

“an open letter to self-esteem”

sometimes i get sad
and order enough food
for the both of us.
then eat it all myself
so it's as if he were here
all along.

sometimes i fall in love
with a friend and starve
myself beautiful,
vying to make them
look my way again.

i don't know
what it is about food,
or why i use it
to wound me.

but

I know somehow
it's all because of you.

you stupid

bitch.

“historical fiction”

so,
you're,
like... a Top? he said; smiled.
and you read and re-read the history
his lips were writing about
your future
together.

haha :/

“a message to the brain signed with love from the body”

holy jeepers,
i'm embarrassed to be you.
you ask him to “hang out”
four days in a row? in a ROW?
he concedes on friday.
so you proceed to ask him again on saturday?
NO, OF COURSE HE DOES NOT TEXT BACK.
psychopath.

somebody, pleeeeeeease take
this prick's phone
a

w

a

y.

i am ashamed to be your machine!

gah.