

upending my guts like calcined lime and clay

I still feel shh she shell shocked  
missing the rigid rules of Deutschland dear Heimat  
where nobody made their fucking issues anybody else's problem  
just smiled with blood in their mouths and always sent kisses  
said stay positive, insisted upon the mantra  
undeviating and deviant undone  
it is human to hate the melodramatic  
and hilarious to think I was ever hated or cared for  
because s he left me crumpled on a bench  
because what angel or sinner has seen me cry since then  
and taken me into their home  
their narrow kitchen  
their quilted bed

and what animal or snake has sent me a follow up text

are u good?!

Yea a lot better thank you

Going to sleep soon how are you?

what happened?

i'm sleepy

couldn't hold it together anymore and I dunno

Where are you?

u're sad

?

gesundbr



Yes

why?

Lonely and scared for my future

But stay strong

O G i r l  
stay strong

Incoherent life philosophy

I'd like to tell you everything about myself

Where to begin?

how many generations are scarred  
by the aftermath of world war two  
or whatever trauma  
this be the verse  
they fuck you up  
sweet mama  
seventeen  
sad

same vibe everyone berlin

but stay strong  
with emotions  
don't show them spontaneous  
that's why this city is the good mood vibe  
even when its bad  
u laugh and friendly and give miid

UR0 ∞ 1

The love I know  
is physical  
a body between  
me and harm's world  
arm's length  
Unpenetrable

Mostly absent  
laughing  
and forgetful  
or hyperfocused

in infancy  
I'd like to share this in a photo album  
but she's far too frugal for that  
chasing Scoodles ~~for~~ the cat  
meow

Bongo bit me.

My Uncle was the best at naming pets

Now he's homeless

so I use the past tense,

and feel ashamed

A family should be a safety net

That's what love said.

This was supposed to be for you, but it's for me again

Coming up on age ten when

I had a fever, and curled up on the couch.

I tried to tell my mom about my worries

105 and delusional

as a fourth grader could get,

I insisted the kids outside had it in for me.

"The neighbor kids?" she asked, as gently as she knew how  
and laid her hand on me,

the angel, unsure what to do

because she was too young to be a mother

it's easy to be an angel

when you're only 29.

She had it all wrong. But I wasn't able to explain then  
or ever again. It wasn't the neighbor kids. It was the kids outside  
On the street. They were mad at me, because I had mined the  
maze

my mind was contorting into

u have to

people need fun everytime

do u understand me?

i'm serious

when i have bad mood

i don't even show up

cause its not the vibe