ryan tarr is a non binary queer michigander living in austin rn, you can reach them at rwt1515 at gmail n can find their work at [feveredpress.tictail.com](http://feveredpress.tictail.com/). they would love to b yr penpal if u would be theirs

I hate this writing I hate these empty words i spew out at parties

where I never know where to place myself and I haven’t been

bright in these settings in a while and it isn’t me and is this how

we are expected to be and me in February is neglectful and disconnected

feeling both apprehensive abt beginning new things and

desirous but what else is new this framework doesn’t destroy that

it doesn’t break dependencies and insecurities

maybe not myself but this at least gives a place for my eyes

when did I get so worried abt our eyes

i’m trying to occupy realms i’ve never seen that isn’t tru i’m not

trying to occupy anything i’m floating i’m waiting to transform

your fear your hatred your rejection into my power so i can come

back and float away from this river but not away from the river

the river will grow until it’s all river and i’m floating through all of it

but i’m feeling the patriarchal bullshit

i’m feeling the norm of providing and securing

learn to allow people to ache and know there is nothing to do

i don’t hold everyone’s answers

i don’t know how to talk to people when they have a question

that i can’t shine my fucking light on

i’ve become dislodged unanchored feeling adrift

back w/ that unproductive and empty feeling i need to pee i need

to think about active listening i need to revisit why i’m here i

need to understand where i’m going or what direction i should

even start in i’m so worried abt destroying my family, destroying

myself, destroying everyone around me

being pulld away but not by the moon

i can’t get myself to work thru any thoughts but i can let my

fingers jot it down right now

in anna’s house in tenth grade holding her hand after surgery

watching john adams desperate for contact and for affection and

am i back there now

i can remember her hand felt like tape

and my skin smelled differently after

it was almost like coffee

why am i reeling

maybe mom’s right and i’m just over this weather and

maybe it’s not me it’s the world but am i not in the world am i not

changing with the season

and i don’t mean he changes with the season i don’t mean fickle i

don’t mean changing over time

i mean my leaves have fallen i mean the sun is gone from me the

cold is changing my body changing my composition and maybe

i’m laying dormant or maybe i’m only meant to live in the spring

and you shouldn’t have planted me here because i won’t grow back.