

**That's Mr. Faggot to you**

I think my roommate thinks

I'm Nonbinary

*Because*

I wear two different colored socks

One pink,

One blue,

No, just kidding, the real reason, and I know it is real,— because it came up in between a frequent bedroom smoke sess, when I told her my first time was anal.

She said,

“Wow, that's so ... “nonbinary””

## **COW-BOY.404.**

I would do anything to be visible.

He says he “wants to get to know me”

No you don't, I reply with a smile under 2 masks

His brow furrows —

I'm a man I say

“No you're not”

I'm a guy, I retort

“No you're joking”

I am a man, I stand firm

“Like a trans woman?”

No, like a man— I do not shorten my breath but I consider each exhale and inhale carefully

He leaves— muttering and cursing his misfortune

And to be invisible isn't my luck

They call me lucky, but it's not tattooed on my head

But my friends got it covered

Blanketed warm under covers

But I'm silly and I should know better

She doesn't even scold me but I know what I'd say

Damn daffy duck freeze, we're undercover

Like hold your hands out, we're out of Splenda

Hold my ears back — wash those lovers

Rub em together and find something better

I thought I knew better

But I know I knew better

Rub down the tub before I soak, rub down my body before I sleep, scrub out my mind before I weep

Im holding it together by a string— damn PYT

It's hard to be considering bills when you —

Don't think money will be accounted for soon

But I do need an accountant boo

And a reminder too, to eat and shower

I have the power  
You have the power  
To change everything and anything  
Put my head in the casket, I wanna detach for a bit—  
But I'm still at the table — thinking about how to feed myself, weeded myself of insecurities and past phobias  
My garden  
Grows in Brooklyn  
And I'm hoping you can check it out some day  
And find me bent over  
With my top off  
No stress or, pressure— if ya don't  
But if ya do— I wouldn't want to be visible like now — let me break it down

Visible like now is how I feel when someone can eye my body up  
Searching for the proof that my words don't match my meaning  
And now is how I feel when I know I can't get angry cause I gotta be happy it didn't get scary  
And now is how I feel when I put on my most masculine of armor and still come back to the fact that I'm always mistaken for a trans woman and it's confusing as if I gotta use the same sharpened knives against me

Why do I gotta say trans before man?  
Why don't I have the privilege to say

I am a man. A, man.

And be met at face value  
I just wanna be visible

But do I?  
Do I?

Wanna pass for cis? Of course it's all I dream of and think about, frying eggs have me dreaming of a flat top— with no pull, no give

And I don't think this isn't an acceptable way to dream— cause its everyday and every night so I wont say my brain isn't tryin to send me the message with or without USPS I got the post crystal clear  
And opaqueness reveals to me that its all blurry  
Cause even if I pass there is still worry  
Even if AI “passes” me I'll be worried  
Even if they match my face, and decide I'm trans enough to “not worry”— what's the next test? I wouldn't want to believe it's coming but I know we have it already— so baby, being invisible is my blessing and it hurts to say that — I'm scared of you seeing my truth.

But still?

I would do anything to be visible.

**CANDY LAND OSMOSIS - MONDAY JANUARY 6TH, 2020 @ 1:50 PM**

I'm TIRED OF PORTLAND OREGON

I'm TIRED OF PEOPLE PROJECTING FALSE IMAGES

OF FALSE IDOLS

OF EGO WORSHIP

And CLOUT C\*CK SUCKERY, I got my own D \$ C K

I can FUCK MYSELF WITH

And a promo for ya, a bogo form a [whore-u-knew.org](http://whore-u-knew.org)

AND 82ND ISN'T SCARY— YOUR WHITE LIBERAL BUBBLE MAKES

YOU MORE SCAREDY CAT THAN GYLLENHAAL AS A BUBBLE BOY

HAGRID VOICE CAUSE YOU'RE STILL FRIENDS WITH A RAPIST < HARRY >

JK STILLS PLAYING A TRANS EXCLUSIONARY

ON TWITTER

AND ON TIK TOK

UR COUSIN MAKES A CAREER OUT OF A RACIST JOKE ABOUT SYRIA

WW3 HYSTERIA

YOU'D BAG a BODY, your " IRANIAN BADDIE "

ISN'T GONNA LOVE U FOR

INVADING HER COUNTRY

PRIVILEGED WANNA BE VISIGOTHS

WANNABE WASHUPS

FIRST YOU'D have to TRY to earn the has-been cup

I'm TIRED OF BEING IN A BORING CAGE

I'm TIRED OF WAITING FOR MY SHALLOW GRAVE

GIVE ME ALL THE CASH

I SHOUT FROM BEHIND THIS MASK

IF I SAVED OUR COUNTRY WITH MONEY FROM MY C\$NT-ERY WOULD U

BAN ME

BAN ME

BAN ME?

FUCK YOUR BLOW GUZZLING<ass grabbing>

BALD SPOT UNDER YOUR BEANIE

ASS HAVING

SELF.

A LOT OF 20 sOMETHINGS

And 30 sOMETHINGS

DECIDED FOR YOU TO NOT TRY, DON'T GIVE THEM THE TIME

OF DAY or NIGHT

SMOKE TO SURVIVE AND HEED THESE WISE WORDS

YOU MATTER<actually>

YOUR VOICE<is valid>

YOUR DREAMS<can be reality>

BEWARE: THE CLOUT DRIVEN CROWD<this audacity>

IN A WORLD WHERE WE JUMP THROUGH A RING OF FIRE

EVEN FROM OUR OWN COMMUNITY<TELL ME? >

Did I walk the line, did I lick the boot well enough, did I

Did I

Did I

DID I?

I'm stuck in candyland.

Don't seem to have a plan,

How do I get out of here?

2 steps forward, 8 steps back.

Move me out,

right out of here.

## **A tweaked out Adrien Brody**

The bicoastal (micro) influencer  
Is an abuser, although not mine--  
I have tasted the fruits of his misogyny  
    When he asks my friend and I, to show  
                                    Our tits for a photograph  
We have been carefully watched since we  
Entered the frat bro dive bar, &

Behind the pool table, we acquies, &

Show our chests bare, as the flash camera blinds  
The men burrowing their gaze into the center  
    Of our flesh  
When he pulls me aside after, he proclaims  
“This is art, I’ve made you art now”

My stomach churns as I consider that this designer,  
who , months from now will have his face plastered around the internet as a predator,  
    Only sees us as art when he is behind the camera,  
    Only in his eyes do we illuminate interest  
When all three of us stumble outside to suck down our vape pens,

The abusive influencer who looks like a tweaked out Adrien Brody, attempts  
Convincing us to follow his cohorts to a rooftop bar in the lower east side  
Laughing, we deny him, happy to have an Uber en route  
In the backseat, I consider our departure as joyous as stolen artifacts  
Returning to their country of origin

Months later, I’ll block his follow request and--  
Find it sad, that he collaborates with a painter I know  
It’s no surprise, that bad men, rarely face the consequences of their terrorism  
                                    I lie naked, bare, and rejoice that, for now  
These memories chase me only for a moment, and my dreams are sweet relief  
For there is no glamour to this life, &  
His gaze brought you no peace