

out of spite

Jayden Buckau

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my best writing always
had a healthy dollop of spite
despite the respite of the written
word my vision colors crimson from
the blood used as ink as I color the page
with my furious words my biblical rage my
ever-present grief the dead girl in my head the
child with no name finds comfort in my calligraphic
callous cacophonous chaos oh oh oh others beg me to set
down the pen as I carve into the skin failure they failed me
the tiny child inside me screams everyday not to forget her she
didn't think we'd live this long everything hinges on my writing and
with her little lungs wailing so I don't think I'll ever stop writing no never
scream child let me hear your grievances I am your unelected official fueled by
the currency of my youth wasted no child shriek because I want it back out of spite

Jayden Buckau (2002) is a graduate teaching assistant and master's student in the English Department. He did his undergrad at Black Hills State University in South Dakota. He has lived in many places across North America and enjoys traveling, which inspires a lot of his writing. He's queer and trans, has a dog named Bailey, and has a deep love for queer and gender studies in literature as well as the new historicism form of criticism.