

# *Don't Make Me Destroy You*

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not enough art involves swords  
well, i'll see to that  
i've come to you today to write like a dog  
there's blood in all of my groceries  
i might like to break my jaw, as an experiment  
it's that kind of day/life/house/etc  
i like to tell myself i know what i'm doing  
but if i really did, i probably wouldn't have to  
these days, i need to prepare my body  
for practically everything  
too many people who always must needs  
take a shower inside of my heart  
fine, just be over here  
come & crawl into my attic of spilt affections  
take off that wretched old jacket  
and give me your hand  
but just be aware  
if you ever love me & accept me  
for the person that i am  
it's on sight

i've been thinking of getting into loitering  
i'm not as sad as i was  
but still sad enough to be almost interesting  
mentally destitute & thriving  
i look quite good in a darkened theater  
people flock from miles around  
to gawk into my cavity of longing  
oh sure, let me just whip up a couple of dollars

like some kind of charlatan  
a chorus of wailing ensues  
a symphony will blossom out of nowhere!  
as i scatter my vexations to the wind!  
mosh pit at the opera house  
heavy breathing in the presence of a field guide  
idle fluttering mistaken for conviction  
a quick search of the bloody horizon  
then back to work

sometimes i read all my poems & think  
well, i am either the worst or the greatest  
i know which one i'd be most proud of  
hey, what would you say to some  
callous disregard of my wants & needs?  
say, next weekend?  
i could use some new material  
let us limber up this wine  
i've had to thaw out my unendingness  
just to love you  
loving in the way that is not like emotion  
but a raw unfiltered cutting edge  
in a bowl of fruit & jewels  
the difference between feeling prepared  
& being prepared  
now there's a collision i can get behind  
a doom that resonates  
so, how about it?  
wouldn't you like to be worshipped?  
well?  
babe, wake up  
you're missing the best part of the poem