

# Beautifully Breakable



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# Introduction

It is important to remember that we are all breakable.

It is important to be strong and independent.

Ferocious.

But no matter how fierce we are, it doesn't stop the vulnerability inherent in the fabric of our being, our **humanity**.

We fall in love, out of love, we fall apart, and we fly.

We are prone to disaster, and are capable of extraordinary beauty.

But what we often fail to grasp is that falling apart, unravelling, dissolving, can be beautiful too.

The moment where everything is lost, is the moment where anything is possible.



# Unnamed I

I am the child  
who gabbles garbage  
and spews forth words  
in panic stricken  
white rabbit red eyes  
in the headlights  
grip of nervous fear.

I am the jelly  
wibble wobble  
on my white porcelain platter  
that you carry  
as I scream colour  
but you see straight through.

"Everyone is insecure"  
but not everyone dribbles words  
chokes on glances  
heart palpitations so loud  
the ear drum bursts  
and skin crawls with ants  
that sing songs of shame.

But your hand  
is unwavering.  
A constant in the self created chaos  
that I cannot ignore  
cannot corrupt.

# Unnamed II

Chest choked  
I look the other way.  
Feet fall  
and we fall  
into awkward strides.  
Silence breaks open  
the ribcage steaming hot.  
Words force us  
to confront and stitch the cuts.  
Mud caked boots,  
my bitten tongue bleeds.  
I cried in the Teifi,  
but found salt in the Tregynon breeze.



# Sapiosexual

Two glasses of wine  
plus the meeting of minds  
and I am wet.

Intelligence oozes from your  
tannin stained mouth,  
soaking my cerebral muscles.

Knee knocking

I am destabilised by  
Plathian-Hughes brutality.

I quake for that  
intellectual stimulation.

I am undone  
by the scope of your mind,  
the way that you think.

# Unnamed III

Volatile,  
I am ripped by wind  
and shaken  
port side  
into the sea.

You peel off my layers  
until I am  
bone bare.

Is this what you wanted?

To see cartilage  
shipwrecked on the bed,  
sheets torn and soaked with sweat?

I can scream a storm,  
bite like thunder  
lightning flash you fear  
teeth sinking deep  
into blue-black waters  
where eyes roll back  
sea surf white.

I can fuck like fire,  
red hot  
skin peels  
and blisters

blossom,

like snowdrops,  
stagnating the air between us,

our chests heavy,  
breath  
stuttering.

# Monday

Emotion writhes under my skin  
as sobriety kicks in.

I feel my function  
fuck up  
and  
fuck away.

I am angry.

Can you hear me  
kick  
and scream?

Pour me a glass of red

I said

Pour me a glass of red.

It hurts

to feel

human

again.

My heart aches

my mind quakes

I am

vulnerable.

There is no film on this day.

No haze

to ease my pain

blind my sight

silence my angst

the rushing of

thoughts

and blood pulse

in my skull

beating a tempo

with no -

I said

Pour me a glass of red -  
care for anyone  
but  
its own.  
I am  
alone  
alive  
how can I  
survive this  
bleeding sobriety  
cutting me up  
with  
blinding white honesty.

# Breakdown

I had a breakdown by the sea.

Broke down  
like the grinding  
of stone into sand  
grit between teeth  
shell in my knees.

I am

the clichéd salt leftover  
from the surf.

Picture me

worn down  
like pebbles, beaten smooth.  
Fragile  
like crustaceans  
and rock formations  
obliterated by  
ocean acidification.

Exhausted

I  
curl up

seaweed knotted  
in the seabed  
shaken by distress.

Body jagged

mind haggard.

Take me.

I'm yours.

# Breakup

Fold yourself over  
and bruise me.  
Cut corners.  
Give in to  
lust  
confusion  
and combust.  
Are we friends?  
Those words  
are  
dead ends  
but  
I want to find  
my arms around your outline.  
Do you hear me?  
Your outline.  
Let shadows sink into one another.  
Let hands grasp in the darkness.  
No one is looking.  
I won't tell a soul.  
I'll just black out  
Deny it and bite it  
tongue between teeth  
shell in my knees.  
Did I mention I'm  
breaking down  
slowing down  
sobering up  
and  
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# Reborn

Stripped down  
I am cold.  
Frail like the trees  
whose twigs snap  
and peel  
the bark  
shredded  
like the sinews of muscles  
tired and aching with  
nakedness.

It is  
exhausting  
to be bare.

I am  
disarmed  
by your  
vulnerability.  
Humanised  
by your touch.  
Broken  
by your love.

We drive in silence  
and I feel myself repair  
with every passing mile  
I am clothed  
the layers  
painting themselves back on  
colour flooding cheeks  
muscle rebuilding.

