

*Recursion*

i.

i was not born riotous i just asked  
and asked and asked and no one  
answered recursive violence *name it*  
infinite loop *name it*  
do you want the names  
of all my dead trans  
friends i didn't think so  
feminism is getting in the way  
of my will to live HA i joke  
whenever i truly mean something it's okay  
no one takes me seriously  
anyways more self -inflicted violence  
*name it* (echo) (echo)  
*name it* two women are fighting  
in front of my apartment they are yelling about  
gaslighting they don't  
see me  
i always slip in  
without notice  
through  
a hole (echo) (echo)



at them non-binary people stare  
at them i make everyone hot and  
uncomfortable  
it's been a while since i had an orgy  
but you better believe  
people get on their hands and knees to see  
me and touch me  
among so many bodies i thrive bodies  
lose form i don't mind the weight  
of flesh people want me  
and i give them what they want *name it*  
i stopped calling the doctor  
because he never picked up  
i stopped going to class  
because the teacher hated me  
for hating feminism  
i started having sex  
because it was the  
truth recursive violence  
could be  
a delight