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)

ii.

i wake up take my lexapro

see the trees have turned golden overnight

i wake up and

my body looks the same

my chest the same small nipples the same my thighs

the same BURN EVERY

IMAGE OF ME i yell at my lover i am scared

to look at anything

because everything reflects

my same

name it each day i call

the doctor each day

i get a voicemail THE DOCTOR IS NOT

**AVAIL** 

ABLE name it i am vain

like a child selfish asking

for so much thinking i deserve

everything

iii.

my nipples make every outfit better

they are the perfect size the perfect shape

men stare at them women stare

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