

Dance

Can we dance?

In the kitchen with Alexa pumping something poppy indie

Slow

Interrupt me putting up the mixing spoon ladle glasses with the leftover beer vodka

Apple Juice

Packets of pop ice consumed over the years and brain freezes the likes of which even your velvet

Lips

Can't take my mind away from the cycle of my mind except in the times when we

Lay

I can feel the warmth spreading in the lamplight the girls in bed the sound machine raining light tones

Looped

Like the days when I wake at four AM for some me time and I think of my goals and my goals think of my stress and my stress thinks of

Counseling

Breathe. Peace. Feeling. Vulnerability. Crying. Hugs. It. Takes.

Time

Am I painfully self aware or just aware that a self exists I can't quite see the lines of light waves flashing and landing in front of my eyes it just bounces off the thing the creatures I share the

World

Some call me poppa and daddy and some employee and smart and know it all some son and the other doesn't say anything at all except how much my little brother misses me

Guilt

I felt guilt every time I chose myself over others and I've recently come out of the closet as an Asshole

Hand Up

Let the doctor cup you where your depression and anxiety meet turn your head and

Cry

And then

you reach

out to me

in the dark

"Put the phone down

Cuddle me"

Millennial Rhapsody

Nothing really matters
young people don't vote
the atmosphere pressure cooks
faster than Instant Pots
savings accounts

Nothing really matters to us
Green Day was once revolutionary
emo songs twisted
with a patriotic
lack of patriotism
nationalist anthems
about Jesus Christ's
sexual preferences
gender identity

Nothing really matters
the greatest country
most magnificent
never seen a better country
cause all the other countries
reject the passport
I can't get
with an Oklahoma ID

No nothing really matters to me
no read on what political party represents the people
a choice between bad carbs
racist protein
leaves me with the fat of a rapist
to digest

I'm just a poor boy/girl
imitating the once personal words
of an indo-parsi british bi
in a world stacked against him

Anyway

the wind blows
he died
leaving behind a world
that could only manage to ask
shouldn't you marry a nice girl?

Boy/Girl

Egg
they say
in online spaces
haunted
by her

Mascandrogyne
one word for it

He said,
gesturing
to women on TV
ignoring
the women in the room
his own mother
with confidence,
“They’re crazy”

I. Did. Not.
Agree.

Admittedly blending in
passing
the sofa beneath me
is sliding
seventy
sixty-five
sixty
percentage points
like a test
a D minus Man
an F woman

the moment I realize
the women
on TV
in the room
were reflections

pieces of the puzzle
being remembered
in these
words

They aren't crazy
She isn't crazy
I...