

Poetry Series

**Katelyn Hinman**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Katelyn Hinman(April 15,1990)

Katelyn Hinman is your average clinically depressed, chain-smoking, pill-popping, run-of-the-mill teenage girl. She is a jaded wallflower, living off of ungodly amounts of nicotine and other people's misfortune. Everything and anything inspires her writing.

# A Prelude

grandparents' day:  
bagel halves  
drill team demonstrations  
hispanic modern art

i let both of my  
mother's parents kiss me  
on the mouth as they  
depart

Katelyn Hinman

# Anna

boat stave ribs and thin jutting hips  
a cacophony of defiled desire  
heaving through pretty pale blooming lips  
she writhes alone on the funeral pyre

a skeletal frame and a quivering chest  
penetrate confines of lackluster skin  
grey macabre clouds foreshadow her rest  
as she waits for the imminent to begin

a prayer is muttered and a match is struck  
this execution painstakingly planned  
delicate eyelids flutter and she ceases to buck  
effaced by society's palsied hand

Katelyn Hinman

# Bury Your Dead

i see your colored christmas lights are still up  
in the very middle of august  
you remind me of our first holiday together  
tears descending your bare cheeks  
cheeks i had tenderly kissed  
years ago

i see your deadened evergreen tree  
in front of the window  
adorned in glazed bulbs  
of every known shade  
that we had picked out together  
years ago

i see the porcelain nativity scene  
on your wooden coffee table  
baby jesus missing from the manger  
that had been a family heirloom  
passed down to you by your mother  
years ago

i see the anguish in your saddened eyes  
as i remind you that our first holiday has passed  
that we are no longer together  
your decorations should have been packed away  
with the love that we shared  
years ago

Katelyn Hinman

# Fragile Youth

we shuffle home across the grainy sidewalk  
shivering against the autumn chill as we do every afternoon  
full backpacks and gaudy designer bags slung over our weary shoulders  
as usual, i unwillingly overhear the conversation around me  
the others casually debate the most tolerable slimfast flavor  
<i>chocolate isn't bad, but banana so will make you barf</i>  
chat idly and how they need to touch up their dark roots  
<i>i'm gonna go a shade blonder this time, whaddaya think? </i>  
and share indispensable shoplifting advice  
<i>if you put the lipgloss in your purse, the alarm won't go off on you</i>

lost in conversation, they trudge ignorantly past the grade school  
but i stop and contemplate the troupe of kindergartners  
carefree and completely uninhibited  
a chain-link fence enclosing them in their fluorescent plastic playground  
they gleefully chase one another around the perimeter of the slide  
<i>eeeeeeeeeeeeee! you're it, no tagbacks! </i>  
show off their strings of food-coloring enhanced macaroni  
<i>look, i made a necklace and a bracelet for mommy</i>  
and pretend to be fearless jedi knights  
<i>you're luke skywalker so you have to kiss her! it's in the movie</i>

despite their endless squeals of laughter and innocence  
i wonder how long it will be before they are reckless teenagers  
rash and insecure with pouty lips and arms akimbo  
fingers down their throats or around their girlfriends' necks  
they will shuffle home across the grainy sidewalk  
shivering against the autumn chill  
full backpacks and gaudy designer bags slung over their weary shoulders  
i wonder how long it will be until they are where i am now  
leaning against the rickety chain-link fence  
pondering the fragile youth it surrounds

Katelyn Hinman

# Greyscale (There Is Nothing In The World)

i often wonder what keeps me from committing suicide  
last night it happened to be pasta (accidentally topped with tomato paste)  
forty-ounce cherry-and-coca-cola frozen convenience store drinks  
two brand-new packs of mentholated marlboros

there is nothing in the world like bad food and good company  
there is nothing in the world like opening a fresh rectangular box of smokes  
admiring each individual cigarette nestled in its place  
there is nothing like the flick of the lighter

but i suppose there's nothing in the world  
like choking down that generous mouthful of prescription pills  
or swing from that rope  
or inhaling something a bit more concentrated than nicotine

Katelyn Hinman

# Happy Birthday

but i saw you today  
without the delightful pleasure  
of hasty introductions  
of trivial formalities  
self-righteous hello-nice-to-meets-yous

stretched out upon a bed of soiled sheets  
i am a truck-flattened gumby action figure  
in a too-big bra and too-tight panties  
as the ceiling fan circles soundlessly

you were white in an innocent orbital abyss  
another world between my jutting hipbones

stretched out upon a bed of sterile sheets  
i am a barren beast: adolf's great-great-niece  
in a tight orange sweatshirt and a stiff paper gown  
as the window unit whirs wildly

you were deep crimson truth in unfeeling hands  
another world between life and death

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# Hero/Heroin(E)

defeated

he sauntered wordlessly through the studio  
piling whatever he could fit  
into two flimsy plastic grocery bags

feigning

i return every week  
the shiny chips dangling from my purse strap  
like prized albatrosses

Katelyn Hinman

# Hollow-Thunk Love

deep despicable entity oh how you spite me  
to feel this in your core on a microscopic level

ions neutrons atoms molecules  
serotonin receptors collapse beneath burden  
like structures made from sugar  
every little epicenter jounces with it  
resonating startling familiarity  
and it is stupid hollow-thunk love

air dense and reeking with humidity  
fresh virginal unused  
it smells like careless chlorination  
a swimming pool tryst among fallen leaves  
acid alternative enunciations  
we leave our footprints on the windows

and we know when to leave  
and we know what to say  
and we know what to do

blunt deliberate allusions to the holocaust  
cigarettes burnt way beyond the filter  
letters to a baby that was never born  
amounts too sickening to acknowledge

it gets warmer  
and i get darker

Katelyn Hinman

# I Want To Be Your Methadone

(red. green. yellow. blue.)

in my eyes the carnival lights bathe you in such a manner  
they illuminate the dismal grey of your complexion  
enchant that polyester tragedy upon your head  
glamorize your sunken cheeks and protruding hipbones  
if only they could rekindle the extinguished fire of your soul  
heighten the delight in your unusually melodic voice  
enlighten those who admire you only visually  
emphasize that you are more than a girl wearing an ugly hat  
(red. green. yellow. blue.)

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# Into Heathen's Heaven

condensed crowded words in pink ink on fallow skin  
trite innumerable nothings

scrub and scrub half-hearted lies from indignant palms  
saliva substitutes soap  
as electric hurried fury rises throughout  
deft jaggedly-bitten fingernails

an exemplary cadence  
scoured and soured  
this hemorrhage seeping through loose bandages  
into heathen's heaven-a godless void

(release)

scrub scrub scrub  
this immaculate virgin light  
shining through imprinted crescents  
in taut hands, these tools of treachery  
copernicus and newton disproved

alas-relief!

yet hands remain stained  
fearfully fashioned  
with inkghosts of paraphrased plath

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# Lima Bean Meets The Infinite Silence

again i am sorry  
little words

for a grandiose apology  
how disgusting

all that i have  
all that i fathom

drawn from the air  
out of nothing

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# Narcissus

chewing on ice relieves sexual tension, i offer

deliberately he crunches down  
on what is left at the bottom of his dinner glass  
with a scheming smirk

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# Polyxena

hip cocked  
precise curvature of womanhood  
tapered and tailored  
you say love handles  
you say muffin top

displayed in funhouse mirrors  
staggering and stumpy  
convex and concave  
we are real  
we are truth

everything we know  
has been  
a lie

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# Twelve Days

awaiting that yellow bird  
i settle like marine snow  
ardorous, flat-on-my-face

twelve days  
is the pulley restraining infallible truth  
that wants to jump past lips and into ears

my being locks into your skin  
packing myself tight into each delicate roadway  
of veins and arteries  
a longing to be the molecules of carbon dioxide  
expelled with each and every staggering breath

there is no need to slip a band over your beak  
there is no need to clip the flight feathers  
beneath your butter-colored wings

i am the one who will peck at your insides  
i am the one who will scatter in a squall of frightened cries  
and a panicked flurry of flight

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