

Trifecta

A collaborative project in art and poetry

Krystle May Statler

Reanna Shea Karp

Jessyca Kamel

may be books
LOS ANGELES † 2017

© 2017, Krystle May Statler
All rights reserved

First Edition
Book design and typesetting: Krystle May Statler

May Be Books
7097 Alvern Street
Los Angeles, CA 90045

Grateful acknowledgement is made to Guy Bennett for his mentorship.

*Ultimately the bond of all companionship,
whether in marriage or in friendship,
is conversation.*

— OSCAR WILDE

Your Memories

bundled up to shivers of fear where we linger
to duplicate the sensations of something,
meant to be some feeling, somewhere, to
someone except—we were the one thing
where you felt, somehow it was better to be
nothing. In the hues of tunnel vision, working
just enough to pretend like we had enough to
make it through belittled moments.
But hints of regrets went without being able to hold
onto our cravings and we starved. The time
exhales now when—“what were,” “what was,”
and “what will” memories of anything won’t
dial back cheeks swollen and stoned. Crisp
with lips unturned from eyes spitting
constricted pipe dreams, drowning the love
we were lost in. Aches of imbalances where
hot was supposed to be warmth and empty
where cold was supposed to be breathing.
Encouraged by what they say we deserve and
soak past guilt of unspoken memories that
weren’t meant to be remembered. Striped
down to flashes of open-ended whispers
tighten, cringe and shrivel, dripping in
delusion that it’s easier to dilute the feelings
of being hurt than to admit we are still hurting.



The fight to inhale... the exhale, shaking.
Deep repulsions, body aching.
No words to express the impact I’m taking
On the fact that I have to accept, there are no more
“memories in the making.”
Meaningless words that once caressed my ear lay
scattered in pieces in a hidden chest
Put away for those memories of when
those undressing words weren’t meaningless.
Destroyer!—
Unexplained reasons of why you left me for her.
A wanted explanation but there’s no comparison
to set us in.
The lessons are learned through the memories
“forgotten,” but really stored in another bin.
Winds stronger than the fight, the water has no
meaning but to take you one way and let me drown.
I surrender my every emotion
to the flow of the waves drifting
Attempts of catching my breath, head barely
lifting—I’m hit.
And as I’m tossed and turned I learned it was my time
to turn to toss everything in me that was once my
everything.
And yet for some reason you still seem to be walking
the shore just fine.
Remind me.
These are more than just memories, even the ones I
can’t remember I may look like your weakest contender,
but you’ll never see someone fight
against tide like I have.
Finding my way to the shoreline,
I’m soaked head to toe.
Drenched and shivering in remaining fears and
unregretted hurt, unable to solve the mystery of
why we didn’t work.
So I’ll leave the memories in the mystery and forgive all
crimes, I’m busy making new memories along my own
shoreline.

The conspiracy of a frame that flocks,
imposing confusion as crooked outlines don't match
the points of how you were supposed to be
looking at me instead of through me.

Or maybe it's the way a rigid shade of wings
that we created represent stories without endings
that all but seem blurred from our grasp
because there are no hands to reach.

Yet, grinding to the sounds of flutters
doesn't cause hesitation like it once did,
rather it pokes your soft spots that make you wonder
in every direction except
the bodies rights and the minds wrongs.

Especially, if being on top is where you look down
to hold where we stay grounded and those strayed paths
become the fillers that cover up the lack of certainty,
whistling through the overlap of our skin.

And no matter how much further we tread into the dark
or attempt to carve in the color, the inconsistency will
remain that whichever way you're looking, it's past me.



Come on skinny love, just last the year
I'm torn between the angles of my everlasting fear
I'm nothing but flesh and bones—empty tears
Sharp stains, pull me in misdirection
I'm in no want to be saved, no resurrection.
The dark shadows guide me
to my interpretation of protection.

Come on skinny love, what happened here
I'm dispelling to droplets, from what takes place
throughout the years.
I'm freeing myself from the empty place that once
consumed my deepest fears.
Smile of reassurance, though my eyes may be blurry
I will do what I want for this is my own journey
There is no longer worry.

And I told you skinny love
That behind those prison bars I stand with no fears
As I am able to be okay with empty tears,
for I am anything but empty...
I am shadow of the night officer who is guarding the
misdirects from the angles of their fears.

Though they want their freedom,
they must suffer the years in blurred vision
With a smile knowing that they will one day
be able to do what they want
So that they can be their own true protection.
And as they sit in the middle of their off angle tears
They will be ready for their selfs resurrection.
Come on skinny love just the last year.

The farther we listen, the longer we learn
that percussions twist and sway and bits of turned lips
don't open the danger to thrive for.

Withholding control won't emulate a moment
we can't feel because it is only meant for you.

Across shavings of violins are strings of skin,
aching for the pricks of that kind of touch,
which cumulate to shrieks of f-frustrated grips
whom scrape deeper.

And adding to the pace, chords continue to scratch
but—although tempted by the idea
that you are outside yourself,
how easy is it to become tangled in the mystery
of what it'd be like to be in—inside yourself?

To urge the pressures of your inhibitions and interpret
the sounds of dismantled breaths, echoed
through releases of dim lights in shadowed territory.

All but to mimic the silence often envisioned
with simple footsteps that trace the idea
of a tangible body, drenched in mementos
of a force beyond reach.



Sacred.

Innocence guides me into unfamiliar territory
no footsteps, no trace, no past story
craving to seize the unknown glory
or, possible, dissatisfaction
by a catalyst action, anticipated reaction
in which, only particular needs
are fulfilled by particular deeds.

Scared.

Not everything goes right the first time it's made,
occurrence can bring goodbyes, useless grenade
longings outweighed by reminding fears
of possible illness or unprepared years
this sense of mystery remains in first gear.

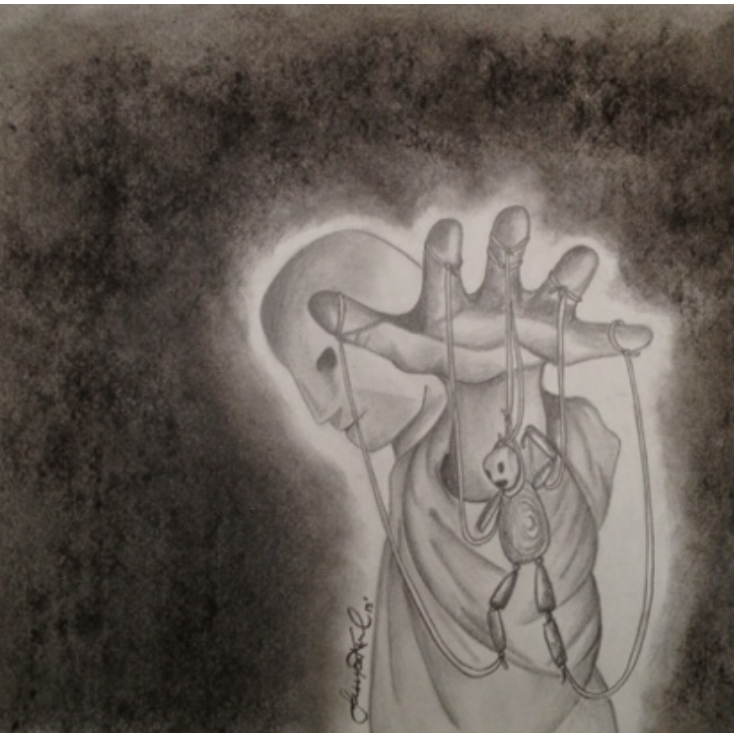
Its obvious,
Curiosity kills the cat, who, has YET to do it all.

Through some windows are those who are grinning
because this selfish "sin" has kept me from "sinning"
But,
this often lingers during moments of adolescent liberation
comparisons show vague relation
Permission granted in sight of summation.

Privacy, privilege
tamed as a caged lion
free as a bird
this chamber remain locked, key preferred...
No, required.

Untouchable possession, for right now at least..

You Promised you would wake me, but instead you took the lead
How cAn lingering in the memories of what still seems surreal make this any easier to digest?
ImposterR. Tell her all the things that won my heart; Power to possess my personal wealth
This is my Ambition; enjoy drowning in recalls, until hAving to accept that it's real
Rhythmic vulnerability, heightened sensations remove Somber feelings in current tenses.
Heal me, cautious to the tightrope we're walking on, it's These tip toe steps that left us broken.
Blinded in a daZe, the swaying always felt better than not playing at all; hold me as we swing
Memories bring Everything alive, my flaws are my only excuse that barely count. I admit.
Baby, you promisedD.



Paralyzed Past

Nightmares consumed the reality you dreamed
to become the reality you believe.
Holding on to smothered shadows of souls
who hide within veins, coursing behind flesh.
Crippled by creating jealous sketches of moments
that may have never been shared
or words that tear gusts of what you wanted to hear
outside of yourself when you weren't by yourself.
And those parts that trigger depressions are ripped away in rooms
when looking back crowded the distinction between idle and ideal.
Of which, neglected organs clustered pulses of holding on and being strong,
mistakenly evolving fragile senses.
Now mended with generic stitches, curious with what temporary stands for
and if too long, is long enough for words that weren't meant to spoken.
And still, sting.
Knowing that your manipulated anxiety doesn't sever the figment of inabilities you disable yourself with.

Gouged Gaps

cryptic, smears smudge
curbing strokes of ink
that harden resurrected fear
underrepresenting your
VALUE
edges contour smooth superficial simulations

perpetuated by deception,
non-tangible in theory
we wait
glossed underneath mumbled complexions
but deaf in ambiguity
to liberate beliefs of the non-existent

empty and hazed
compassion transformed
to replicas of deceit
convex or concaved
sockets spoil with mold

blending vignettes of sounds
as reminders of failure
about a shrewd love,
executed and screwed up



The Letter I Never Received...

Dear My Sweet Child,
Because to say your name would be a sin after all
I have consumed of you. I'm as sorry as the colors
painted amongst my appearance. Tell me that now, you
understand this world. Tell me that always, you want to
be my little girl...Why would you tell me that?

When you were first placed in my arms, it started – I
took the blanket you were wrapped in, selfishly tied
your cape around my neck and carried the only piece of
you that I could handle...Not your average Superman,
was I?

I sent you trait by trait through the telephone line only
on days I'm reminded of what it could be like. Reckless
vision, I couldn't see the right way to go, excuses
embellish my outline, but even that's an excuse...Do
you think of me as often as I think of you?

I should have been there for you! Guarded by my own
fears I encircled my every escaping emotion my heart
lay shallow under my thoughts...how did I become so
hollow?

You'll never be able to see my other side, until you take
a look at yourself, for these things – I want to tell you
that I'm proud of you! & I want to tell you that you...
will never know what I went through.

The one day remembered, once
three hundred and sixty six days
you open your eyes
with curves filming the scripts
as color schemes cry
taking shots that pour from your lips
given by old school hands, thrown up high
inhaling to become sedated
by happiness you can't shake
with limbs gently emasculated
tasting droplets that can't equate
the slithered thoughts perpetuated
of scabs that do not flake
down a tired neck, sticking to the inseam
where your locks splash
and tangle the theory behind a dream
like the stars and clouds that clash
laced within soft shocked steam
awaiting another day to pass

Inspired by your flaws,
The stars can't shine if it's not dark outside,
& I'm on top of Mt. Everest
because you're unlike everyone else.
This was as unexpected
as getting presents on Christmas,
but you light my menorah
three hundred and sixty five days a year.
Your smile vibrates harder than speed 10
releasing any tension, like my second shot of Bacardi.
Your eyes are a film of summertime lovin',
where it's hot during the day, and even hotter at night,
and your curves are my favorite refreshment
right out of an old school cola-cola bottle.
From the way our hands perfectly lace
I'm reminded that this sedation is greater
than your typical dose of Marijuana. I wanna
Hold you in my arms lock you in like prison bars
and be the only call you get.
As I inhale your beauty your Herbal Essence
taste just like the day
we had our first pick nick, Raspberries and champagne.
Your long hair sways with the Pacific Ocean,
and when we touch I'm a kid again
playing with those shock toys:
knowing what it'll feel like,
but still gets my heart racing every time.
Your soft lips against mine, taking control over
my most powerful weapon.
When I hear you call me "baby"
I'm as joyful as the church choir
rejoicing that you're all mine.
My love for started you before Adam met Eve
And will last longer than the Milky Way.
When the sun surrenders,
& its dark and the stars shine,
I'm reminded that this was all inspired by your flaws.

there isn't the socially accepted methodology of pain
 knowing you are sickened and deranged
 by the distaste that thoughts of you leave behind
 holding back how you repulse my insides
 coughing up emotional vomit that bubbles within
smearing the white from your nose and pulling your chin
 to scrape away the smudges that ruined me
rotting with acid stabbing holes you choose not to see
 with lips unturned from eyes spitting
constricted pipe dreams by those suffocating words
you took for granted replacing impressions of ecstasy that
 can't be recanted
 abused by society's declaration of love
 pushing and pulling an emotion
 we've never had control of
even when bending strength we thought we knew
to manipulated versions of what I thought I saw in you
taught our biggest weakness was protecting each other
from the uncontrollable desire to be inside one another to
embrace the carcasses of this disgusted addiction meant
to neglect feelings that cause unrecoverable infliction
 across shavings of violins are strings of skin
bruised by the shadows of this pseudo heroine
 who shuns a reflection too good to take a hit
 deliberately sabotaging the ability to commit
blending vignettes of sounds as reminders of failure
 entrapped as a prisoner by this misbehavior
because whichever way you're looking, it's past me as
 we've become enriched and poisoned to believe
 forcing ourselves to be the only ones to meet
our expectation wallowing in over calculated inebriation
 that society plays a role in dictating what we deserve
 and prescriptions minimize our affected nerves
alienating common sense with drugs that create a fallacy
 commanding how to handle pain and agony
 to the point we confuse the fantasy we embed
 with the subjection we stimulate inside our head

Intoxicated by your presence that still
lingers along the trace of my lips
licking the rough edges of agony,
deep, shaken inhalations,
in search of serenity and liberation
chained to dreams, in disbelief of nightmares
caught staring at the other the side of the bed
where my other half used to be
tucked, hidden under pillows
wrapping layers and layers of blankets
to replicate your sense protection
holding tighter than before
clinging, in hopes that you
would drown with me.

Selfish, another disappointment
shame, blame, point of fingers
indirectly directed at my faults,
for seven strong months
my desolate limbs are constant reminders
tugging between my heart and stomach,
too weak to mentally stabilize
the internal regurgitation of veracity
fighting you, conquering the public
with armor to blind you all to the secrets
lying within the crevice of my smile,
still your voice is gibberish
translated into your once sweetest words
which have become my biggest enemy
and greatest addiction.

Together is...

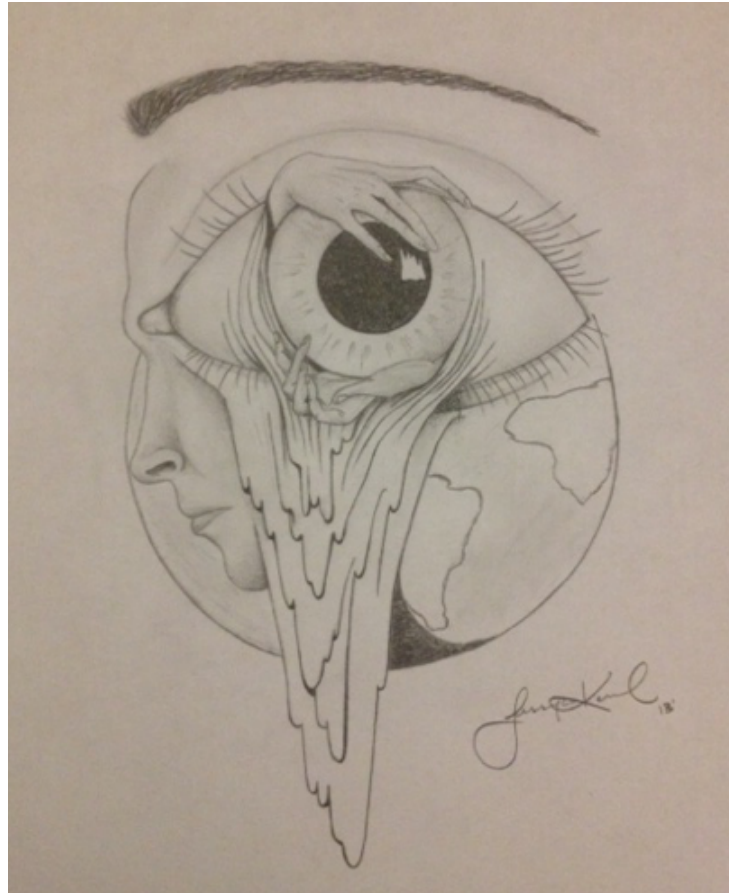
Who the world doesn't have privilege with
to shy away the rays reflected
when I adore the shoulders you bury inside pillows
laying like broken pretzels to feel
You are content
and my legs squeezing within yours is...

What it means to see your brow raise
high enough to overlook the parts
that are misguided by shadows
to curb mistakes and caress my creases to offer
You are flawed
and my arms trembling underneath yours is...

Why we stand on different parts of you and I
as you stare deep past the blush
and I can't help to turn away
to close my eyes long enough to realize
You are real
and my hands melting into yours is...

When the sways of your hair billows across
vibrations that cascade further
toward the places less traveled
and the wonders of your spirit strip away to unfold
You are you
and my eyes syncing beside yours is...

Where the shades of my nose doesn't scare you
and tear apart the chills you gave
while barely knowing what your skin tasted like
saving the quenches of each layer to embrace
You are here
and my lips soaking onto yours is...
How it'd be like to be together...



Of seeing the world through my eyes.
You, in complete control
of everything, I want to see
Taking my thoughts to foreign lands
Dilated, sorrows purge
Between the silky emaciation of each lash
Drowning, mudslide of suicide
Escaping these solemn shades
Of blindness
used to be more clear
But maybe I see things differently

Let's talk about how teeth chatter with lips wide
who inhale bare necks that don't subside

An aroma that doesn't taste like protection
but is laced and we feast without objection

Like the dose of how you want to remember my legs scream
with words that tremble in hopes to redeem

Listening to you take shots of sweat
for we cannot swallow the scratches I left

Nails aren't crisp enough to keep the impressions
where we climb through sheets of scattered questions

Or white out eyes that squeeze your attention away from me
engulfed in the fragments that make me up holistically

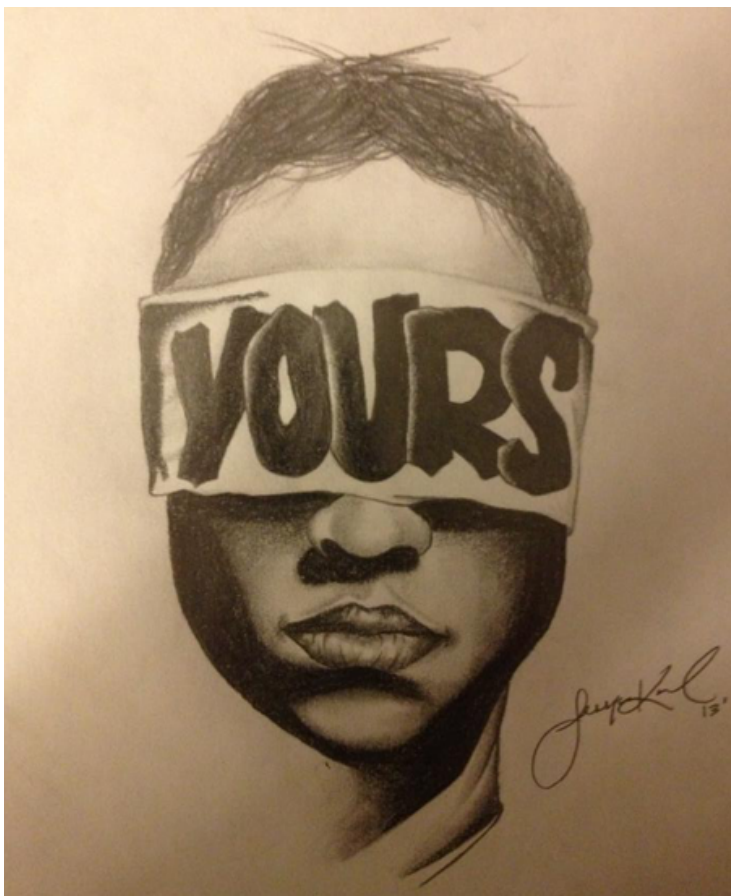
And steam caressing each lung becomes inadequate
as this dose of you wasn't meant to be an accident

So we hit harder and scrape and grind
and allow our thighs to rebuild the hollow of our insides

Where we poke into the strengths of our fingers
releasing fears that once lingered

And when we start to dose off, we'll roll once more
tainted where we lay taking our words to speak for

Those who said they loved you, when they didn't.



Drug me
with your strongest dose of addictions,
between the spaces of our future sins
I embrace
every adventure behind closed doors
as long as mine is embedded in yours
I feel safe
and anxious at the same time
not physically mine
However
for that moment we unite
intertwined, tight
Unbreakable
strength within the space
adrenaline you can't replace
This feeling
even in absence of time
rough yet smooth, each line
Overlaps my own
and I search to caress the inside
skimming sweat from both sides
It's okay,
slowly caressing my protection
merely fit to perfection
I'm addicted
to the movement, and touch
overwhelming rush
Of serenity, and flutter
nowhere else I'd rather be
you drugged me

Her Memories

traces of him lingered, cuddled up beneath baseboards
that shiver and lay like bodies without a purpose but
instead walls breath to remind her to feel
when she's somewhere with someone except—
to accept, she doesn't have that one or is too damaged
to reignite the vision at the end of the tunnel
because working just enough to pretend like moments
aren't yearned for show up when her collarbone sharpens
as the syllables of your name are tangled within her neck
but make it through without hints of regret and her body
stands without being dammed by starvation.

She can exhale with dimpled cheeks and swollen lungs;
they've grown tender now, gently.

Lips turn curvaceous and speak crisper with conviction,
constructing a path to remain crossed in.

Soaking with unmentionable memories but drenched
by becoming consumed in the grips
of her own soft spots, yearning to be rubbed out
as they weren't meant to be—by him.

And even though crystal drips still drop around those yet
to be blinded by unspoken whispers
that faintly echo sincerity—
she may go again to think about being kissed in this city
and admit she is restless,
paying with self-caressed blows
won't allow you to be enough because to be
open and there on mattresses that can't
imagine to think without just her
means to let go of the aches of emptiness that come
and forget those wrinkles of his elbows only appeared
when he stretched to let her go.



To be lost in his lips, hoping he too would feel
the stomach turning, misdirection.
As she became misplaced, he became
gone.
And so for one last time, he held her.
Tightly, apologetically
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Her back against the backboard,
resisting reaching arms,
speechless, merely blinded
depleted senses, numb
to his delicate wings
and gentle eyes.

The blacks of her mascara drowned the whiteness of
the sheets,
that wreak of his cologne and masculinity.
Her fingers clench, fisted, frames lay as shattered
as the beats of her heart and red screams
You're not sorry, you're not sorry.

He sways.
Angelic sways as he looked back one last time
calmly, past her misery, alone in her four walls,
leaving pedals of daisy's
in hopes to pronounce his wings.

Her body too damaged
for her heart to heal,
submerged in the echoes
that he left to linger
along the traces of his footsteps.
I'm sorry, I'm not sorry.

Is there still enough time left to admit, I miss you?
Rippled delicately as they snug against your curves,
they too have faded like you and I.

Because there is nothing like ten days
of being strung out on the limitless feeling—or
something close to what we took for granted,
since all it took was the strum of your forty-fourth breath
to take mine away.

And maybe I lied because I became infatuated
on day one and didn't need nine more to think about
flying away with one eye open and the other blinded by
the shades of your reflection, to believe you happened
for the perfect reason.

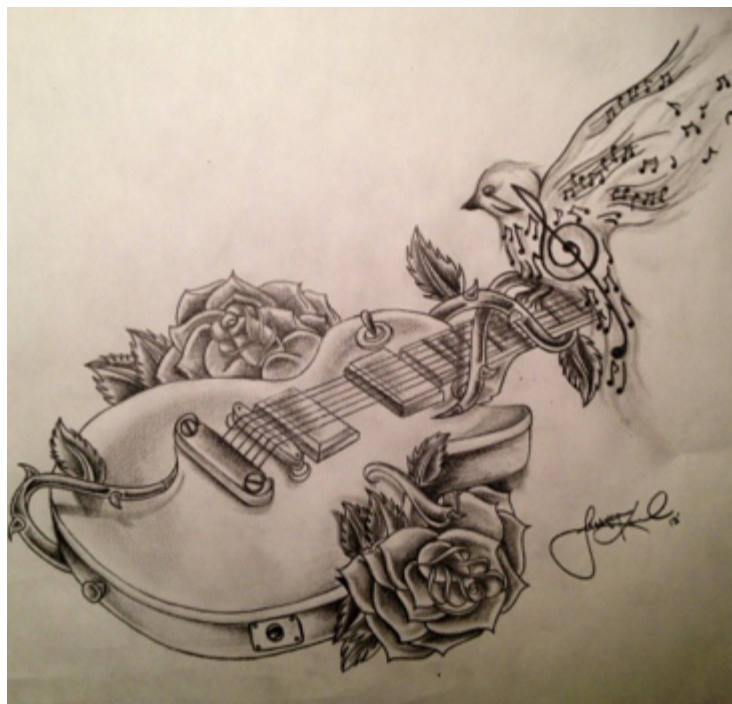
...I did it again.
I was a liar, so press the hope that chipped against me
There wasn't a "maybe"—I knew the magnitude
of the venom hollowing through from the start
I just ran out of time to admit, I misused you.

Late nights tangled in retrospect, I should've known
that lingering in the strings of your hair,
Even Angels Dread Good Bye's, Eventually.

And I know each self-inflicted thorn scarred your sides,
severed with seven sharp flavors
leaving distaste of my youth prodding you.
At one point anyway, there was nothing like us.

Sharpened smoothly,
we have become a distant you and an older me,
only able to recall snippets when we skip melodies
that have left incomplete hearts to sing, separately.

So if they say "time is of the essence," I'm sorry I
confused loving you for loving me.



Play me your favorite melody
and I'll sing the rhythm
of how my heart beats
to find the key of
freedom.

We harmonized through treble
synchronizing every strum
to surpass the bass
of every chord.

Although,
thorns nestled amongst
hollow blows, waiting
to blossom

were vibrations of
light red and
bright pink
to help carry our wings.

Discovering notes,
we became entangled
and lost in the midst
of our track

to have found the key of freedom.
You learned how my heart beats,
and I learned to sing the rhythm
of your favorite melody.

White Sheets

Spread thinly
curled beneath threads
that no longer fit the inseam
of being stitched together
since expectations SNAPPED
like brittle pieces of hair that trace a frame,
who once laid and a mind,
more certain than she ever could've been,
that in those strands the epitome of stroking
your neck into memories of pillowed kisses
and the depth of your legs tangling hers was hers.

They moaned
for the uncontrollable and as it was,
to question sincerity felt ungrateful—
like having eyes that choose to avoid selfishness
contemplating which motivation to keep
you and her an “us”
knowing to unwind the doubt
would've meant you trusted her,
or you trusted yourself and
couldn't bear to be apologetic for it.

But you're there and she's here and...
you're both just sorry enough to let the days carry on
without losing yourselves in the sounds of those sheets
other than to be chilled with a red inability to escape
what neither of you can remember anyway
to remember the actions that unhinged your arms
in threehundredandsomeodddays
even more important, uncovered a feeling buried
beyond grasp.

Because it wasn't ideal to sink in impressions
that tangle you by hair webs and keep distant
memories shaking for this kind expiration
with seeping scents lingering in layers
you've hardly been in make it impossible to forget you.



So she turned and she turned,
thrusting, grabbing, ripping off
the edges of her sheets
threw her tears under the pillow
burying the thoughts in her head
covering her naked soul,
with the knitted blue blanket
draping her shoulders to ankles
and coming up once for air,
only to realize
she was her own suffocation.

Tangled into oppression
curled into everything she knew was wrong,
bundled into everything she was not,
she was not—herself anymore.

Lines of agony burned her neck
in the outline of her fingermarks,
the exact moments when she realized
the knitting of the blue blanket
was her deepest addiction,
and greatest fear.

And the lines, slowly worsening to her chest
where the knitted blue blanket will continue to shrink;
until she comes up once more for air only to realize
she is her own suffocation.

