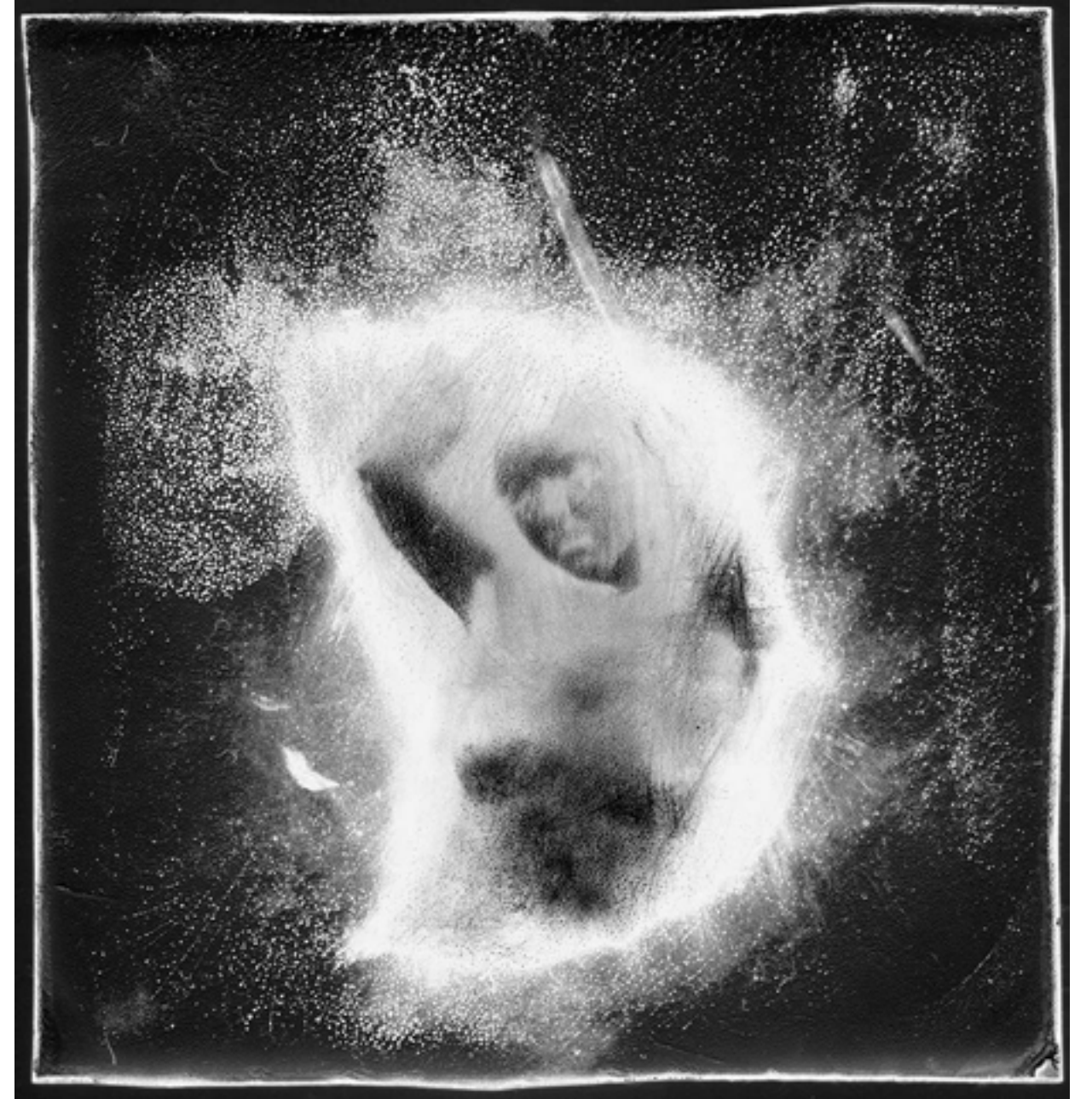
soft with rot

soft with decay











flesh contorts and shifts

with every breath

constantly changing

my flesh and mind fight for dominance

it's hard to tell which will give



even the soft parts of me
begin to be overgrown
with the roughness

my brain

day by day

tells me this is what
i am
and i dont

have the will to argue right now





no peace

in my mind

from flesh and the inside
a form made by a dishounarble sculptor





I think people notice

my shyness before they notice me

like there's a quiet air
sitting on my shoulders

it's heavy and leaves permanent grooves

swept away by
my clumsy words

and a poor attempt to

play it off like

some kind of coquettishness



seeping into

my surroundings

hands that touch me seep through
holding the shame, without extraction

i'll lay on the ground and
ask the weeds

how they think of me

masculine?

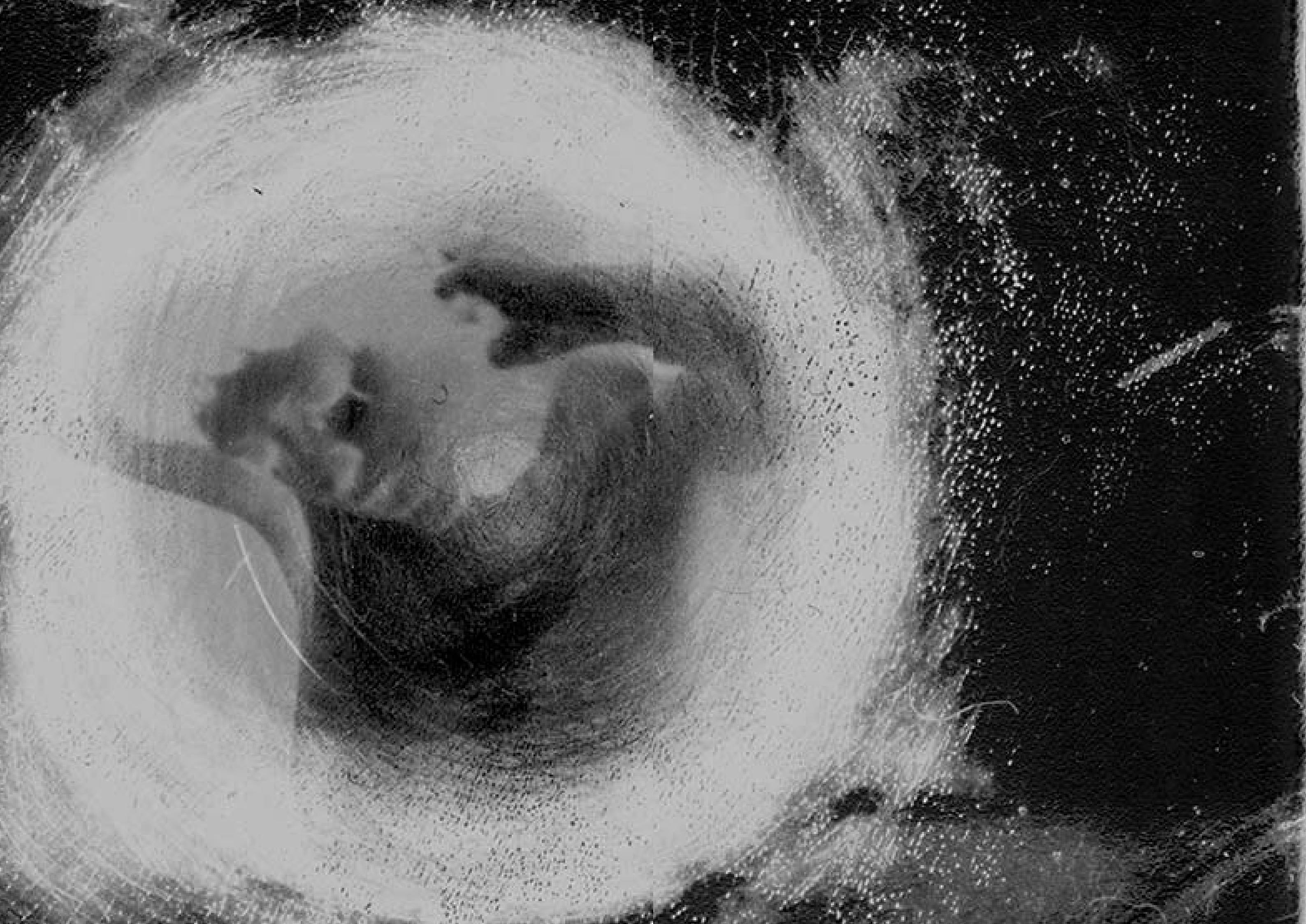
feminine?

they don't care

policing my body myself
that way no one else can do it for me











ain't it the easiest way?

deny yourself

hide in the humiliation of flesh

and punish the

thought of

anyone trying

to share it

touch me

touch me

touch me

prickly flesh

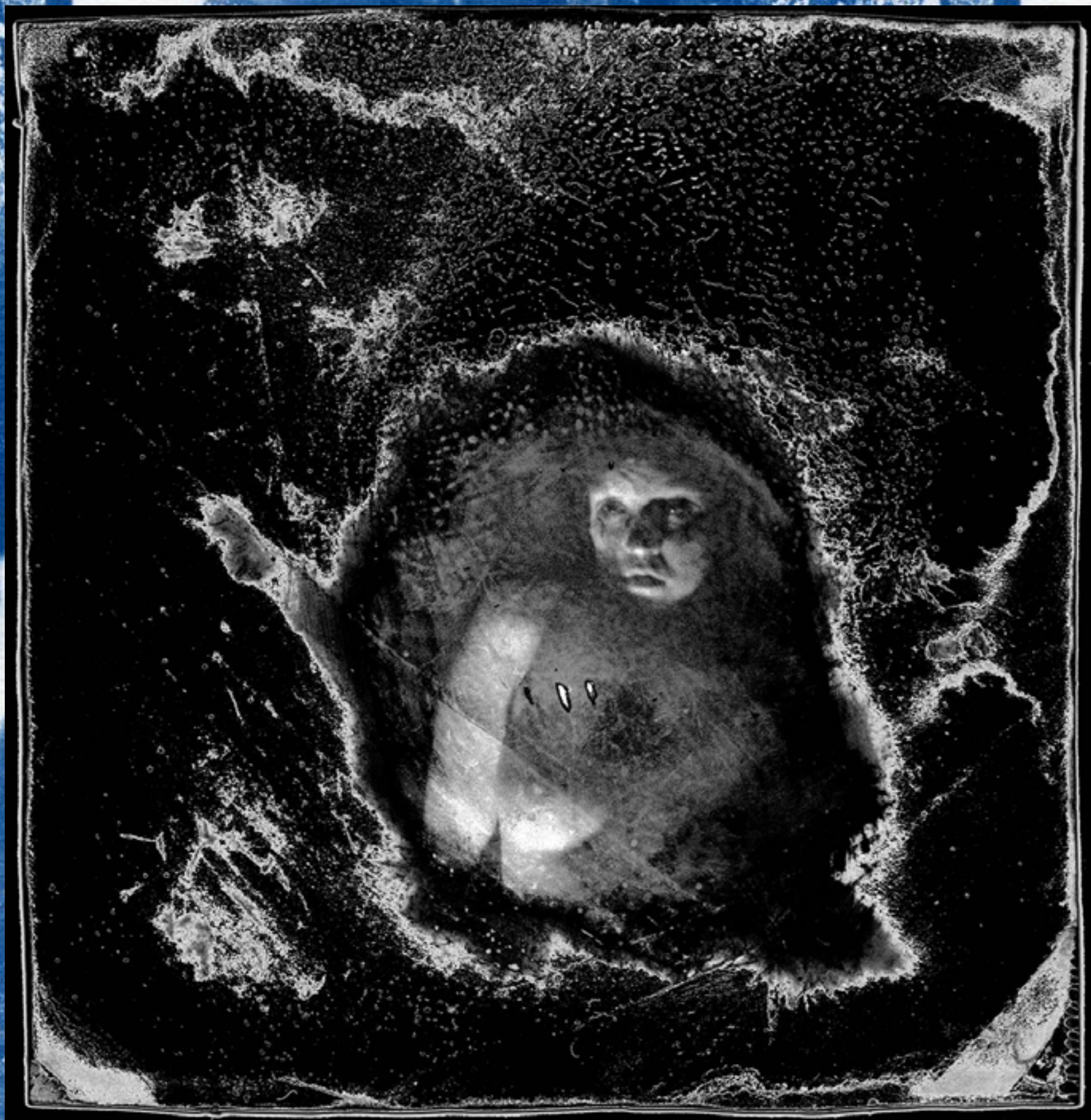
rotten flesh

sickly flesh

stubborn

flesh







i'm not hungry

bloat my flesh and then

there's no appetite for your gaze

it fills my hollow guts anyway

makes me feel sick

consume me until

all that's

left

is the

print my body made on the ground

an outline

sweat it shed trying to

escape your

feast





how much space

do i take up
in a room?

every glance loaded with questions
where are you from?

what do you do? where were you born?

i dont know

i wasn't born until i came to terms with
my own presence

until i stopped living for someone who might
try

tell me i'm real but the words
sound half sincere at best

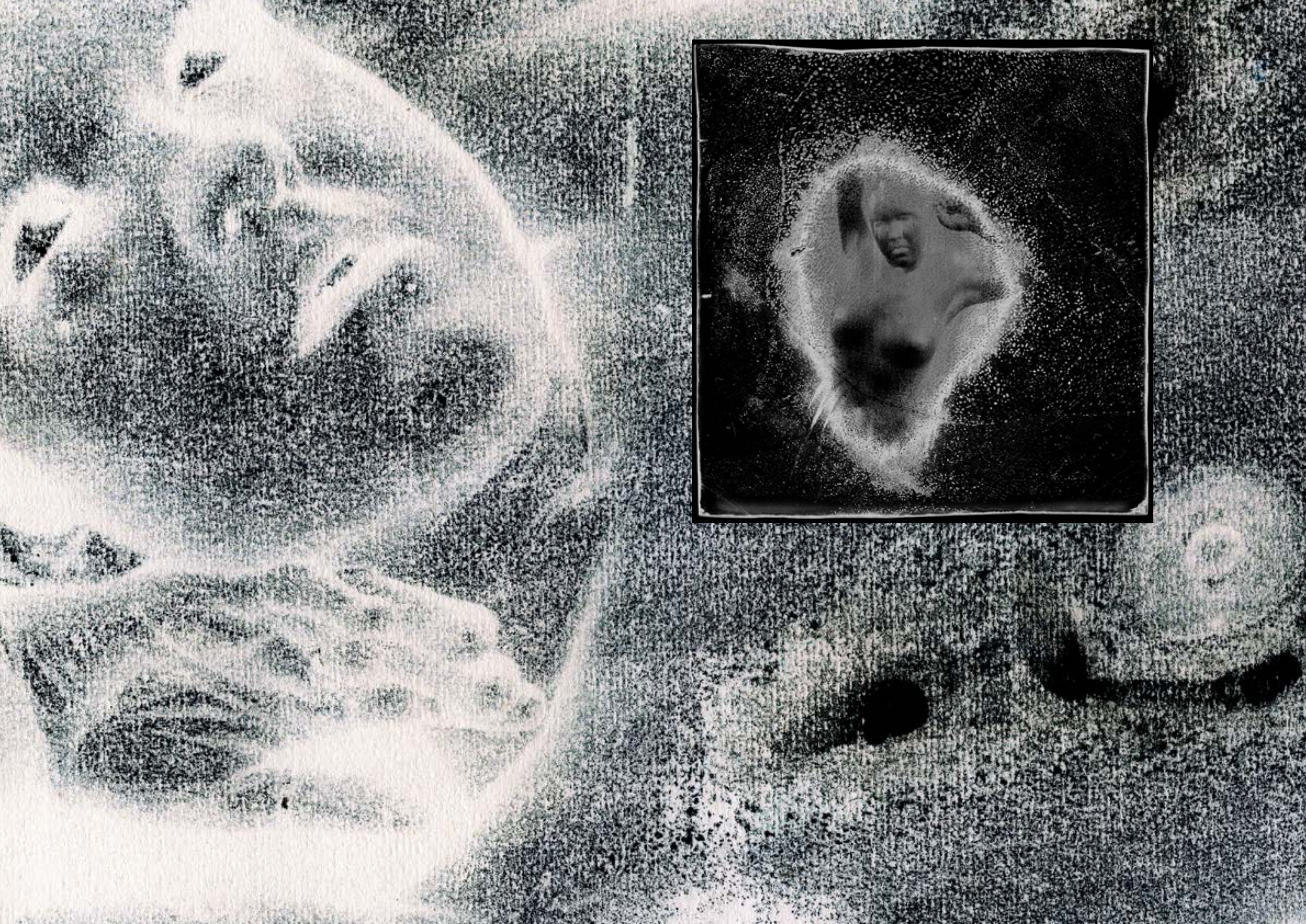
i wasn't born until i stopped dawning
clothes that
made my skin cringe and brain
jolt

until i stopped forcing myself to be

the way i thought i should be. my sex is
not me and
i am not my sex. my gender is my own

no one can take it from me

my body may not comply but it is still mine







eyes in every room

pasted onto every wall

and so even when i feel

the emptiness in my shame

i know you'll see me



and when i begin again

i'll awaken with

my eyes

and my frozen fingers peeling back

the stiff lids stuck to my

bloodshot vessels preparing to

bring life to the blood it

drained from my flesh

i'm whole now, as i always have

been

the end of me and the beginning

are the same

when i'm buried remember

all the times

i sank into myself desperate

for a

delicate hand

to touch my decaying

skin

and pull me out of a slumber

that will let me begin

a life of tenderness

to myself

the end is the beginning

<https://youtu.be/FdQTnIxueWw>

