

Breathing in Sulfur

It's not the first time I've been stood up.
Happy Fourth of July! All that smoke

is from my blunt. I see the fireworks through it
from my front porch.

On New Year's, I stuck my head under my bed in fear
of bullets. I love this city and mean it.

The beer I'm drinking taste like shit at
room temperature yet I'm too loyal.

Conjugation ruined my accent. I guess "I want gf,"
to remove articles, become primordial.

We need a new light bulb.
So I wait for another burst

then take the 24-hour picture. I almost forgot to mention
I talked to the cardinal again this morning

while I was drinking coffee. She said "sorry"
...a lot. It was kind of annoying at first

but I enjoy her company and the orange
of her underbelly. When home décor depicts

two of these birds as red and cuddly, what it's doing
is supporting gay liberation in secret--

you know, like Christians in basements.
I have to outright say it: isn't it hypocritical

to like BDSM as a feminist? Why do you support
violence against women? In all honesty,

fuck the environment. I am sure this was the intention
when Mendieta buried herself, since whatever

a woman does, it is sexual and expected.

I went out just to order fried okra. I drove by
lots of houses. I told invisible people out the window
that they're cute. Unpainted brick is ugly,
but then again, I don't really think
to do anything to my toes, so who
am I to judge? By now poems should be only emojis
to get to the point. "There are better ways
to be better" and other circular logic.
I step on the exoskeleton of a locust
with relish. I make my wish. I want my next lover
to know I'm here for her.