

BECOMING IS REBELLION



Poems by
Liz Hewitt

Dedicated to all those who have helped me
grow, intentionally or otherwise.

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Incapable Distress

Her head floats, just above the water, as if she fell from some high up branch. Closed eyes that appear, almost peaceful. Her half wet hair, frizzy. An empty wine bottle bobs besides her, disturbing the glassy surface. Why doesn't she look how she felt last night? Instead she's held in calmness, still smelling of wine, blood, and cheap perfume. Her clotted arm and the discarded blade, the only visuals that challenge the illusion. She floated through life until her fall, her bouquet wilted before she could even hold it. I can't break my gaze, glaring at regret. Her chest rises with a breath. A cough escapes her cold lips before hacking fills the room, then a gasp. My eyes close as I fall.

Darkness abruptly replaced, a throbbing headache, coldness, and a sore arm. Confusion, embarrassment, pity. Next to me, a floating empty bottle of wine, a sunken razor. Memories attempt to intensify emotion but are quickly replaced by the immediate need. Soaked and half tripping I collapse over the toilet as a viscous stream spews from my mouth.

Surviving "The Fall"

I found my writing from before
Exhuming my old obsession

*She sang as she fell
From the willow tree
Into the glassy water*

I couldn't help but be her.
As I fell, damned, into the brook

*Drenched, her denim jacket
Pulls down the grieving daughter*

Pulled down by my denial
Of budding womanhood,
Pulled into the dark—
Paling my flesh—

*Bubbles escape her mouth
Cracking the glass surface
Her eyes close
The bouquet slipping from
her hands*

Doomed to drown,
By expectation.
My heart and mind broken;

I never could imagined
Ending up on the shore.
Forever unsure,
If I survived
or was reanimated.



Reanimated by Liz Hewitt
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On The Shore

When you find yourself;
After long decades;
When wounds start to scab over;
And your pieces scar together;

you will be fragile.

The smallest mistake,
A deadly gash—
It is all so catastrophic.

You will pick at the scabs;
Want to tear yourself asunder;
Murder over a mistake,
No one else will even remember.

When you find yourself;
Be kind to her;

she is tender.

Habits

Every former habit,
Claws up again.
Veins beg to bleed,
Lungs cry out
For cancerous smoke.

In acceptance of want,
But denial of harm
You grow closer—

To who you need to be.



Opossum

An opossum lies—
For so long—
On the side of the road.

I forgot if I was
dead or just playing

I can no longer tell
If the writhing inside
Is the need for something
more—
Or maggots eating
My rotten insides

If the sun is causing
The warmth on my belly—
Or the heat of rot
Billowing from within.

Years pass,
Time blends together

Then I awake—
within myself.

I claw out
from inside
my flesh
scraping
and
tearing

until my fur splits

and out of my corpse
I rise—
alive again.

Liz, Read This When Helplessness Creeps In Again

I can't help but weep
for a world that hasn't yet come
Fear of coming termination or extermination
A pink slip, handcuffs, or a gun between my teeth.
"Terrorist" in my obituary because
I won't shirk my duty and leave.
Because I know what it would have meant for a younger me.

I can't help but fear
the world that's here.
Accusatory glances,
rhetoric that frames my being as predatory.
Siblings murdered by men or laws.
Jobs lost over names or clothes
While others are killed in concentration camps over status
or skin.
The selfish white fear it could be your demographic next
When it's already your community.

I can't choose not to fight
for a world that could be
When your body begs for apathy
Fear that wants to freeze
I can't give in
I need to speak again, march again, write, organize, and scream
again.

We must fight the world that's already here
To save us all.

Abscess of Absence

Memory of absence—
dotted with holes,
cigarette burns,
on a couch or
your _____ sweater

Body of absence—
dotted with burns,
marred with _____ blades,
to forget

Forget this body—
Forget its pain—
Forget its mine—

Memories absent—
spaces _____,
with booze and pain,
And forgetting

I don't remember—
my first smoke,
I don't remember—
My first drink,
but, on occasion,
they still end up in my hand

Can an abscess of absence—
be drained?
will emptying viscous _____
pus,
reveal the past _____
_____?
or can the space
only be replaced?

Body of remnants;
scars that show my lowest,
scars that show _____,

Memory of absence;
forgotten moments the
scars,
remnants of pain I usually
forget are there?
proof of healing,
that I stopped hiding

Body, finally, of me:
skin and hair and face and
legs, hands, and eyes,
glands, breasts, and organs
blood, bones, and teeth
Body of now.
With laughs and tears
Sinking pain and ecstatic joy

A mind able to make
memories
For me.

Under A New Sun

That first sun,
Warmth on your skin
Shares its space
With looming clouds

Manufactured threats,
Sold with authority
Of false laws and gods.

Can you enjoy the day
While the witch-fires burn each night?
While others are denied
What saves you?

Joy tempered,
Celebrations coupled,
With resistance.

Now holding life I want to keep
With those I can't help but care for

Surviving alone is not enough.

About Me!

Hi! I'm Liz Hewitt, a writer, poet, educator, union member, and trans woman born and raised in North Carolina. I have been writing since I was in high school as a way to work through my emotions and place in the world. I hope you enjoyed my poems but even if you didn't thanks for spending the time to engage with my art!

I love experiencing other people's art so if you have any you want to share please send it my way at the following email:

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Thanks for reading!

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