

## TICKING ... TOCKING

My name is Lexi  
    (rhymes with sexy)  
McLeen, sixteen,  
    and this is what I

believe:

    we are each

Teeny Little  
    Grief Machines ...

ticking ...  
tocking ...

bombs  
programmed to explode ...

if we have not

already

detonated.

## MY ENTIRE FAMILY IS A DISEASE

Dad: Alcoholic. Depressive.

Borderline Personality Disorder.

Stepmom: Anorexic. Anger Issues. Bipolar.

The two of them together:

hoarders of cigarettes  
and lottery tickets  
that never win.

**Blaine: Autistic. ADHD.**

And me:  
artistic.

That's what *they* say  
anyway.

I paint  
in shades  
of blue.

The poetry  
is just so

I

don't

explode.

ONCE I CARVED H-A-T-E  
ON MY ARM

With scissors.

Just the tip.

Skimming.

Slicing lightly.

A tiny silver nip  
of skin.

They thought

I must be a

*cutter,*

but I wasn't.

There was no knife.

I just  
hated  
my  
life.