from Last Four Months

yo pienso piense
when i started my instagram
i shared my successes
only
didnt think i could
grab help in kind
the
kind i needed
i still dont
my body only
knows
as much as
its
allergic
to
thats squat

an
apparition
awaits
you

i wish i never made any
white friends so many
have demanded a life story
but i only have those
of the dead
i dont trust
cis folks
people
cars men
traffic gas money
id burn them all too
im not always that angry
or beaten down
god
dear diary
im on the bus
where are you
why are you
so sad

i will murder every
last one of you
tylenol inherent
i intro
spect my life
im gone
im done and gone gone and done

darkness
is construct
melanated
warfare

convincible
of
separate
unequal

deadheat
the hands
of the
unprotected

silence is death
140 characters vs a colonic
she died on that
cross too heavy

touch me touch me
dont be sweet
-lady gaga

my boyfriend
is still on grindr
=
fuck that

back to
i give up
dont touch what you cant accord

hate isnt everything

its currency