

Writing Raw

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1

By Bekah Steimel

I will not fade like cheap cologne
from memory or blood
from sober dreams
Peripheral vision
is the whisper of your subconscious
the footsteps that follow
the breath in winter's air
that reveals itself
and disappears
I will be subtle as shadow
as looming as the sky
I will be anything
but expunged

2

By Bekah Steimel

An echo of myself
diminishing reverberations... like a shadow losing
ground to the stars
could I break from this subtle silhouette, and walk
back to myself?
or is the former forever lost to the latter?
I was once anything and everything but a poet.
I am now a poet.
I desire to be anything and everything and a poet.
I once prowled instead of walking, hunted without
an appetite
I had nerves of steel and stupidity, catching rides in the front seat of a
rollercoaster
and the backseat of a cop car
I fell in love with a genius and tasted genius blood
on my average tongue
I slow danced in the bed of a stranger's truck, sober.
I rode on a snowboard tied to the back of a car, high.
I was the reigning champion of Truth or Dare
because I never shied from a stunt. Because I never
backed down. Because I never picked truth.
And then I did.
And then I became a poet.

Now I explicate and extrapolate, studying mirrors and microscopes in search of
veracity.
And I analyze you at every angle, an MRI of your soul.

I want the adventures and the answers.
The dares and the memories to follow.
The truth and the dissection afterwards.
I want to be anything and everything and the poet
who records it all.

3

By Bekah Steimel

Passion
is a poem on my toe tag
instead of my name
Glory
is any name
remembered and reverberated
by the lips of a stranger
Interception
is breaking the bottle
before it breaks you
Travel
is shrugging off the gravity
of breath
and hitching a ride on the wind
Pollution
is a sermon on Sunday
encouraging the waste
of our only precious commodity

4

By Bekah Steimel

Poets owe the world a forest
quite literally taking your breath away
they owe you themselves
explicated
skinned to the bone
they owe every reader
every nightmare conceived under the stars
finally birthed
into a cascade of revealing light
they owe monsters
an ounce of humanity
and winged angels
a dose of prescription-strength sin
they owe libido
to those spayed by social expectations
and vocal chords
to those muted by the same surgeon
all poets owe this planet a mirror
and a hammer
to smash it with.

5

By Bekah Steimel

You say I have the wanderlust
that I am never satisfied
even with my own saturations
And you are right.
And you are wrong.
I may prefer wings to roots
I may choose the adrenaline rush
of a photo finish
to the security of a clear victory
But I also select you
You—
the woman I conjured from hope and fantasy
You—
the woman who makes stability sexy
You—
the woman behind the words
You say I have the wanderlust
I say I have nothing but the certainty of you.

Bekah Steimel bio: Bekah Steimel is a poet aspiring to be a better poet. She lives in St. Louis, MO, and can be found online at www.bekahsteimel.com and followed @BekahSteimel.