

**The Aptly Named (Poetry)
Collection**

Lovisa Malmgren Appelkvist

The Aptly Named (Poetry) Collection

©Lovisa Malmgren Appelkvist
2015

Please do not reproduce without permission, pingback,
link, so forth and other niceties. This collection is
downloadable at tanc.se or howtotellagoodstory.se for
free

I made this collection because a lot of people asked me for it. Basically that's it. It's for free, because I realised that making money from poetry is like trying to make flowers from bacon. It might look like an exciting and novel idea, but it's really just shit and if it was even remotely doable, people would already be doing it. Or would they? I don't know. Bacon flowers sounds like the one thing humanity should not even try.

Anyway. Read. Love. Like. Send me an e-mail. If you write terrible and hateful stuff you will go in the bin. If you say nice things you'll make my day.

Thank yous to family, the clan, love of my life-
persons. Thank you to fucktwat-exes for
inspiration.

This is my first collection. There will most likely be more.

Visit me at tanc.se, and talk to me there or on some currently active social media platform. My name is usually Ljudlega, or you know, my name.

**

When your hand connected with my skin,
I read your chart in the stars I saw

There was violence in us

*not the kind that bruises the unsuspecting
but the unravelling, night battering one
scolding the unwanted skin that lied
between us*

like an invite to walk all over
I walk rubble fields of borderlines
trying to find a **fist to hammer the
beats** of dreams

too unreal when the tepid waters of
emotions started swirling away what was
actually good

My black eye has started to fade
and the scratch marks on my arms are
nothing but hints of scars at the bottom of
this forest of freckles and hairs piling up
and **covering anything but** the
most socially acceptable pigmentations

I'm trying to make this easy for you
putting make up on the outside
and pushing down these restless last
remnants of your hands
down to the bottom of these burning lungs

filled with coal mining accidents
where the fire wont go out
even if we just turn our backs and never
speak again

I suppose they'll fit better there
than on my **soft** outer tissues
that tricked you into caring more
than your self-fulfilling prophecy would
allow

So now I carry you in my cells

with bars strong enough to keep your
fingers

from **digging** their way back into my hands

There **was violence in us**

not the kind that punishes the weak and

unintended

but the deep withering shell shattering

always more craving one scorching the

unwanted ground that lied inside us like a

long lost thump that called to arms, flaying

legs and heads creased with sweat and

the willingly shed blood

that mended so much more than

ever broke in the seam

**I talk humble
lines of no
magnitude**

trying to figure out how not to introduce too
much antidote into these venomous veins
of wishing for other than could be
Would be

We had violence, and in us were nothing
but **shredded covers**
that were left lying about the causes for all
they could muster
but we never cared
just looked the other way
and back into the clichés of dark abysses
that we held for eyes

I want to immerse myself in the filthy
sheets filled with **fluid** and hate like a long
lost toy of a child grown bad

We were alienated, stumped out, blowing
away

because this was never meant to be else
than the dropkicks breaking ribcages open
boxes of archived adrenaline now
surging forward **like armies of
stampeding wants**

This was never meant to be else than the
ripping of skin like woven tapestries hung
over moulding cravings

This was never meant to be else than
covering my needs but now I see you bend
out of your body to look into mine and I
fight to run out of equations to take myself
out of

I wade up to my ankles in entangled
wishes and i close my eyes to pretend not
to see how those deep abysses we held
for clichés now contain complex algorithms
intended to steer us closer to surface

We had violence

and this

is **how** I leave you

**

I'm in the middle of an identity
it's not a crisis yet

but I'm getting there
slowly but surely they say
it goes

I'm not one to disagree
preferring not to be the awkward one
doomed to kitchen wanderings through
party nights in the footsteps of the lost and
uninvited

I just smile
And nod

as you do

it goes stale:
the smile with edges
made of uncertain facts
that just doesn't dare to come out
like little children
in a burning house
they keep claiming
mum said not to open to strangers

it's a wilderness out there
and my edges knows
it's a crap idea, letting go
and dissolving

*owing everything to the rest of the world
keeping itself intact*

it's not a crisis yet
I haven't even let the doctor see my charts
where i tracked
the changes
or the illustrated picture book
where a is for apple and once upon a time i
didn't have to do this

*but your hands are all over the floor and I
stand behind you trying to rub out the
stains of feelings spluttered out while
diving into the safe haven of boozing and
oozing of cigarette smoke latched onto my
fingertips like they were anchors for your
lips while you smiled and said*

No

that's not what I want

And I can't help but praying midsentence
for the end to come and your hips swaying
out of sight for once entering the zone of
lost ones

I wish I had a broken glass in my hand so I
could squeeze it hard enough for you to let
go and leave me

**hanging over my own bed starring
down at the empty space swirled sheets
that curled around your body like the
seaweed grabs my ankles when I wade
through this mess I'll always think of as
mutual**

But it's not. It's your fingertips that anchors
his skin and pins his love down while I

stumble out words a mathematician would
be proud of.

If time could be seen as a
multidimensional object
our inner beat would line
up parallel and still we
would never meet, but run
further than ever before
and maybe find
something worth the wait
down our lines.

My hair is grey slowly pounding my skull
from the outside telling me that I should let
go and fall into the void of normality, but
it's not a crisis yet, and I showed you the
charts of my landscape and you laughed
and said Hey, that one looks like a heart

We opened way too many doors down this
Hallway and the flames are licking the
back of my train of thoughts as I look for
the way out of this wreck

I'm sinking like fallen pirates down through
the ocean of hands that you left like
footprints on my body marking this territory
as taken

Wishing for fishes to come making it at
least more colourful I scrub my skin with
words of reassurance trying to rub out
whatever that's left in here

*Just give back the key to the secrets of
summaries, make me feel useless again
and take me to the hell-bent will where I
can use this and drive me to the edge
where i can dissolve into oneness and let
me find my way back.*

I'm having a crisis, it's not an identity yet
but i fear I'll get there
shortly

**

But there is something in my gut that
keeps pushing to get out, trying to
manoeuvre entrails out of its way,
punching the skin to *make light shine in*
and digging tunnels through my pores to
make way for its thoughts and force me to
hear that there is more to be near **than the
lost that I can't retrieve**

The **depths of this ocean is not infinite**
the **ground under my feet is not
sacrilege**
the **sky over my head is not limitless**
the words **snarled up under my tongue**
like **coiled snakes in pits** are **not the
only ones spoken**

There will be others

So when I snatch back my arms and legs
and reshape my body I will build it to a
better image than **these litanies** that is all
that is left in this mirror pointing straight at
the remnants of what was never there, its
non-existence hidden away beneath layers
upon layers of something that was not us,
but just me seeing the two of you finding
what I was not supposed to have

The doctors have seen my new coloured
charts and they say for a fact, I have plenty
of beginnings to wrap this end around.

It's not an identity yet
But I'm getting there
slowly

**

Just because I've got a
higgie on my throat
doesn't mean you can
touch my boson, I'd
love to see that large
hard-on collider, but not
until I tell you so.
So even if my *radio*
activates you, doesn't
mean my limits *argon*
and liquidated within
these *Waals*.

It doesn't take a Nobel prize
To get that I decide what you can do with
me
You shouldn't have to go through the
whole periodic table before you get that
No stands for No
and that nobelium is not what you
should be looking for this time

My legs swing shut like a guillotine, while I
want them to go like a swing door, I want
to take my right to a Yes for granted, heavy
with batting eyelashes and long spinned
words about pinning and pegging loving
and legging it to the next room, quick now,
take my top off.

My cunt has developed teeth
but I want it to weep and fill to the brim with
this moist of within
that only a breathless kiss and a restless
hiss in my ear can bring out

My arms end in fists, even though I wish
they would grab you and hold you instead
of slap you and scream

I TOLD YOU

It doesn't take a Nobel prize
To see that No stands for No, and I decide
what you can do to me.

I want it to rain over us, endless sex-filled
drops of lubricants and pink fluffy unicorns
dancing on hard-ons like there was no
tomorrow

I want to have a sky filled with a limitless
supply of silicon toys, bouncing around like
over-excited puppies

I want nakedness and full on dress up, I
want skin on skin and thin *thin*
membranes

I want touch and love and like
and gone and stay and then begin again
And I want my right to say Yes so I can
take it for granted
throw it up in the air and run out to the
woods

*find new berries and bush
to push my hands into*

(pluck those leafs that
cover us needlessly)

I want to pinpoint our lust on a map that
stretches as far as your inner walls will let
us

go

I want to explore you, expand me,
excavate
those old wisdom teeth claiming that a
short skirt makes me a slut, like it would be
a bad thing

It shouldn't take a Nobel prize
to get that I need my right to say **no**
so that I can keep saying yes

**

So fuck you

Fuck you and the horse you rode in on
Fuck you and your social conventions
Fuck you and your hands down my back
when I lean away
Fuck you and the fingertips down a tingling
spine, down a mindless gutter

You break my body but it's not there to be
broken

I have no superglue here, no filler to mend
the cracks with

It's just me with my hands thrown up in
front of you, with fists clenched and wrists
tensed

With blood gushing through and a mind
that keeps humming the same tune over
and over

Fuck you

Fuck you and your shining armour

Fuck you and your hipsterisms,
postmodernism, deconstructed discarded
feminism

You in all your cis-male glory, as you stand
above me posing like a saviour and
swaying like a sailor, claiming to be the
brave and rational one, the one who can
see instead of me with my eyes filled with
so many blind spots my retina has become
obsolete

Fuck you for thinking we are done already
Fuck you and your monogamous ideas
about how I should love and fuck you

I don't want to call this body a temple
On my pelvic floor there should be no men
praying for god to salvage what they have
wrecked

There should be no ministers walking over
my mucus membranes looking for holy
books left by congregations of past

I don't want to call this body holy
I'm not a keeper of a void for you to fill

Fuck you and the void you imagine me
having
ready for you

Fuck you and the land of the brave that
you pretend to come from

Fuck you and the idea that I need to be
saved

Fuck you for thinking that my sexuality is a
way for you to gain power

My uterus is not a commodity for you to
trade

My body is not a political arena for you to
spill your arguments all over

**I'm not a field to be ploughed or a
potential foetus with an accidental body
around**

You stand there with your probes and
stained robes telling me what autonomy is
sacred.

You stand there with your eyes fixed
listening for splitting cells spitting all hells

over me for telling you that autonomy is
mine.

No.

Fuck you.

Fuck you and the horse you rode in on

**

*I'm so tired of your filtered vegetables
piles. I keep wondering how your
excrements smell. It has to be made
entirely of glitter and unicorns by now.*

I'm so tired of your filtered perfections, how you walk around in active wear and actually work out, not like us ordinary people who only wear it to assimilate into this idea of body shame and self hate that we are supposed to feel since we are not you.

I'm tired of looking in the mirror and behind my back seeing you doing cross fit with a gleeful smile on your face. See your muscled tummy contract, your toned thighs like a shout out to all the bullies calling me fat as a scrawny kid that needed to be put down a peg.

Now that I am what is technically defined
as

fat

(level 1, I can still level up to level 2, or even level 3, where I apparently will be morbidly upleveled to ultimate death fat champion)

the kids with mock concern in their voices
get mixed with the Instagram hashtags of
the clean eat mafia I'm drowning in a sea
of should YOU really eat that?
Is it worth it?

**Isn't better to feel like
shit from hunger, work
out until you throw up
almost every day and
consume only kale.**

I'm so tired of filtered kale. I'm tired of my
body turning into penance for sins I didn't
know how to commit. How every bit of
sugary love I poured down my throat now
clogs it, how the chocolate chip cookies
next to the cuppa has poured cement into
my veins, and in their eyes I'm now like a
towering monument over failure to **Control
Oneself Properly**

I'm a warning, a portent, an omen. I am
what is to come if their yoga pants
becomes too tight, showing not only camel
toe but bready muffin top. I'm what
happens if the late night sneaked bun turns
habitual.

I'm punishment. I am the slow metabolism
that comes like an unwanted guest after
too many diet shakes, I'm the fact of body
that decay is not a choice.

Did you know that if you stop smoking your metabolism slows down with 10 percent? It is enough to account for the so called obesity epidemic on a population level. The same thing can be said about eating lots of carbohydrates. But during 1980 and 2000 we not only gained weight equivalent of around 3 to 5 kilos per person, we also grew taller. It is one of those wondrous things that comes with good nutrition. That, and brain function.¹

**So take you Lulu
Lemon and suck on it,
if you mix it with
cayenne pepper and
honey I've heard it
cleanses your gut right
out.**

I'm here ready to be your personal scare
crow, until you realize that my body is not
what should frighten you, but how your
heartbeat grows faster and your breath
falters when your **Fitbits** and smartwear
gives you it's Pavlovian feedback that you
have now been a good human

Your overlords sits on your wrists and in
your pockets, ready to turn your life into a
high light reel with low saturation, no salt,
no fat, no sugar, two hashtags and
Valencia

I want to lay down like a beached whale
over all of you, keeping you down with my
flab and fluff. I want to be the blanket that
suffocates your shallowness each night
and gives you time for a peacefull sleep

I want to feed you, push a skyline of
Tintams down your throats. You walk
around, sherry and upright with a constant
shimmer of light but not smelly sweat
between your shoulderblades, make up
keeping your face as dry as ever

I'm tired of your cheat days filled with
calories enough for a mammoth

because we all know ice cream tastes the
same on the way back up

the soft cream covering the bile of last
resort

the back of your teeth taking the hit for
what was tiny high on never ending slopes
of just going for a run

just going to the gym

just doing some sparta training

just trying parkour

just zumba just a marathon

just a weekend in the mountains for some

lipo suction

coming home dying but perfect

You hold up in a world engulfing in flames,
squats done every morning
someone else voting
someone else saving the world

You are the good enough keeping the
weight of the beauty myths in place
while the rest of us fight
flight
or
lay dying
in a pool of trendy bright coloured tank
tops that scream just do it
while the razors hover over our failed fat
arms.

Let me be the layer between those razors
and all of us who face the failure of not
going for that run

I gladly put my body here
vast and innumerable
a body of bodies
for all of those who are *fuck tired* of the
shame of not being clad in the habit of a
religion built on the basis of **hashtagged**
faked shame

Thou shall not eat

Thou shall not enjoy rest

Thou shall not show your body as is

Thou shall fix and filter and trick and work
out

Thou shall cry yourself to sleep if not doing
that half marathon

We turn to our bodies for meaning as we
ones turned to gods and my atheism
stretches for laps around my hips, far
longer than the fame of fitspo would get
me.

*The next time someone asks me if I really
should eat that, my answer will be watch
out, or I'll eat you too*

1 This is poetry, goddamnit, but if you want to learn more please
read *Secrets from the Eating Lab* by Traci Mann, or *Body of
Truth* by Harriet Brown. Or Alan Levinovitz *The Gluten Lie*.

**

Love

Love is really a symbiosis between

illusioner och fortplantningsförhoppningar

You could explain it as the hormones

ytterst verksamma konspiration to get me
to dyrka just dig.

You are like a lamp i en nersläckt

kontorslokal, **an island of hope** i ett

blaskigt hav fyllt av halvdrucket **coffee** och

hemgångna kollegor, **cigarette butts** och

bad rewrites

You could say that

But it's more like an explosion

Bomber, kapten Haddock, granater,

Broken hearts slängda på fat **with the
norse gods dancing on the table**
sjungandes Linda Bengtzings numera
ganska avdankade **hit** och jag ljuger så
bra skrålar tor och loke i kör **while
lightning goes through** rumtidsväven **and
the blood bath of Stockholm escalates
in my själ while** heliga birgitta capar brats
på stureplan, **on** djurgårdfärjorna **the
snapphanarna hang like grapes**

hammaren och skäran **rips the hands of
the russian middle class ladies** som
skrikande driver fram Karl den XII med
sina hundra tusen man genom kravallerna
och **broken glass** och **intestines fly like
confetti over my** tilltrasslade förklaring

Your eyes shine like a lightbulb på min
nattsvarva himmel och de uppfrätta **holes**
in my soul skriker att **take me take me** ta
mig till havet och gör mig till din, gör natten
till hel gör språket **to a little bit less of a**
cliché

Baudelaire **screams** sig hes medan
Umberto och Picasso **fights about who**
should paint your face och cesi n'est pas
un pojk säger **someone a bit cultural and**
witty typ i bakgrunden som upptäckt att
målet för min text **has breasts** och
konflikterna slår ut som blommor på
altanen

Bombs fall like spring rain över
sydskåne och flaggorna höjs **while**
snapphanarna **turns the ferry around**
and kastar sig ner för att frita sitt skåne
och danskarna väller in över bron
skrikandes "det är icke normal! De är icke
normal!" svingandes sina **cheap beer** som
vore de de rättfärdigas heliga basebollträ
medan **the laws of nature** driver oss
oförtrutet in i **eachothers arms**

Och nu, nu är jag lycklig

**

I keep thinking dust bunnies

Revelling in the corners like kings

While I run out in to the world to bring
home food for them

Skin flakes motes notes

Of days gone love lost lust whatever

Dust bunnies

prickling up their tiny ears to hear the
untold tales of night time battles on
grasslands bedlands better spaces with
nooks and crannies unconquered

Sitting on their haunches, looking out for
the vacuum cleaner while whispering
stories of hard wood floors, hitched rides

on the undersides of socks, voices filtered down through the air from the spaces of up above, where all the food comes from.

I see them skip jump over piles of clothing, ducking in under the bed, hoping along the edges of my vision, like tiny reminders that even if I feel lost in my own skin sometimes, the cells stick around for me much longer than I would like to admit.

We have an audience made up of the poor man's pets, silvery fishes hiding in the closet and these fluffy ones jumping about around our feet.

When I was a kid, I used to hide on the playground after dark, pretending that my

friends were there with me. I brought cookies and cream, and a blanket to sit on and then we would play, me and the others who wouldn't even say hello while the sun was shining. My brother would come and get me, always late, always with the same lost smile on his face.

Sometimes I pretend that my bed is a swing set, and I take out my cookies and cream, and make picnics on the floor just beside it, asking all my friends to join me.

They come with their prickly ears and their bodies made of me, and sit down on their haunches, and tell me stories about the

hard wood floor, the class rooms and the
friends that have since long gone home.

**



Lovisa has been doing poetry since before it was cool, and has been competing in poetry slam since the beginning of time. She writes poetry and prose and likes kittens. But who doesn't?