



Princess of the Apocalypse
a word collection from 2017 to 2019
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This is the thesis I wrote for this book in 2019 when it was completed and titled.

“These poems are about types of longing under capitalism. And the hunger we feel to be adored, to be tokenized. But also, to be an individual and “irreplaceable.” We are commodified in our world. It is a muted reality, subconsciously reeling in the backs of our minds. In contrast, these poems are about how there is godliness in mass production- the accessibility of something making it more special. How we misconstrue and mistreat specialness. How we don’t know what holiness should feel and look like. How idols feel damaged and closer than we want. It’s about how we just want the prepackaged storybook realities to be enough to let us feel completely fulfilled, if only temporarily, but simulated as forever by tripping over the memory into oblivion. It’s about the industrialization of longing.”

Now, reflecting on the past and these poems, to me they are more about finding power over the trauma that inundates us constantly. Becoming a ruler of your kingdom of suffering... whatever that looks or feels like.

I hear
your name
in words
i sing]
language is only

26 letters

here, in English,
and theres only 12 tones
in the most western
“pop”ular music
so as the most uni-lingual
person
“your”
name
comes through a lot
between the 26 letters and 12 notes
I hope you are not
offended
your name rings 2 syllables
they aren’t very hard to come by

We
sit
at
either
end
of
the
table.

I
ignore
you.

Am

I
married?

I've been
trying
to tell
the truth
recently.
but the
moment
always
gets ahead of me.
if the words are incapable
of unfurling
themselves
from my mouth
like a
kitten
in the morning
I guess
I'm just
not gonna
say them.
I guess
someone
just has
to propose it -
has to ask the
right question
and I'll bend over for that quarter on
the ground and buy you
a \$2 coffee and tell you the "whole
story." I'll say all the words I've wrote of
you. Sometimes the words I've writ-
ten spread across your face. Its creepy
honestly.

I can't date i am not available for
anyone in the style they'd prefer me
- hard boiled. hello i am scramble as
hell. How sad to know you are want-
ed but you come out the wrong way
every time. I am abC section I
am the umbilical lasso around my
fetal neck. How strange to be both
mother and child for myself now. I
can't make you happy the way you
like to be, so,
no, I am not telling you about my

mouthwishes.

ur mouth is
occupied
kissing and
whispering nearly full time. I think
you've figured me out now cause at
the techno rave I had a sad-moment
and you hug-fed me and said I love
you harmony I love you a lot. How
strange that we both swim in fragile
inaction.

You can hear me
drunk improvising
my bunny song
from a treetop

Its me again
How are you now?
Im noncommittal Jesus
There's no North Star these days
Just tours

I thought I ripped my
jeans at the all-night
emotional unhaving
The dogs just dug their
teeth into them
They know what I did
And they punish me for it

Im the trashy
nose glue you tie
yourself unwill-
ingly to
Sipping on a
feeling
Sake sneakers
heelies
You're the speed
trap and the
feeling
Twice pulled
over stunned
and heavy
breathing
Thinking about
you loud and
easy
Tripping over it
for sport
I guess

The ugliest
grief
bled like
heavens
meat
I was disappointing

you look beautiful from here
i cannot wait to never move
closer

The iPhone lights of
4am have destroyed
the North Star. It is
2030

Sex is ambidextrous
No one can hold my hand
Unfulfilled tremors like light leaking through
gray blinds
Is the sun still even outside
Or is that just the microwaves radiation imi-
tating daylight

I had a sad-moment and you
hug-fed me
Love like macaroni
They call that
Empty calories
Kyle loves Zoloft now and
thinks your art is

not great

I can't say sorry for him
I'm sorry about that
I was there for it all
I think I
am gone now,
I
think

Im scared to
report the
current feeling.
Hello reporting
live from the
present, the
present which
is infallible
and pure and
unchaste
Dirty dirty girl
listens to be
my baby and
gets stoned
and cries to old
Dolly Parton
videos in a
windowless
room in New
York city adja-
cent

you made the
marriage joke
maybe fourteen
times today

The only poem I have is the practical joke
The practical joke is more rational than it is
practical
All our friends are narcissists
Their art is "okay" (I am not judging them for
it)
It is just the way things are we all know it
We divide and conquer into the telephone
world
I didn't think I stood a chance with you but
now I sit inside the chance and watch it swirl
Its a rubiks cube
Trauma and colored squares
I've never been but I think I can take you there

Peaches are
squished up
in balls of ash-
trays of do it
yourself venue
ethos

Politics lan-
guageless and
lackluster

I want to wrap
myself up for
once

In something
not redundant

Guitar gui-
tar guitar
chord melody
cadence and
horny matri-
mony

Monogamy
poly poly poly
poly synth
esizer

Shotgunned a
Budweiser in
another bath-
tub last night
After crushing
the camel
For the 21st
time

So there was
____ and there
was ____ and
there was an orgy
and a threesome
and some ran-
dom jobs here
and there the
orgy was loud I
was the loudest
of course if I
can't brag about
that what can I
brag about just
kidding I'm
embarrassed its
horrible and I am
embarrassed I am
always falling in
love with the past
and not really
with the present
maybe I am asex-
ual and my body
is just in a chain
reaction and the
dominoes are still
falling where they
may and when
I'm turned on
its just the after-
shock of a feeling
from a few weeks
before

Today I tried to
write the ugly song
My fingers were
collapsing like
Jenga pieces
Writing the ugliest
song
Words were sop-
ping with tears
Dripping across
the page like an
escapist child
On the merry go
round
Down the street
Across the town
I sang the ugly
song
And I wanted you
to hear it but your
ears were clogged
Or thats what my
friend told me
When I begged to
make you hear
My ugly song

Last year I wrote
the ugly song
and I wrote it
again this year
and ill write it
again next year
Who will be
around
To hear me sing
my ugly song
When you are
gone ?

Today I said thank you

Mouth silver strings ripped
From the new years day festivities
You were celebrating
Something you hadn't felt yet
Did you find it ?
Were you close to the glass all
along
Like a spy, knife to glass
A Hole to cut to put the feeling
part through

The feeling part you put through
What did you find to touch inside
You could touch it with your eyes
before
Now its yours to touch with your
feeling part
And you can only reach so much
through the hole in glass
But you can see the whole thing
with your eyes
And it really makes me wonder
about
The sensations to begin with

Is my first love
and my last
love the same
thing
Realizing I'm
the mirror
Reflecting
what I see
The love is all
inside
And what I'm
trying to find
Is someone
whos mirror
Lines up right
with mine

The music is so
beautiful
You couldn't. Let it
Cry
you couldn't Let you
cry
From the music
its beauty was brief
and patronizing

Mocking you
Tomorrow
It sings at you
Stings across your
eyes
Sweat in tight pants
he once told me
Thats what it felt
like

Are you editing the poem

Hi today
I can't believe that
Pretty crazy right
Yea

All the candy cane kids
practicing some better kind of
cleverness
Can I tell you I am a light artist
And that I am dying to feel as
much as you eventually

I stretch
myself to the
corners of
your mind
I think I look
better
like
this
You can say
its too much
But I like it

I feel
nothing
for the
kings of
social
Babylon
Their
critiques
are
ribbons
I tie
around
my neck
And
wear to
parties

The doc-
tors of
sincerity
Live on
a Hol-
lywood
skyline
“Billboard
style”
And they
feel things
at their
conve-
nience
Until life
has decid-
ed
She is tired
of that ar-
rangement

Now I am tired of be-
coming dirty laundry
To me that is less than
favorable alchemy
Everyone is their own
princess of the apoca-
lypse

manic paradise
tasted so good you
felt it twice
another parfait
holiday
the melodrama
is so eccentric
and sorry about itself

it's so good
that
everyone is out there
fucking
each other
sex girlfriends
i'mm so grateful
for their fuck

have the strangers
discovered
their boutique
cure
something about
fashion
clothes
and
documentaries
your mouth is
a secular airplane
landing strip
boring and con-
stantly changing
what are those
mental gymnas-
tics you decide
to do when you
want to have
a good time

i'm taking my full poetic liberty
who can we love now
the lone performer
asks
the silent crowd
who can we love now
it rings in their heads
til they roll over the next morning
in their full sized bed alone
and it rings in their heads
on a roll away mattress
swinging like a rollercoaster out of assisted living
and it rings
like tinnitus
a charming delinquent version of loneliness
planted by
someone more adored
immersed in fantasy

i want to take full poetic license
i feel the space between the fear of what i
could do and what i am currently doing
how do i learn
she has nothing
to do with me

did i stutter
when i kissed you
cause i only did that
as a joke

rich people are bad
metaphors for
immortality

my stipulation with sex
is
what it means to me
is different
than what it means to you
i guess
is what they tell me
or i'm traumatized
or whatever
from other fucks
and stuff
its disgusting
what they have done

horny is such a funny word
you love to say it
for you
it really
rolls
off
the
tongue
for me it comes out
kindof panicked and
half afraid
like oh my god
i just had my 29th near death orgasm
i can't tell if it feels good or like i'm on my way out
of my body but someones knocking at the door a
little too hard

when people
say women go
through hell
everyday
ive decided
i'm going to
respond with
"i know
dont you know
womanhood is
the afterlife?"

you can sleep with whatever left-
hand celebrity you want
they don't care and i don't either

i could only kiss you
between the crevice of my desire
adjacent to my fear
and it's not even of rejection but of the
fact that
preemptively
i'm disappointed
and know honestly
that it only
zgets worse from here

i am drinking tea
and
not
smoking
in the public outside

i want to read your poem
about sex and satiation
and i am longing for something outside of
myself
incorrectly as usual
and i can tell you my mental health is
sometimes.
i can
feel
happy like that
last week you were a tangerine with no seeds
with an illness
and there was no relief from the
“proclivity” of “Actual Reality”
you were so handsome and i was so crying

modesty
is
sacrilegious

something
about
wide open spaces
that's a good poem
and
something
about
the spirituality of everyday
being an inch
toward a clearer
"well rounded"
person
as though you are both
artist
piece
stripping off a little
marble
each second
i think that would be
a good poem
and something about
the spirituality
of
holding
ourselves

i
wonder
if poetry
is
time
sickness

the horny void
enters into
the computer
screen
a greeting

poem song
for being held
hi
i am working on the poem
song
it is about me,
1st,
overcaffeinating.
to the point of psychedelic
absolute
world ending
panic
and then
the beginning of
really
holding
you for the first time in a long time
(as if my life depended on it)
and then saying
that the world would be so absolutely
horrible
and worthless
if we couldnt touch and
i said
i am so grateful i can touch you
and
thank you
and i cried
and you said
thank you for touching me

wow i said
she is so beautiful when she doesnt talk
and god what is your name
are we having a “moment” right now
i am worried about you
i dont want to tell you that

if you are at all a sensitive person
you would know i am in
an exquisite and specific kind of pain

the more i give away the
more i have i tell myself
this in whatever altered
state i find most ap-
pealing
your mouth is rosacea
plums
falling from better emp-
tiness
better vacancy
whats the proudest noth-
ing you felt last week
i can tell your brain is a
square wrapped around a
cloud
i just wish i could see it
now

nothing can touch me
and i am
the luckiest girl in the
world

money
makes
the world
go quiet

i am a sat-
urday night
ghost
i am imitating
what it looks
like
when people
are in love

looking across
this rickety
table
at your
abysmal
face

your body
is spinal mystery
disassociating maybe
to kate bush
somewhere
in Missouri
misery
mystery
unrequited
I dont know if anywhere knows better
than I think to

sex-
less sex
volumes
blow up body
or
air mattress
let some air out the other side
decompress

fingertips
impractical
bodies
I've entertained
less and less wiser
It was too
good to be
honest and 2 honest
to be total trash
totalitarian romance
is passe

You all want so much
I applaud
Your outstretched hand
I contextualize
Your impending
Joy
What do I look like
With my eyes drained
Of all life
All belief in my
Ability to
Live?
It must be quite
Uninspiring
To see me so
Disheveled
My spine is
Knitting needles
You are a backbend
I want to
Medel
and slurp
A thrill
Or
Eat trash
Or
Feel my body
as though it is
Politically correct
Finally

I understand you found a more vibrant delusion
The punishing hand of romance is so thorough
What she does to us; we are all so happy
Experiencing blissful
Stockholm syndrome
I have always had a lot of words
Floating about
Kinda like bobby pins
Or egg shells where they shouldn't be
I have some words floating around for you
They are crude and biting
But my mother is always saying that
We are sick
With each other
With ourselves
It is just
A forgiveness trick
we havent figured out how to make yet
So i'm working on
Alchemizing bitterness
Into a backwards prayer
Backhandspring
Smiling at
our failure

You look smart
How do you do it?
I want to look smart
Maybe I will smile less
At old women at grocery stores
Will that make me
Seem more intelligent?
Or if I
Dont listen when you talk
That well
Because I am so deep
In my own
Gorgeous
Thoughts
Or if I listen really well
Like too well
And pick apart every thing you
say
Every word and its tone
That might just be
What the kids call
Annoying
I want to look smart
Though

I really
Don't want to
Confuse my demons
Even when I am feeling my most un-
beautiful
It feels like the wrong thing
To be doing
I want to do the right thing
Bite scratch and
Marvel
Wondering
If
you are
Attracted?
I have
Lost touch with my estrogen
My skin is red and itchy on my face
So I laugh
She looks funny
Its absurdity
What could a corkscrew teach you

