

SAUCE

BY MARIELLE MONTERO

“don’t think about it too much.

just write.

release.

let go.

bleed.

allow the bleeding....

let it drip,”

she said to herself,

stuck

in a mess

she created

why?

crash

crash

crash

into a ditch

in her mind

she needs a

golden calculator

to divide

the time it takes

to look inside

and realize

she had

everything within

that she ever

fucking

needed

and that the illusion

of needing

anyone’s support

anyone’s help

was to be shattered

instantly.

--real down to mars girl.

in disbelief
that for a *second*
i entertained
the
mere
THOUGHT
of needing anything more
than divine assistance
for the task before me

--*believe.*

i set my expectations

sky

fucking

high

no wonder i

fell

so

low

--*fuck them.*

how
FUCKING
DARE YOU
underestimate
yourself?
and
how dare you
be mad at yourself
after?

--*forgive yourself.*

they
don't know
any better.
they don't
know you
are
the
embodiment
of sauce...
they don't see their own.

--*forgive them.*

if i can
and i want to
then i will

--*mantras.*

i can't expect of others
what they cannot do
for themselves.

--*let go.*

you were up
on this pedestal
in my mind
and, boy,
are you crashing
down...
quick.

--*naiveté*.

i pretended
not to notice
the *moment*
in which our friendship
went sour.
i made this all
much harder
with denial
and lies
to myself
didn't i
understand
back then..?
the lies
would let
me down,
too.

--*façades.*

i can't believe
how fast
the cold
sets in
after i say
your name
to my soul.

--*energy*.

i put faith
in people
who have not
a mustard seed
for themselves
much less
a speck
for me

--*reciprocity.*

if you
don't know
your worth
who
the
fuck
will?

--*QUEEN*.

anger
hate
resentment
have one thing
in common
they are
the thieves
of
joy,
peace,
and
happiness.

that's far
too much
to give
far too
unfair
an exchange
for love
as pure
as yours.

--*release them.*

this struggle
is not just
for you
it is for
your ancestors
who needed to
press
and push
and pressure
you.
it is for
your seeds
and for
theirs.
now...
you are a diamond.

--*rare.*

u are
imperfect
and perfect
all
at once
a goddess
a phoenix
rising
over
and over
from the ashes
over
and
over
from the dust
you are
magic.

--*rise.*

what's worse than
being let down?
letting yourself
down.

--*disappointment.*