




*facilitate x ghost light players*



poetry by  
trevor abes + angela sun





Ghost Light Players provides quality performance experiences for students and professionals in training.

On November 27th, 2017, Ghost Light teamed up with Facilitate to provide an evening of poetry inspired by the events and characters of Frank Wedekind's Spring Awakening.

The following is a collection of those poems.

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# hot teen analysis

Close-reading The Playboy Channel scrambled on cable for a cubist peek at the next stage in my evolution.

Black and white lightning bolts bouncing around the screen with the randomness of miffed ants, thick like lit braids of dollar store sparklers, over what could be a barn, a hotel suite or maybe a walk-in freezer, it's hard to say.

My catholic school shame is dissipating, but it's into shapes that begin and end like a language I don't know how to hear.

Interlocked legs extend into taffy and twirl into smoke DNA.

Clenched toes disassociate into a frosted glass puzzle.

A shoulder dissolves into willow hairs and is gobbled up by the expressionist bramble.

The couple's gazes filled with longing, facing in opposite directions, happy with nothing.

...But there are hints of nipples in the interstices.

Of knobs and boxes Lady And The Tramp-ing behind layers and layers of the scribbles you make when you test a new pen.

The rush of basic biology flooding my brain like forbidden knowledge.

The confluence of logic and imagination a portal to a new dimension for me, where

Lushed out with a Holmesian grandeur,

I assemble my taste in pleasure from abstract artworks.

How they bypass language for dream,

The curls between fingers a boulevard at night.

Whole bodies separated into thirds like some magician's tribute trick to "Walk Like An Egyptian".

Proximity of breasts to a chest no guarantee of context; yet I memorize it all with an outdated pedagogy's thirst for repetition.

Lips puckering in suspension then dispersing into a gas.

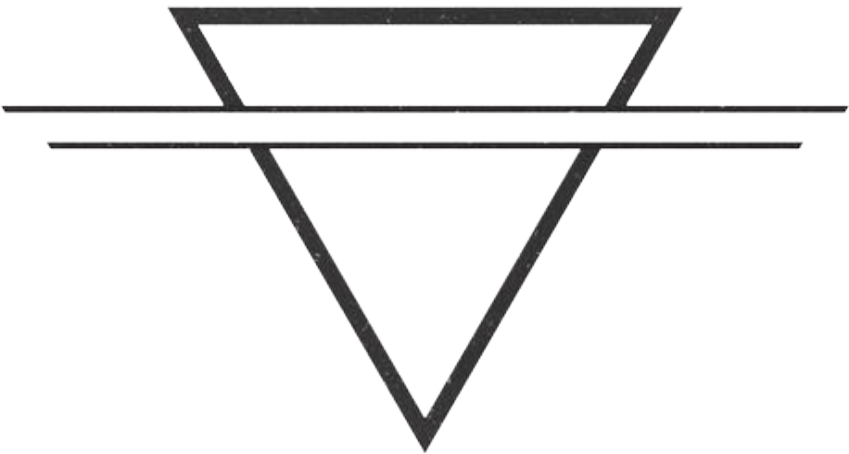
Pelvic boned butterflies in the static for the Rorschach enthusiast.

Intermittent flashes of white leaving after-expressions of rehearsed ecstasy

Amid a frenzy of graceful thrusts cheese-grated across the screen.

There is so much that resembles love here  
Shells of caresses, of eyes you make instead of just use,  
Of hands clasped with the pressure of a private hemisphere,  
Later sculpted into handfuls of comforter  
And obtuse angles of satisfaction  
That melt into the slack bearing of the self-affirmed.  
The muted elevator dance music a sense of ceremony  
As treating obstacles as artistic constraints becomes my new thing  
And I am no longer thinking about thinking  
And I roadmap life into view.

- trevor abes



# my mother's hands

My mother's hands:  
Jade veins coil through brittle bone

My mother's hands are always steady:  
Never waver, dice with intention

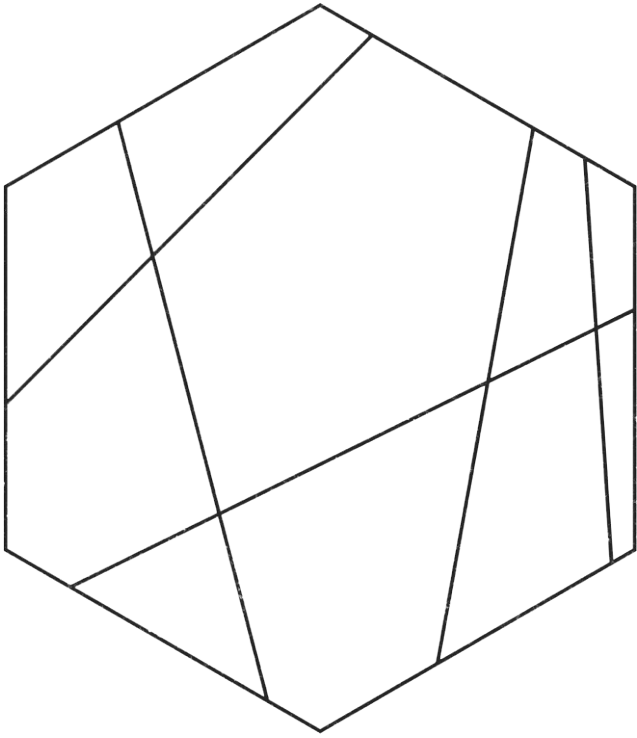
Against her fingers  
Blades slice through

Eel spine  
Duck skull  
Lamb marrow

Her hands more nimble than mine,  
Crab shells crumble under her thumbs like strawberry wafers,  
Her fingers dig into the good, steaming meat.  
She dips it into the garlic soy sauce  
And holds it up to me.

My mother's hand are wrapped in a bandage. Blood still seeping through the white gauze. She is home early. She looks at me with furrowed brows and I have never seen her this worn. A twelve hour day, early morning shift. One slip and the press cracks through the top of her thumb. Three hours in the emergency room. A pink slip after she heals. She did not lose a finger but there will always be a cleft in the middle of her nail.

- angela sun



# dear moritz: devastation is a

If, on my way to get a pint of ice cream at the store or something,  
I would've crossed paths with you in the woods  
And caught a glimpse of the pistol at your hip,  
I would have broken the ice by saying,  
If you plant your decisions in shit  
They tend to grow better,  
This in the hopes of helping you  
Get used to the feeling you were running away from,  
That defeated-terrified-hopeless combo of things not working out,  
By reframing the endurance of it,  
The voracious accumulation of Ls,  
As the left side of the equation of how to make a life lengthen.  
The discomfort only unbearable in appearance  
Because to grant that your world is worth putting on  
Requires more resolve than you're working with right now.

It's not your fault nobody told you the burdens you left us to avoid  
Were better deaths than the one you went with.

Left to its own devices, your parents disowning you for being yourself would've  
made you into a show of flames only to return reinvigorated by the universal law  
that nobody has to like you.

Flunking yourself into a perfect square of compacted nerves but continuing to  
show up to school would have separated you back to stability by the centrifuge of  
things moving right along like nothing happened.

And the hormones soaking through your better judgement would've tipped you  
over into having gone through just the right amount of shit to focus only on loving  
enough of the world to leave no time for haters.

Which facilitates not giving a fuck as soon as possible.



# paradigm shift

Which makes it real easy to see that everything is made up of what it is plus the imaginative work you put into it.

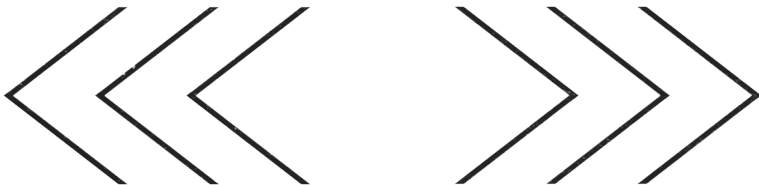
Which makes it easier to isolate the meaning you imbue things with to harness it toward your own ends.

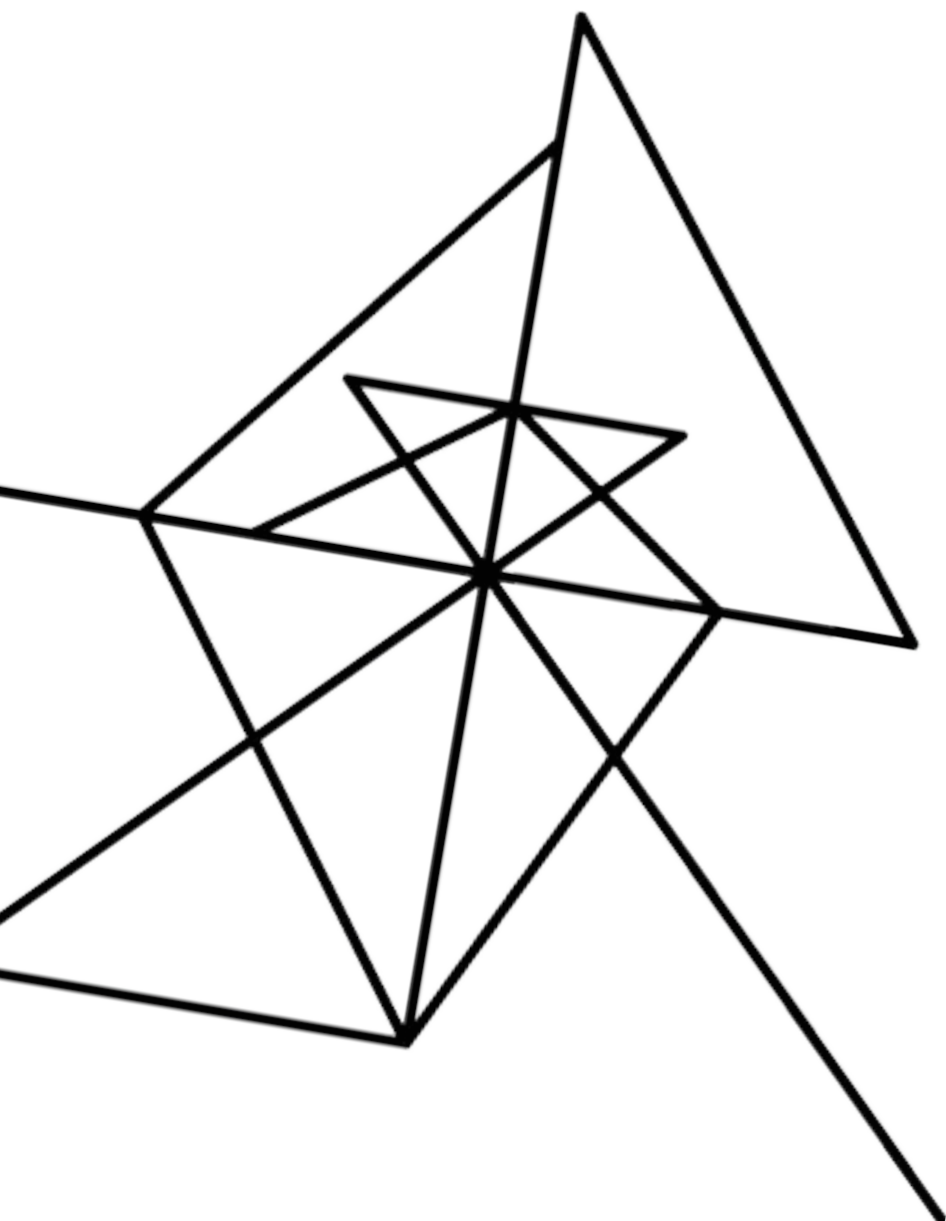
This is how I would have begun to suggest to you that thinking so much about death was on the cusp of sustainable living.

Of finding work to hang your self-worth on and someone to pool theirs into a joint-account with, propelled by the infinite supply of midnight oil from the fact of your assured departure.

If I could've gotten you to see that bullet as an act of self-care,  
An attempt to shield the undiscovered parts of yourself from pain,  
Maybe things would have been different,  
Maybe the net energy you expended to get yourself to leave  
Would have seemed to be merely on the wrong side of great,  
In that if you found how to flip it around on the scale  
You would've realized that most people don't have the nerve  
To do the things you're capable of,  
And you'd still be here with the rest of us,  
Learning what to let wilt and fall off  
To carry on in spite of not choosing to be.

- trevor abes





# when i grow up

when i grow up

I want to go to parties and drink until I throw up

when i grow up

I want to make out with 5 strangers in my best friend's bathtub

when i grow up

I want to call my crush at 1 AM and ugly cry to him over the phone

when i grow up

I want to skinny dip in my neighbour's pool and then steal their trampoline

when i grow up

I want to crash an SUV into a lake because my friends and I were too fucked up  
from the night before

when i grow up

I want to have thicker hair

when i grow up

I want to have bigger eyes

when i grow up

I want to wear the right clothes

Kiss the right people

Say the right things

when i grow up

I want to be rich

And skinny

And white

when i grow up

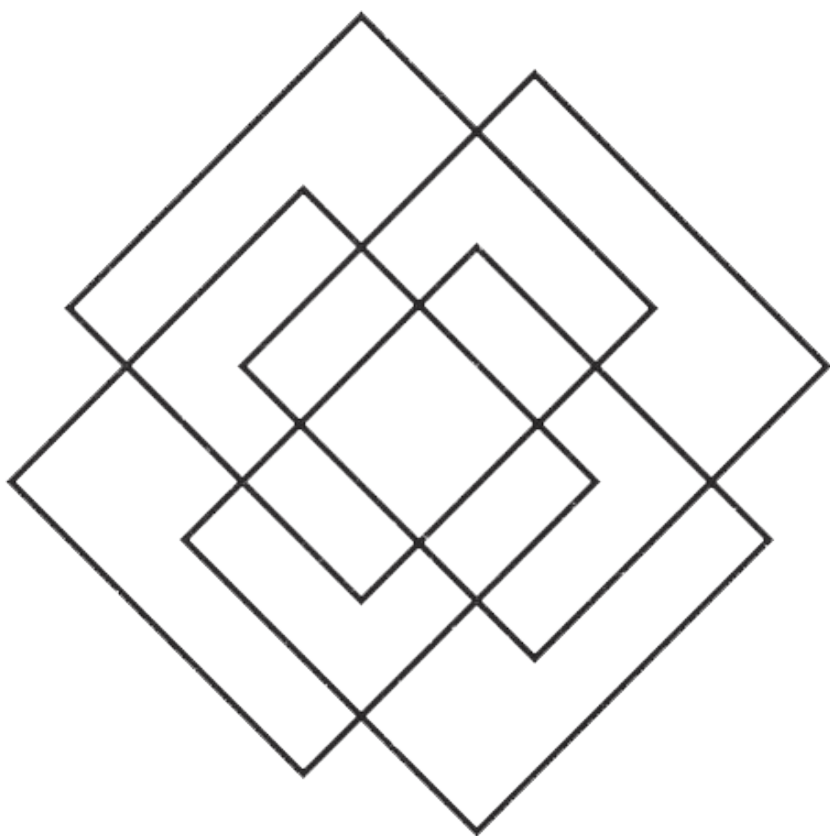
I want to be young(er) and beautiful

- angela sun

# 21 ways to stick around

1. Save up to buy the land just outside of where your world ends just in case you decide to expand.
2. Practice not being OK by treating each time as practice.
3. Practice regularly dealing with bullshit while working on important things.
4. Accept that there are different instantiations of the person you want to be to increase the odds of keeping yourself together.
5. Declutter with vulnerability.
6. Invest in ignorance by acknowledging its presence in the things you take for granted.
7. Integrate absolution into your bedtime routine.
8. Forgive yourself for not saying the right thing because the attitude of fuck it is a flowering endeavour.
9. Find yourself through a buoy at sea.
10. Find an activity that engulfs you from darkness.
11. Tell people about the things you love without letting yourself love them any less no matter what they say.
12. Defy your anxieties by making a home for the doom this brings forth.
13. Imagine yourself Sisyphus finding the work too interesting.
14. Exfoliate by letting what you're feeling rip your face off.
15. Get flair from the knowledge that you don't have to stay.
16. As an empty vessel you may fill as you choose, you can change your mind about anything.
17. Talk to yourself like nobody loves you more than you.
18. Become familiar with the edge of your nerve so mistakes can propel you forward.
19. Test your beliefs until they're closer to a space than a feeling.
20. Stew in discomfort until it presents itself to you as more life.
21. Consider why you might already be the shit.

- trevor abes



# on beauty

As her scent floats towards me,  
I feel a strange nostalgia for  
this moment,  
this scent,  
and this misty sun willing to fall through glass  
just to burnish the valley of her freckled back,  
and I long for someone, someday  
to catch breath of me  
and remember beauty

- angela sun



