

April 9, 2021

a poem by Oakley Ayden

Biscuits

he cut me

like i cut my biscuits
quick — like it's

second nature

quick — with the sharp
end of his words. not

with his body.

does it even really
count if it's not
with his body?

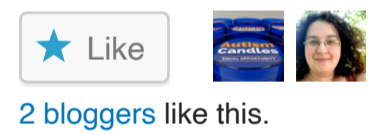
or am i all mixed
up in my pretty
little head

like he said
like he said
like he said?

About The Poet

Oakley Ayden (she/her) is an autistic, bisexual writer from North Carolina. Her poems appear or are forthcoming in *Ghost City Review*, *Not Very Quiet*, *The Minison Project*, *Motherscope Magazine*, *The Cabinet of Heed*, *Neologism Poetry Journal* and elsewhere. She currently lives in California's San Bernardino National Forest with her two daughters. Find her on Twitter ([@Oakley_Ayden](#)) or Instagram ([@Oakley.Ayden](#)).

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