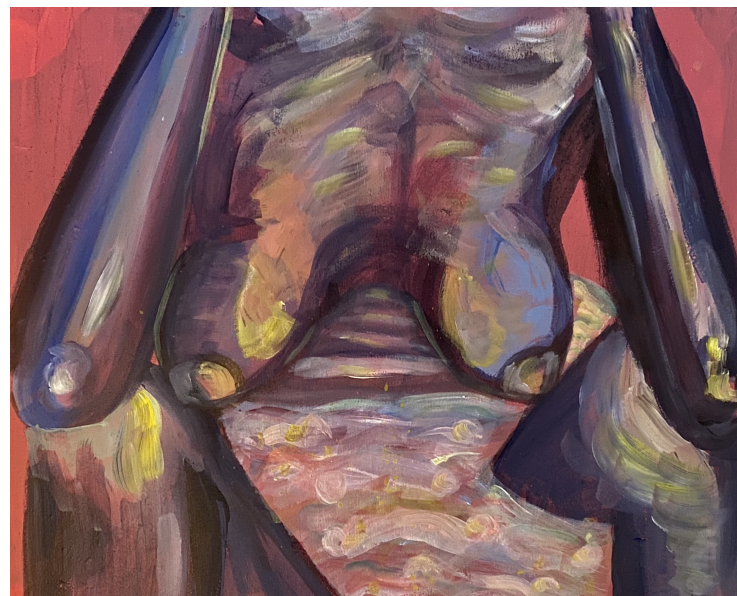


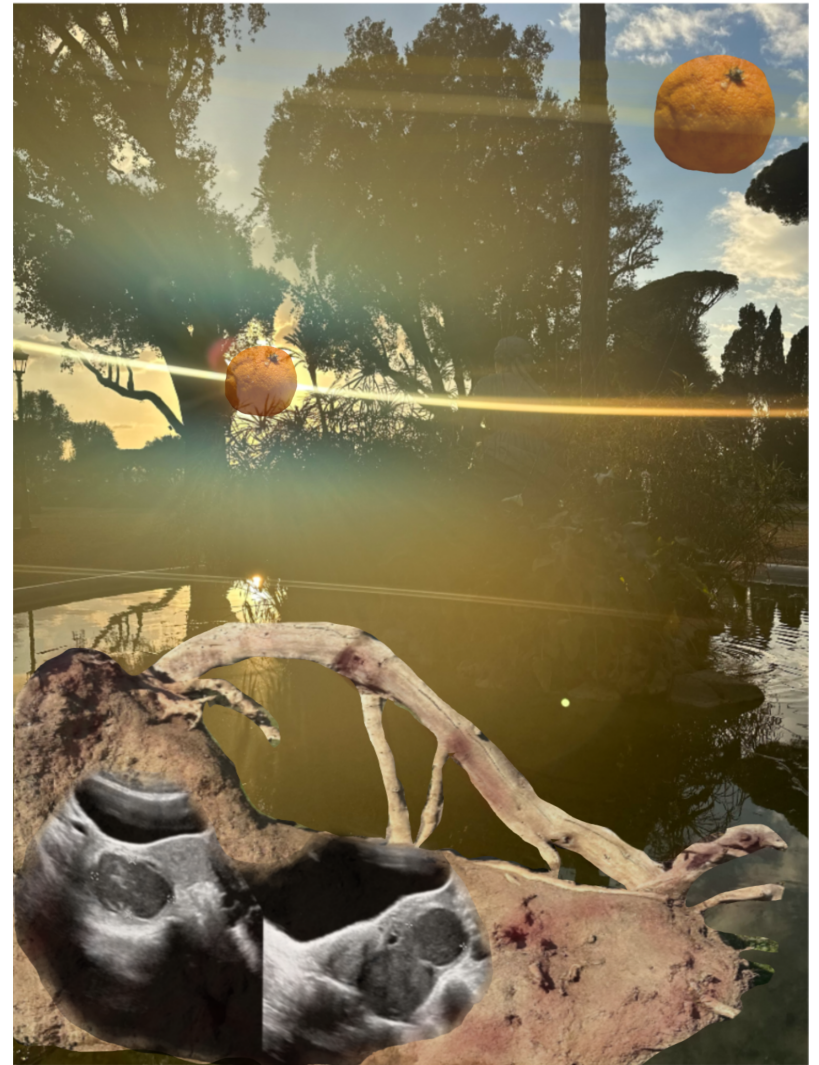
# girl poetry



*Dirty Nasty*  
girlzine

## **dissolve**

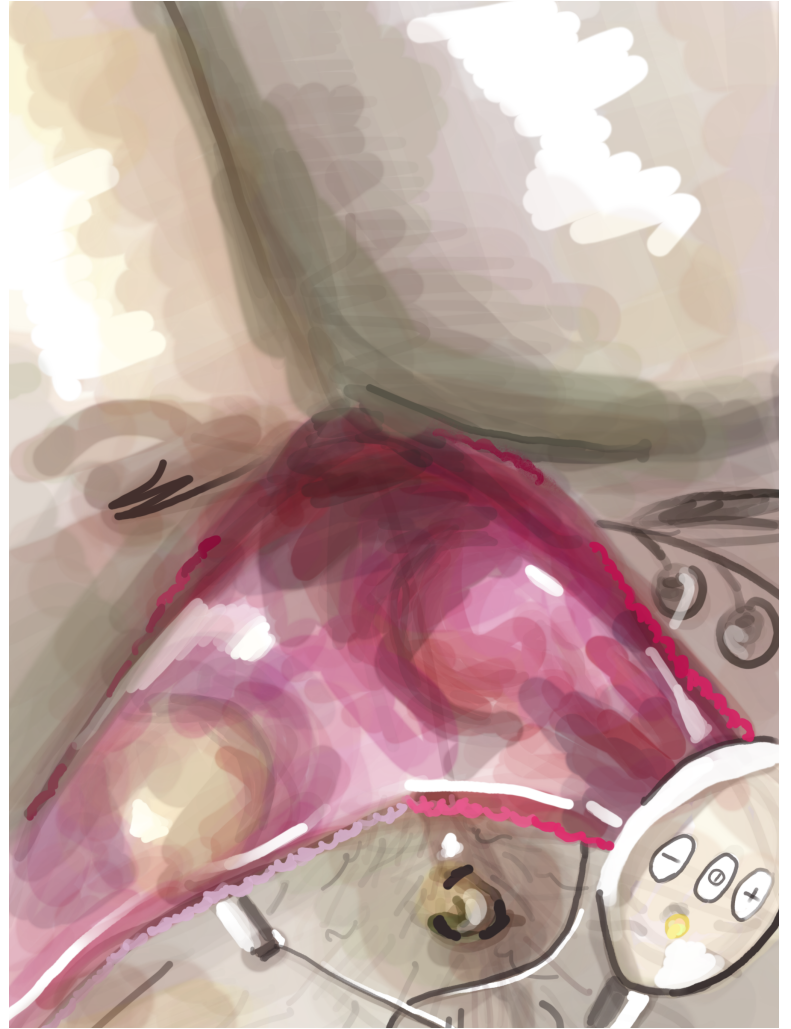
i resided to being ugly that year  
to dissolving into myself  
to tears that never ended  
lips that blended into the flesh of my face  
from purple to grey  
nailing myself to eternity  
working through wormholes  
it came from within  
from the home that never was  
from darkness i did not understand



warm at dusk  
I can barely see  
I'm feeling like I want to live here forever  
see these trees  
grow forever

shapes and sounds blurry ~~to~~  
follow the sun move lightly  
across the ground  
my children are grown  
I think I wanna live here forever

Remind me  
she's talking too quickly for me  
here grab my hand  
hold onto me





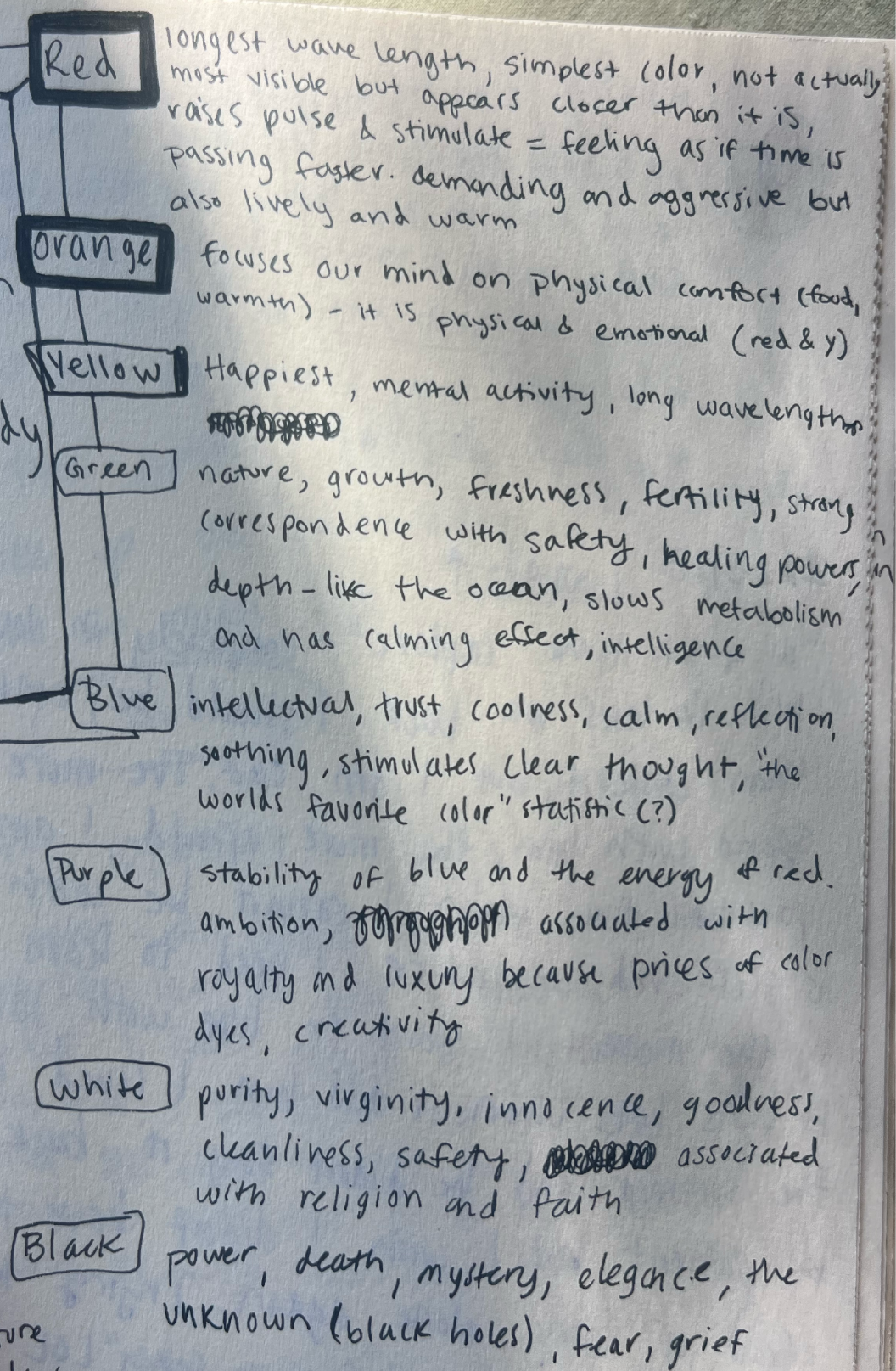
trifecta

a planet caught between three stars  
the strength of their orbits shifting,  
surrender to the push and pull of each cycle.

love, loss, distance, proximity - the guiding  
pillars of the heart.

locked into an endless orbit, awaiting the  
explosive end to everything.

does destiny have a plan,  
or are we making it up as we go?



i'm sick today  
i'll be forever lonely

the moon goes away  
she pulls my body gently

walking in the field after dark i can fly

sweet lips i have oranges  
i'd rather be with you

oh but look at me i'm a timeless beauty

grief::

grief lives deep inside, becoming a part of the bones  
organs, blood  
ripping away all of my masks  
a part of me for so long that i no longer recognize it  
popping up when i try to move my body,  
late at night  
on walks  
some weeks are joyful  
some days it falls on the chest, tickles the throat  
eyes hot  
confounded—where did you come from?  
i thought i pulled the root

death of hot girl::

there was a brief period of time when i was  
hot girl  
it felt (almost) effortless  
once i arrived  
i don't remember the last time  
someone told me i was beautiful  
or their gaze snagged on mine  
i emerged from my swamp  
cold  
unable to thaw



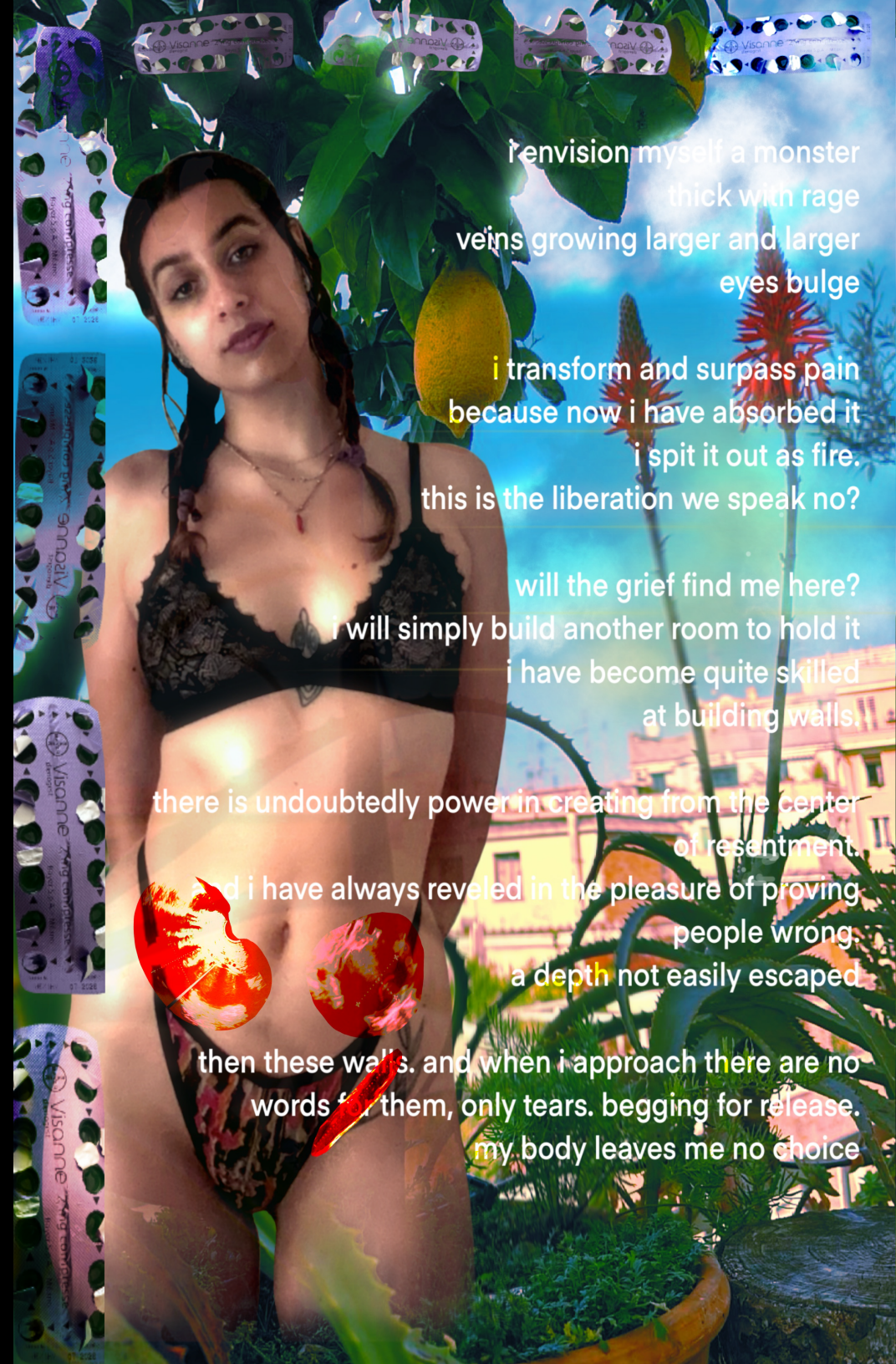
# what a quiet time its been

my children grew and then they left  
move my mouth my arms come out my chest  
it hurts

shut my eyes bright overhead  
we used to walk there hand in hand  
my eyes are old i cant remember how

can't hear me now  
im reaching out

hold me closer  
i can feel everything  
it gets colder as we get older  
hold my hand don't forget me now



i envision myself a monster  
thick with rage  
veins growing larger and larger  
eyes bulge

i transform and surpass pain  
because now i have absorbed it  
i spit it out as fire.  
this is the liberation we speak no?

will the grief find me here?  
i will simply build another room to hold it  
i have become quite skilled  
at building walls.

there is undoubtedly power in creating from the center  
of resentment.  
and i have always reveled in the pleasure of proving  
people wrong.  
a depth not easily escaped

then these walls. and when i approach there are no  
words for them, only tears. begging for release.  
my body leaves me no choice

# CAMILLE'S CREATIVE IDEAS

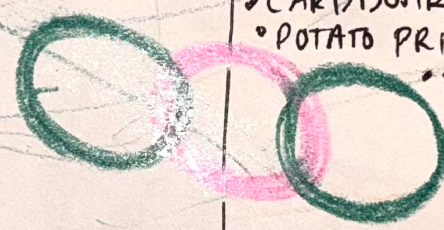
FEB 2026

★ TIP: JUST SEARCH THESE ON PINTEREST!

## KIDS



- BALLOON DIPPED IN PAINT
- PAINT CARDBOARD W/ SQUEEGEE
- FLOWER STUFFY
- COLOR RINGS + SCARFS
- PAINTED ROCKS
- PASTA + PIPE CLEANERS ★★
- RUBBER BAND ANIMAL RESQUE
- CARDBOARD/FELT FOOD
- POTATO PRINTMAKING ★★
- SEW BALLOON COVERS W/ MIMES
- WEAVING FELT STRIP ★★



- GIANT SNAKE PILLOW - 8" x 68"
- SHELVES - 9.5" x 30.5" ★★
- LEATHER NECKLACE ★★
- OMEGAS SHE REPAIR ★★
- BIRDIE SHIRT APPLIQUE ★★
- KATIE KIDS BANNER ★★
- CROCHET HAND WARMER
- FELT SLIPPERS
- HOMEMADE PRATZELS ★★
- EMBROIDERY W/ FABRIC SCRAP ★★
- MONTESSORI ORGANIZERS/BASKETS ★★
- FISH SCARF / PEBBLE SCARF
- FELT HANGING JUNK DRAWER
- FIND A GOOD BUTTON VP SWEATER
- DIY TOTE
- MURRAY PANTS ★★
- CROCHET BRACELETS W/ BUTTONS
- WOOD FRAMES CHUNKY ★★
- DIY TANK ★★
- STRIPED STAINED WOOD FURNITURE
- ROCK KEYCHAIN

### NEED TO BUY FOR THESE

- BUTTONS
- LEATHER CORD
- FABRIC PAINT
- MISC. YARN
- MISC. FABRIC
- FABRIC CLIPS
- EMBROIDERY HOOP
- RANDOM CHARMS

- POTATOES
- PIPE CLEANERS
- PASTA (OLD)
- RUBBER BANDS
- PLASTIC ANIMALS
- BALLOONS
- SCISSORS

### FOOD

- LOTUS ONIONS (SMOVED)
- DECORATIVE TOAST

★★ = FAV OR PRIORITY



reality isn't important.  
experience is.

discipline your mind. control your body.

glimpse into yourself. your own perception  
change your reality

Value sensations.

## **i want to feel my bones**

thru my skin bruising on the floor from where  
i lay

i want to scream

but my body is weak

mouthful of grass from when i couldn't  
speak

an anger takes me over

i fish around for the last thing i need

mouthful of teeth surrounding a halo

i want to scream my body weak though

i do not want that put on a good show

i fish around for the last thing i need though

**forgiveness in the gash**

my therapist asked me  
how i saw the connection of anger  
generationally  
between myself, my mother, and grandmother

*show up*

i said  
it was ambitious to put words to what i  
acutely sense  
i peer down at (now) white scars  
one vertical slash through my belly button  
and three horizontal across my abdomen  
beginning to stretch and pull with every

*inhale and exhale, the moon and the tide*

can i explain more than this?  
i watched a short film set in calabria  
a man alessandro lost his father before easter  
preceding the annual self flagellation

*ritual*

he beat himself wholly that year  
blood markings on basilica doors, stones  
only to be hosed off by nightfall

*a cry that splits skin*

never suspended in the moment long enough to be witnessed  
i once had a lover, after years declared  
they loved my belly  
i was startled by this comment  
they liked to pass judgement on my appearance  
reminding me i was (almost) the hottest woman they ever saw

*fucked*

my belly is the residence of my anger  
it grew to encase what my mother  
her mother  
never spoke  
waking up alone, staring at white lights  
i think of alessandro dragging his bloody legs  
gnashing at his thighs with shards of glass

searching for a redemption unspoken  
instead of asparagus i place rosemary  
by all my doorways  
i scream, beating my chest, my belly  
my blood does not need to be excavated

*it pours*

find a dead bird  
body still warm  
blue bird in the tangles of branches of storm  
watch my feathers  
how they glitter in the sun  
don't look there  
look at me  
timeless beauty  
sweet lips  
i have oranges  
body's so warm  
fingertips are numb

i just read this line in a book

"I wore gold jewelry that  
warmed in sunlight. I made my  
friends smile. I did not linger to  
see what my enemies did"



could easily add "there were  
parties 100 feet from my door"

exactly yes

9:15



**let's get a chocolate treat  
bc i am a chocolate fiend**

alexandra

victoria

camille

leah

indy

