

Maggie Rogers, Surrender

When I'm angry or in love, I feel it in my teeth.
Strange harmonic buzzing.
Cuts through my hands.
My jaw.
My breast bone.
For a long time I fought it. Resisted. Held up my fists.
Tried to hold the current. Foolish.
I found peace in distortion. A chaos I could control.
Turned the drums up real loud hoping they could shock me back in.
Break the numbness.
Let the bright lights drag me out.
Do you fear what's underneath? Is your jaw wound tight?
Do you ever want to bite?
And what if you did?
Sink your gums into a shoulder.
Of a lover.
Of a day.
Of a year.
We were 18. We were 23. I'm 27 now.
Here's all I have. It's yours to take.
Love. Hate. Anger. Feral joy.
This is the story of what happened when I finally gave in.

Can you let go?
Can you feel it all?
Can you