

the online collection



listen to my heartbeat  
as it fuses with your dial up tones

thread my veins with your wires  
pump my blood so it flows  
the same direction as your electrons

the screws inside my ankle  
are the same ones holding your fan together  
i run my hand over the scar and yearn  
for a body as strong as your ASB plastic

i wish i could die before you  
so i didn't have to hold  
your lifeless body in my arms  
listening as the tech guy  
tells me about your failed CPU  
and my eyes didn't have to watch you  
guttled from the outside in  
to hold the vomit back in my throat  
as i watch him tear apart my friend

whether it's my body or yours  
they call it anatomy either way

and i hope you knew that i loved you  
when i held your mouse in mine  
and i hope that theres a heaven  
where we're equal in gods eyes

// my computer

// my future

i fall betw  
een the pri the  
me meridian sky  
my body fol line  
ded a milli-----  
on ways ori is  
gami'd unti pre  
l i can't s ttier  
ee myself a-----  
s me who i on  
am is unkno my  
wn to those own;  
that are th-----  
e closest t sile  
o myself in nce  
between the is my  
closet and-----  
the unemplo new  
yment line favo  
the old que rite  
eer special song  
-----

i hope the belt reminded him of wires  
the same rubbery stick to anxious skin;  
pinched between his fingers  
in the cover of the closet

i make myself angry,  
imagining police ripping up floorboards  
for a note i know he typed

forever damned to a desktop folder

i wonder if his heels felt the difference  
between office carpet and brooklyn apartments

indents of clothing on unmoving skin,  
from piracy to death  
the difference that the cold makes

// aaron

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// tip of the tongue

i bawled my eyes out  
when i couldn't recall your name

snot dribbled down my nose  
and i wiped it on the back of my hand  
like i did when i was a kid

and i begged god  
but i guess he didn't hear me  
because the pieces of you i remember  
aren't enough to place

and i wept because i couldn't go back  
and i wept harder because i couldn't move on  
and i cried because i never finished my cake

but i dry my eyes with my sleeve  
and hold onto these memories  
because i know you'll be back someday  
and when someday comes  
there's a place for you here  
-i even bought a disc drive

scratched lottery tickets  
meet unopened bills  
and a court date set in July  
is pushed to the back of his mind  
as he is swept up  
in fireballs and gin  
rings cast his table  
from drinks, unaccounted;  
blending days  
blend harder  
when blacking out becomes routine

// blackout

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// route

i walk the same route  
to work every day  
despite the true crime influencers  
and talk show hosts,  
who tell me  
it's a sure-fire way  
to become a missing poster  
inside the local walmart

i walk with my headphones in,  
in the city, late at night

i take shortcuts in alleys  
and take the bus  
to the taco bell downtown  
where my dad told me  
the riff-raff like to hang

ive never been one to take precautions  
because i know  
no matter how many

drinks, i turn down  
articles of clothing, i wear  
or keys, i keep between my fingers

they'll still tell me  
what i should've done better  
if anything ever did happen.  
and everytime they do,  
all i hear  
is "you should've been born a man"

**// before halloween**

his gildan shirt clung to his chest  
and tapered off the further  
down his body it went  
it looked great on him  
but it looked a lot better  
laying atop my lampshade

my hand felt across  
the patches and pins  
scouring his jeans  
the dental floss caught  
on the guitar-induced callouses  
of my fingertips

slowly, un-donned  
his skin no longer  
with a barrier to mine

...

his boxers sat on my hips  
far better than his

my necklace looked nicer  
clipped around his neck

and his shoes were always better  
when they were sat  
by the door of my apartment

**// after halloween**

i feel like the sky is getting closer

my lighter's flicks  
tally my cigarettes,  
as i count the clouds

i blink—  
the moon is bigger

arms wrap around my waist  
lips brush against my neck  
my eyes close

hands rest on my hips  
my eyes open  
and the moon moves another inch

...

i feel like the sky is getting closer  
i blink,  
the moon is bigger

i walk the same route  
to work, everyday  
despite the true crime talk show hosts  
who tell me  
it's a sure-fire way  
to become a missing poster  
inside the local walmart  
-a milk carton kid in 2024

i walk with  
headphones in,  
and my hood up  
taking shortcuts  
through alleys and underpasses  
onto the bus  
to the taco bell downtown  
where my dad told me  
the riffraff like to hang  
with the only riffraff,  
being the one  
walking into a faux-mexican fast food chain-  
with an outfit you could only find  
on the manequin at a Victorias Secret  
-hidden under an oversized hoodie

because on days like today,  
where being Rory is a herculean task  
i put on my shortest skirt & my tiniest top  
and go to the club as Aurora instead

...

"i have to work tomorrow"  
i tell him,  
incredulously undersold,  
as his hand rests  
particularly on my thigh

i imagine in this moment,  
the sense my friends could drill  
into my dumb drunk brain  
but they're not here  
so i grab the strange man's hand  
hop in the taxi,  
and slur my address to the driver  
against whatever judgement i have left

ill cry about it  
on the phone with them tomorrow  
because for one glorious night,  
ill be wanted for something  
you can't see acne in the dark  
and strobe lights like to lie

// route (rev.)