

The Girl Who Cries Snowflakes

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When I was young
I saw the stars
And drew them with yellow crayon
On the inside cover
Of a library book.
The crayon stuck to the glossy finish
And clumped in the star-corners;
Hours of lying on the carpet
The smell of wax and dust and safety
Surrounding me, warming me.

My mother held me and
Told me I was loved.
I still won't let myself believe
That she lied
Even though the stars have been reduced
To nothing but dull flashlight beams
Water stains on the ceiling
Cigarette smoke fogging the air-
The smell of fire as tiny holes
Are burned into my ribs, my
Chapped lips, my greying skin.

My stained-glass heart,
(Once assembled by soft perfume kisses
And kite tails, watercolours)
Was hurled across the room
And shattered
The moment I went from being a girl-
Made of conjoined stars, whispered promises,
And salt-water tears-
To being an object,
The epitome of nothingness.
(Now I don't have a soul)

I once heard that humans don't *have* souls
They *are* souls- so when my heart was reduced
To nothing more than dust
That grated at my skin
And made me bleed my crimson childhood
Drip-drip-drip metallic on their foreign grass
I suppose I ceased existing-
A ghost.

A ghost girl, an object girl.
A price. A contract.
Turned inside-out and
Reduced to a lifeless lacuna
A pencil-outline of an abandoned sketch
Licking the insides of my wrists
My head between my knees
I-am-not-for-sale

My skin is used.
I rub my arms,
My stomach, my neck,
To wipe away the residue of their touch
But the ghost of their fingerprints
Stains my body
With paper-cuts and bitter kisses
I-am-not-for-sale Breathe. B r e a t h e.
Gasp because I am drowning
In the air that brought me life.

I used to cry- to water the dandelions
Beneath my feet
And to adhere to their foreign words
As if they might be the means of my escape
But my insides froze and
My tears solidified
(Crystallized)
And they tell me I am worth so much more
Now that I am the girl
Who cries snowflakes.