

Hibernation is a State of Nudity

by MaKayla Stutzman

It's the sound of sizzling steaks on the grill

till you hear someone slip in muck
and then a snap.

It's laying on a wooden deck in the nude
letting the rain violate your body
thinking of a small splinter entering your spine.

It's sink or swim says Ronnie Radke,
and by god he should know the difference.

Insatiable rivers casually drink away broken limbs,
as if they're choking down morning pills,
while god's tears do the breaking.

Here's to pretending the rainforest makes house calls
and that god saves trees from paper thieves,
their hands covered in red, white, and blue ink.

Does greed have a color?
Does god have a psychological problem?
Does heaven get lonely?

Self-absorption must be lonesome.
It's a bear in hibernation
dreaming about being friends with his dinner.

Self-inflicted seclusion.

Do you want to be my friend even though
I don't give a flying fuck about you?