



stardust  
cowgirl

suburbs to suburbs,  
dust to dust



i write poems  
on my phone  
at dinner parties  
on the subway  
during your funeral  
because what else  
should i do  
with these hands



to all the dead boys

that easy telepathy  
that can exist  
between  
two bodies  
i don't think about you  
every day  
but some times  
i remember being young  
with you  
& all those sweat soaked nights  
at punk houses with names  
more real than yours







be the bitch you want to meet in the void



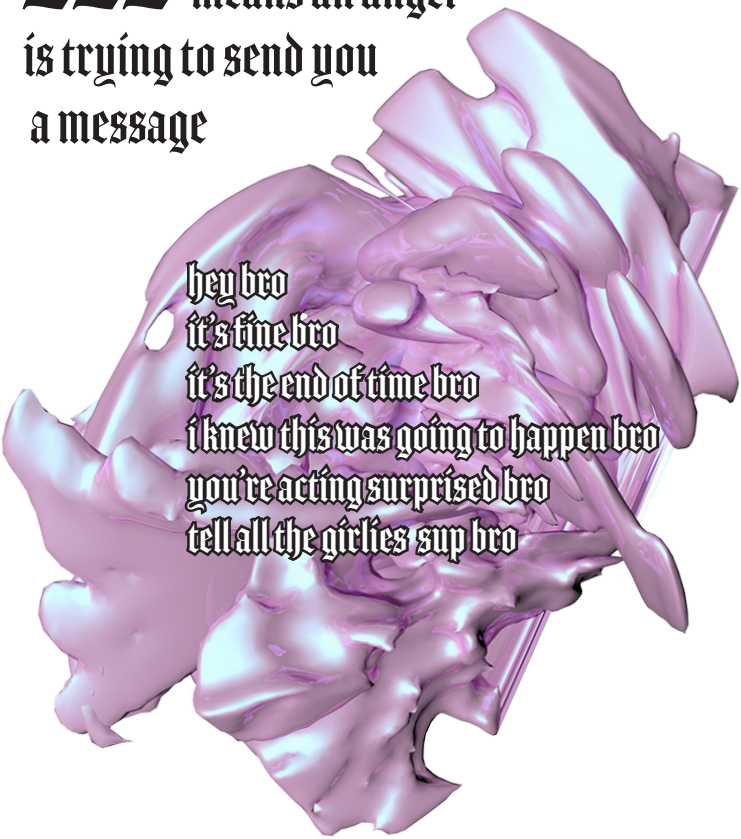
the secret language  
of flowers  
is like  
the secret language  
of girls taking selfies  
all the things we do  
because we don't trust  
that we are real  
i wanted this to be a nature poem  
but i never go outside  
touch my hand to the table  
press my face against it

m  
o  
o  
d  
b  
o  
a  
r  
d

imagine sinking in  
as molecules will  
if given enough time  
i'll never have enough time  
checking off the names  
of writers  
i grow older than  
sylvia plath  
edith södergran  
simone weil  
when will i be a name  
on another girl's list



**222** means an angel  
is trying to send you  
a message



hey bro  
it's fine bro  
it's the end of time bro  
i knew this was going to happen bro  
you're acting surprised bro  
tell all the girlies sup bro

the sexual tension between



&







discite mori



halcyon, bucolic, sylvan,  
georgic, arcadian



if only i could eat words  
like you eat the body of christ

glitter fisk findes,  
gaderne,  
glemslen

