POETRY

Pocket of Fucks

by Jan Mohn



"Paint as Abstracted Flesh" by Titania Hunter

Tint Journal, no. (), www.tintjournal.com

Copyright © 2026 by Tint - ESL Literary Journal and Association.

i dance buck wild
i dance to a remix of hate
i dance like a wounded child
i dance to lessen the general belly ache
i dance because the club is overflowing with dead bodies
i dance for the night queens and the day clowns
i dance for the ones sobbing with glittered faces
i dance for a burning blue ball with a red countdown
i dance during brunches with a frown in my throat and a fist under my tongue
i dance myself into every world-weary ear drum
i cave them in chew them up and vomit back up a rainbow
i dance like an upturned beetle
i dance like a wasp to the sound of crying moths
i dance to unresolved trauma bonds
i dance because i have helium in my veins
i dance to ease to cause to change to creep and gaze
i dance to the whistling of my attic acquaintance
i dance because my ankle longs for christmas
i dance for i wish i could not give a fuck
my pocket of fucks is empty and i am cutting them out of my flesh
for people who mistake me for a sail
a coffee stained, knife-pierced rag hoping for wind expecting the rain
love letters smudged onto it with the lipstick of an alcoholic wringer
containing chipped teeth daisies and praying middle fingers
i dance like a stun gun
i dance like a bare knuckle fight
i dance around the pit in my stomach
i dance because i am fucking tired
i don’t dance for fun
i dance because if i don’t i die
i dance for i wish i could still give a fuck
my pocket of fucks is empty and there is no more flesh to cut

Copyright © 2026 by Tint - ESL Literary Journal and Association.