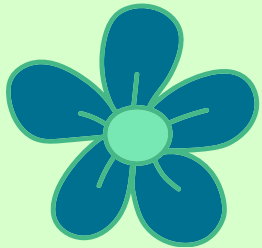


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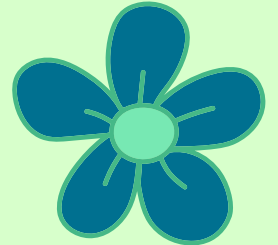
MAY 1ST, 2026



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# Wildflower Post

*Newsletter*



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TODAY'S WRITER

*Merckx Martinez Davila*

Merckx is a student from Westchester, New York who loves to write obscure fairytales and streams of consciousness. When not writing, he is often found playing the lyre, singing everywhere (EVERYWHERE), or researching a film he'll say he'll watch someday.

# *December rituals (or any decorative seasons)*

MERCKX MARTINEZ DAVILA

## **december 1st**

To light up a tree, you have to cut it down

To be trapped in searching, not falling

or maybe falling out of a window

Trapped in the stupid serendipity of slithy schoolchildren

In the darkest pith of my Himalayan bathroom ceremonials,

Oh, God, change me into a tiger

Let me claw myself

Out of portals and portents

Of Buddhist shrines and mountain gods,

Lay here, I

Prostrate below,

Look to me from heaven

And feel.

A prayer is a Christmas ornament

**december 2nd**

It was supposed to snow today,

It rained

Suffering is the fate of Christmas lights,

Uncoiled to recoil to be uncoiled, to be recoiled,

In the dark.

Waiting for the next December

Ouroboric like me.

The hollow ringing of Church bells

Or the sorrowful wringing of the Persian carpet,

stained in tears

Oh God, change me into a bear

Laying deep

Motherlike,

ritualistic in slumber

Away from the devotionals

Of demons and deities

Leave me in kowtow

Frosted over

in cosmological cursive

And you?

Was God ever more than just a feeling?

**december 3rd**

The tree is lit up now  
It's almost making fun of me.  
Snakes are peculiar creatures  
Slipping out of slithery skin,  
Do they transfigure entirely?  
praying to be released  
From the same cadaver God had cursed to crawl on its belly  
in the closet, I line the floors  
With iridescent fabric  
as the rain pours harder,  
divining in the weather,  
Monsoon goddesses don't strike the northeast  
Oh God change me into a king,  
Let me build a temple  
Something messianic  
But away from you and others  
To hide from the hideous faces  
Of angels and demons disguised as each other  
Yet, alas, here I lay  
Metanoia in the physical  
Pounding my head on the ornate floor  
Away from the goddesses that gave me the gift of eyes  
Can I look up now?

**december 4th**

One of the ornaments broke  
Shattered on the floor.

To find the key was never the problem  
But finding where it opens.

I leave them,  
My bathroom ceremonials  
and closet divinings,  
as a droplet,  
As red as blood  
blooms on the shining floor,  
covered in the lustrous shards  
of an old familial ritual.

Oh God,  
how can I ask you to change me?  
Have I been changed already?  
Am I in my final form yet?  
Steeping in eschatology,  
maybe grief is like a game,  
a samsara,  
Something cyclic.

I am no longer prostrate  
I sit upright  
Surrounded by the singing  
Of demons and deities  
and I hum,  
cradling myself,  
in folklore and horror.

Namaste.