



EL
BOSQUE
CARDINAL
THE
CARDINAL
FOREST

*Content warning for graphic language
and mentions of self-harm.*



Pansy
Bbes



ALL MY JOB APPLICATIONS ARE SUICIDE NOTES

To whom it may concern,

I am writing to apply for the full-time position of afterlife. I am a fast learner with experience in curating coughs in the kitchen sink. My past experience affords me the skillset of smiling a hardened storm, cutting arms open to find red-wet sunflowers in oversized hoodies scratching for soil in the carpet.

With experience in events, bar, care and youth work, my worth watching from nowhere. Sleeping terrace houses beckoned by luxury towers with one light on at night. Trees write their notes from their leafless arms laying their hands, disassembling shine as I fly out the window, affording me the ability to adapt to any working environment.

I have strong attention to detail with a handful of sertraline, sea kingdoms escape on the backs of fleeing whales, palms to eyes attempting to hold on. I find orchids growing from the air in the passage of trains. I look for colliding cars to return me to my dead friends.





My hands are birds managing effective
networking
carrying my body outside of its conditions. I have
developed support plans to move through
decomposition.

I exceed targets by undoing the buttons
of

my

shirt

one

moon

dropping
after another following
the firefly light on the mushroom path.

I am a committed individual demonstrating
excellent listening skills
with experience of managing my friends crying in
my chest,
my friend dead on her bedroom floor as I aerate
oat milk
tap the jug,
pour once,
pour again,
trying to make a heart.

If I cry hard enough
will the earth
break inside me?

I'm saying goodbye to my friends
who are mountains.
I'll set fire to everything

and from dust and ash
come sprouts

of galaxies.





GATEWAYS

tiny men scaffold me
saw into my skull

as I hold a lamb's ear seed
preparing the soil I mosaic

the growth on the bridge
of my mother's nose

some earth inching
their hands to her cheeks

false autumn stress
disrupts hibernating cycles

zombifying the dreamscape
commercial pride slaps

a rainbow on the wound
signalling fighter jets

acquiring their targets
these faggots sing

as the bombs drop
over Yemen, Palestine

and Afghanistan singing
as their siblings cry out

in detention centres
compromise for equality

come and crumble
the westminster bridge

of your eyes set fire
to your MP who ignored

your letters and sold
your futures to oil companies

some man grabs me
walking down the street

in manchester work boots
green sea sequin heels in hand





pink skirt and rabbit fur
pearls and chain
to avoid cutting myself
i cut back what has passed

through the fungal threshold
banana skins in a jar of water

waiting for the fruit
they'll become

DOG HOWL IN YOUR HEART

drop the machete and crowbar fool

this is no longer working for you

take off your blindfold

turn around

there is an ocean

fallen from a feather

of a bird breaking

through fences

with signs saying

DO NOT ENTER!

you can turn lipstick

into a hammer





so get the next bus

with a dog howl

in your heart

a flower blooms

into fire in your belly

follow the geckos

and face the water

SMALL BODY

sing a tower down

to your feet

dress stroking

the earth

gravity

lets go of you

gently

through the cedars

where the sun

lies naked

on the moon

