# God is funny

A wise woman once said to me:

“I love to pick my nose”

but I think she was lying

It is not the action she loved

it was the result;

why do you always look at what comes from within you?

still, I know what she meant

we must love all of ourselves

even the mucus

I had a pimple on the side of my neck

it exploded, splattering on my mirror

I am dreaming of it, a small victory

for a head is a brain

wrapped around an orifice;

stinky humans…nobility shitting beets.