



Princess of the Apocalypse  
a word collection from 2017 to 2019  
by Harmony Tividad

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 dis-  
appoint-  
ing

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

