

# MILLENNIAL DOGEATER



Marinna Benzon



# **Millennial Dogeater**

## **Marinna Benzon**

*Perennial Press*



*Dedicated to Queer Women of Color*



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# The Preamble

*After the Forefathers of America*

Our forefathers should love America  
the same way I love men, from afar.

Because I know America.

America is a bad bitch with purple lipstick  
and a tramp stamp tattoo of equal rights on her lower back.  
She's silver-tongued from silver spoons, she's #blessed.  
America lives for side-eye emojis  
and what her rising sign may say about her day.

I know America.

She is loose-lipped,

foul mouth,

heavy breathing,

barely sleeping, America.

Peeing in the alley, America.

2 AM text message, “U up?”, America.

Septum piercing, working two jobs, America.

Fell asleep with her makeup on, America.

So, call her by her name,  
not the home of the brave,  
not the home of the safe,

America has code-switching nicknames.

She says, “Freedom looks like funerals on Sundays.”

She says, “Gentrification looks like colonialism on Mondays.”

One day, liberty is gonna sound like lesbians jump-starting  
your car.

One day, congress will be made up of your favorite drag  
queens.

One day, we will pledge allegiance to gender-neutral bathrooms.

One day, the pursuit of happiness will be more than the pursuit of universal healthcare.

One day, Lady Liberty will be standing next to an MLK statue.

One day, America whispered in my ear that she doesn't hold my existence as a queer woman of color as treason.

But in public, she must.

# 12

I was 12 when she told me that my body was ugly.  
Mangled by middle-school slang,  
shattered by side eyes,  
uppercut by sharp wit.

I was 12 when I learned how to feel ugly.  
If I sat with my legs crossed and rolled up my uniform skirt  
above my knees,  
I would wear the same confidence as the other girls.  
The other girls had their ears pierced.  
The other girls had boy-girl parties.  
The other girls knew how to pirate R-rated movies.  
The other girls had already given blowjobs.  
I stood in front of my mirror and stole my mother's scissors to  
cut my own bangs.

I was 12 when I learned that I couldn't cut my own bangs.  
I wore my hair in a ponytail, slicking it down with gel and  
bobby pins.  
I was convinced that this mishap is a sign from the universe!  
That some futile planet was in retrograde and that an ethereal  
cosmic goddess had kissed my head with curses that maybe in a  
way, I did it on purpose because I'm special.

I was 12 when I learned I wasn't special.  
In the church parking lot, we shuffled in our plaid skirts, and  
dared my friend to eat packets of ketchup.  
We used to talk about how there was snot coming out of our  
vaginas.  
Later found out, that vagina snot was called discharge and it  
only comes when aroused and by aroused they mean horny

and by horny they mean sex and by sex they mean that they have already had it so talking about sex made them smarter than everyone else, and somehow fuller in their skin than everyone else.

I was 12 when I learned I wasn't like everyone else.

I was 12 when I learned I wasn't special.

I was 12 when I learned I can't cut my own bangs.

I was 12 when she told me that my body was ugly.

# **Letters to a Former Lover:**

## **Part 1**

Dear America,

It was a tepid summer night in Georgia when I fell for you,  
I remember that much.

You in your horn-billed glasses,  
combed over thick hair, and sheepish unassuming manner.  
You were full-bodied with hope and framed with bravery.  
I can't remember the sound of you anymore.  
I can only recall your smirk when an unearned cackle  
breaks your face wide open at the graves of your constituents.  
I think we need some space.

Sincerely,  
An American

# Tell the News Reporter

If you should find my body,  
off-road of a narrow hiking trail  
and bloodied at the hands of a determined man:  
tell the news reporter that I tried.

Tell the news reporter that I walked with my keys between my knuckles,  
my best friend on the phone,  
and that I nearly broke my neck from looking over my shoulder.

Tell the news reporter that even with my self-defense lessons,  
and my voice turned town trumpet, that my bones still broke  
to fit the molding of one man, in one moment.

“One unidentified Asian woman was found dead in Lake Balboa found earlier this evening.”

Tell the news reporter that my feverish fingernails dug deep  
with someone’s flesh.  
A beige, yellowish-tan: bright enough to be seen but dark  
enough to be forgotten.  
Will they say that I was exceptionally bright or was unfailingly  
kind?  
Will they lie for me when my throat is gagged by a forest green  
cardigan?

Tell the news reporter that, even in death, I’d like to be on the  
front page,  
despite the fact that I am not a Jessica, Megan, or Becky.  
Tell the news reporter that I was deserving of love  
the same way I was deserving of death.

# To See Happier Times

To see you lying beside me,  
unmoved by the other side of the walls,  
unscathed by lovers before me,  
unearthed the remnants of the nightmares you woke from.  
You've molded the space between us to feel intimate.

Hues of grey and blues fell asleep around us  
and when I reach, my hand pushes yours.  
Indirectly.  
Accidentally.  
Curiously.

You biting your bottom lip, in your own antsy nature,  
while I've learned to meticulously stare at the shapes of my  
face.  
How it twists, curls, wrinkles, and bends;  
maybe I'll see how you look at me.

You prefer less-pressured hands,  
I prefer to be less comically repulsive  
yet, your hand will push mine when I reach.  
I will take refuge under punchlines I've built from the night  
before.

We leave our best manners on your bedside table.  
I'll carry guilt in my left hand, while we tangle the sheets.  
As you carry your confidence behind your back, like a weapon  
you've wielded before,  
we'll romanticize ill-fitted jokes between anecdotes of happier  
times.

# July 3rd, 2016

*In memory of Alegria Garcia Paquia*

There is no collaboration between words,  
no poignant poetry that can accurately sway  
and no lyrical prayers that can falter on loop,  
in place of this haphazard room we are all residing in.

There is just us, here,  
and the laden thoughts that race  
through every which vein of my bloodstream  
and the petty insecurities that surface again and again.

You remembered all of my food allergies.  
You greeted me with a smile wider than anyone else.  
You always told me to eat more.  
You always asked if I had a boyfriend.

I spent this time thinking about how this would undo me,  
how I could fight back,  
counter this overwhelming flooding of emotions.  
But this isn't about me.  
Like a fool, I think it's about me.

I don't deserve to be standing as you lay there,  
but I watch, as you reach for threads of life to tether yourself  
to.  
I turn my head to death as it takes its natural course.  
So we sit and wait.  
Reminding everyone to take action in their lives.

Should I retreat when I see it coming?  
Or should I step forward, arms wide?

Wear a grimace I've never practiced before?  
We haven't asked those questions.

Instead, we grapple with ourselves.  
With vanity's eyes, we play the fool to someone else.  
Standing in front of us.  
Laying in front of us.  
Dying in front of us.

# Letters to a Former Lover: Part 2

Dear America,

Tell me why immigrants are the proudest Americans  
but America will never be proud of immigrants?

*Bakit pinagmamalaki ng mga immigrante na sila ay  
Amerikano, ngunit ang Amerika ay hindi pinag  
mamalaki ang mga immigrante?*

Sincerely,  
A New American

# The Last Girl on Cassil Street

Take your place in the unpopulated air for me.  
Staple my curse words to your chest,  
pretend you can't bear the weight,  
so that someone will carry flowers for you.

The thickness of your voice  
breaching unfamiliar terrain,  
whispers lullabies to your hands,  
and lathers your anxieties into a restful sleep.  
They shake the same way your voice did when your feelings  
collapsed into their grave.

My pride creeps into my throat,  
clawing into the walls,  
creating a blockade,  
in a quiet hope that you would notice.  
Your wrinkled hands hover above over-pressured thoughts we  
agreed were taboo.

To earn your likeness,  
to earn your anger,  
to earn your glares,  
to earn your stories  
is to earn you.

# Japanese Grandma

I've imagined you with silver silk hair that threads itself into a fishtail braid,  
worn-out grey skin that barely clings onto your smallish frame,  
demure eyes that have worked harder to keep them closed than open.

The ghost of you knows my name.  
The ghost of you remembers my age but acts like she  
has completely forgotten.  
The ghost of you stays up late with me and spills  
anecdotes of your girlhood.  
The ghost of you seems to be the most genuine part  
about you.

Japanese Grandma,  
you don't know me.  
My name fled the same day your son did.  
Our acquaintances have been plotted by shaking hands  
so I try to discern that you are not here,

Japanese Grandma,  
I don't know your name.  
Your existence has been framed like a fable  
and my interest to learn your mother tongue has faded.  
Japanese Grandma, have you another name?

# Small Distractions

A splendid disposition, to be alive and breathing.

It's despicable to think otherwise.

That the job with health benefits,  
and the pristine house in an affluent neighborhood,  
and the mediocre family with beaming faces  
are the only things that carry weight.

But it doesn't deviate from death,  
doesn't delay the deadline,  
doesn't rebel against science.

We fill ourselves with small distractions

and let the nuances breathe a little more life into us.

We take our place in the world fantastically obsessing to be important,  
to be remembered as something more than a defect of a condom.

As if retweets and likes will compose symphonies at our funerals.

As if our digital footprint won't trend on our ashes.

Small distractions will always exist;  
the unremarkable urges between teenagers  
the quiet rumblings of instagram followers  
the seething quakes of babies being born.

It's the small distractions that construct the idea of life.

It becomes about the next paycheck,  
the next party,  
the next heartbreak,  
the next promotion.

The next small distraction that we can fawn over,  
that we can cry over, that we can obsess over.

And then what?

We continue to fracture ourselves into factions?

Meticulously piece each other back together in the name of love?

Built atop of defining moments that disguises itself as life, there are just these small distractions.

# Her

My bed looks exactly how you left it.  
I try to divert my focus somewhere else.  
It's a crushing sight that belongs to me now.

I could go on about the sun, the stars, and the moon,  
and how they have rearranged themselves to get a better perspective of you.

But Mercury being in retrograde doesn't reverse my bloodstream.

Doesn't grip my ribcage.  
Doesn't scare me as much as—

You do make me move with confidence,  
though I question if it's mine or yours.  
I question if this is just prompted attraction  
or the need for a new infatuation,  
or a purely self-serving obsession that's long over—

"Do I like you because of how you make me feel?"  
The high is overbearing.  
The thrill of it fills me out.  
The nerves grow bigger than us sometimes.

Sometimes, you don't want to belong to yourself.  
You sit at the piano to draw out a deafening breath.  
Fold your voice into a song, and tuck it away for an empty day  
and let your ginger hair fall to consume your face.  
Because it's comfortable.  
Because it's natural.  
Because "it's getting late and we should go to bed."

To feel you bury your face between the arc of my shoulder blades  
and to know your heartbeat changes its rhythm with its own intentions.  
To hear your breath stagger when your tangents build their own stories.  
I want to be beside you.

# Letters to a Former Lover:

## Part 3

Dear America,

In Louisiana, there was a gay man  
who was brutally beaten while he was on a Grindr date.  
He didn't bruise, though, he just has a new face.

In Seattle, there was a queer couple holding hands,  
and a man smashed the end of a glass bottle, creating a make-shift knife.  
They didn't get hurt though, they just accidentally ran into his  
broken glass bottle repeatedly.

In Salem, there was a young gay boy  
who was beaten until his jaw was broken and his eye sockets  
were swollen shut.  
He was continuously bullied, maimed, and tortured by the  
same male assailants.  
He didn't die though, he just fell on his noose.

You stand clutching crucifixes to your hollowed chest,  
constructing excuses with your dominant hand  
and exclaiming that we chose this lifestyle.

If we chose this lifestyle,  
at what point did we choose to die?

Sincerely,  
A Queer American

# How to Love Her Less

## 1. When you want to hug her, don't.

Retract. When you want to hug her, ask.

Ask because he hasn't.

Ask because they won't.

Ask because "he was a really nice guy and I didn't think much of it."

## 2. When you want to hold her, let her hold you first.

Let her grip guide your hands.

Guide the moment.

"Guy at the party gave me a drink and it tasted funny."

## 3. When you want to kiss her, watch her eyes.

Watch her eyes dodge around the room.

Watch her eyes linger too pressingly on you.

"Watch your step when you're going upstairs, there are no lights in the hallway."

## 4. When you want to touch her, wait.

Wait for time.

Wait for her.

"Wait, what are you doing, get off of me!"

## 5. When you want to have sex with her, stop.

Stop your hands from moving down.

Stop relinquishing her control.

"Stop it, please I don't want to, stop!"

## 6. When you want to comfort her, talk to her.

Talk to her about how she felt with him inside.

Talk to her about how her voice is playing hide and

seek.

Talk to—maybe don't talk at all.

Maybe just listen.

7. When you want to love her, love her less.

Less pulling her in for hugs.

Less tickling her in bed.

Less of: "She wanted me to and we were drunk."

# Brown Girl, Brown Girl

*After "Brown Bear, Brown Bear. What do you see?" by Bill Martin Jr.*

Brown Girl, brown girl.

What do you see?

Brown people oppressed,  
until they fall to their feet.

Brown girl, brown girl.

You've learned other names

Bent your tongue for their anthem,  
Bent your bones for their face.

Brown girl, brown girl.

What do you see?

I see the police  
Looking for any POC.

Brown girl, brown girl.

Walk the straight line

One foot, off rhythm  
They won't be as kind.

Brown girl, brown girl.

What do you see?

Blood on their hands  
protests on the street.

Brown girl, brown girl.

Don't falter at their will

recoil your prayers,  
Hands up, stay still.

Brown girl, brown girl.  
What do you see?  
Ignorance in their eyes  
And the guns that they keep.

# Girls of Highland Park

*After the Gentrification in Los Angeles*

You. Purse your lips and carry all your insecurities with your matte lipstick.

You. Flick your hair off your shoulder and wash over me with lavender sprigs.

You. Walk ten paces to follow your daunting shadow down North Figueroa Street.

You. With numb hands fashioned in gold bracelets you saved up from working two full-time jobs.

You. Press breakbeats and jazz drum hi-hats to leave imprints against the small of your back.

You. Instagram stories of how your succulents are your begotten children.

You. Find solace in palm readings and meditate to Buzzfeed videos.

You. Sitting, statuesque, in the wicker chair woven by brown hands.

You. Clutching for the cavity of your chest, but reaching to burn sage.

You. With the transparent frames and unsteady demeanor.

You. Stretch your arms out to count the golden hours and bask in your ceramic skin.

You. Pray to the moon, hibiscus soy candles, and the dancing girl emoji.

You. Appropriate yoga to indie folk music and chunking sounds of a vintage electric guitar.

You. Let me breathe in your orange smoke and exhale your escape routes.

You. Fragmented framed, counting by the inches you've moved forward.

You. Loosening your hollowed bones to navigate with precise

confidence.

You. In your Doc Martens, box step around your sexuality.

You. Feel where your rigid shape fits amongst unfamiliar simpletons.

You. With the septum piercing.

You. With the shaded tattoo.

You. With the oversized jacket.

You. The girls of Highland Park.

# Auntie is Marrying a White Man

Auntie is marrying a White man.

A White man named Tom or John or Joe.

Oh, how my Auntie's face is flushed with pride.

How her smile has eaten up half her face until the cracks of her wrinkles play hopscotch across the table between aluminum trays of Panchit and Lecon.

She tells my Mom, "Marisol, I never felt more secure now that I married him"

Him, meaning privilege.

Him, meaning money.

Him, meaning American.

Auntie is marrying a White Man.

A White man named Steve, or Frank or Ben.

Oh, how the White man politely smiles in his blue polo shirt and khaki pants.

How his discomfort is oddly pronounced in his uncertain smile, when he tries his hand at Tagalog.

He says, "You know, Filipinos are considered Pacific Islanders not orientals."

Oriental, meaning Asian.

Orientals, meaning Exotic.

Orientals, meaning Foreign.

Auntie is marrying a White man.

A White man named Mark or Jim or Yellow Fever.

Oh, how Yellow Fever loves to keep you inebriated with your ill-suited fantasy.

How subservient women match perfectly with your ironic

Hawaiian shirt and Ford Explorer.

Yellow Fever says, “teach me how to say I love you in Tagalog.”

Teach me, meaning give me.

Teach me, meaning appropriate.

Teach me, meaning gentrify.

Auntie is marrying a White Man.

# New City, Who Dis?

*After the Gentrification of San Francisco*

Here lies you, the city that falls asleep to the sounds of Mac Dre under a blanket of fog.

Here lies you, welcoming on-comers, yay-sayers and do or die-ers who stumble onto your streets; inebriated by the taste of what you used to be.

Starchy breath.

Ungodly frame.

Calculating demeanor.

Fragmented apart into orange saturation parallel by other cities.

Pity, you used to be less shitty.

Sleepy natives tilt their heads, adjust in their seats as we watch you deconstruct the most endearing characteristics about you and me.

You let them take sledgehammers and smash the concrete until the cracks fall open to become new streets.

The lies are served with a side of coconut breaded salmon and kale smoothies,

while we were eating off of paper plates of chicken adobo and day-old rice.

Must be nice.

You sang swan songs that brick & mortars went away to college in Berkeley,

that Mom and Pop shops moved into a retirement home in Fremont,

that tradition went backpacking through West Oakland.

You're joking.

You were beaming, doused in neon brilliance.

You spoke with split tongues and spewed in verse even when you talked shit.

I miss it.

Your chapped lips kissed mango slices in the Mission District.

Your faulty body danced through the Castro.

Your overwrought hands transcribed poetry to the Tenderloin.

You were beautiful, though unaware, with your unmatched confidence and your “feelin’ myself” stare.

Here lies you, the ghost unseen by many.

Rest in Peace, San Francisco.

# I Wanna Hold Your Hand in Public

I wanna hold your hand in public.

In front of strangers who smack their gum and twist their necks to look at us.

They roll their eyes and mold remarks in their mouth, spit it out and feel it stick onto the soles of our shoes to tether us to the ground.

Almost as if their remarks were a reminder to pull us back to their reality.

A sticky reminder.

An inconvenient reminder.

A fucking annoyingly unnecessary reminder.

If I could hold your hand in public,  
gun sales would rise.

Party City would have to double their shipment for tiki torches.

Self-defense classes would fill to the brim.

If I could hold your hand in public  
I could press our lifelines together and see if they fuse.  
I, turned palm reader, will measure the lengths of our heart-lines, stretch out my fingers, and press imprints of a better us onto our skin.

But if I hold your hand in public,  
we become an act of terrorism.

We become a threat to their American Dream.

We become sinners, deviants, whores, sluts, dykes, fags.

When we are just two women who want to hold hands in a

goddamn movie theater.

I wanna build a neon sign to stake on my front yard, reading,  
“Live Gay Girls.”

I wanna embroider a pride flag onto all my clothes as my own  
queer Scarlet Letter.

I wanna tattoo the phrase, “Feed me to the Lesbians” on my  
inner thighs.

I wanna hold your hand in public even if they squirm in their  
stance and narrow their eyes.

Even if they are repulsed, even if they are uncomfortable,  
even if they sling bible verses and ill-equipped slurs,  
even if it kills me, I will hold your hand in public.

# Letters to a Former Lover:

## Part 4

Dear America,

I am writing this letter to you to voice my thoughts as they have stifled my best judgment.  
It could be that my insecurities and I got shit-faced at that dive bar off of Holloway avenue, and we both agreed that I may seem repulsive to you.

Why?

Because I have been honored with more melanin within my skin?

Because my tongue is practiced and split?

Because my traditions were built on the backs of the oppressed?

Because you were the oppressor?

Sincerely,  
A BIPOC American

# An Exceptional Bitch

You laid your hands in front of me and I imprinted them with all my loose ends.

The lesser confident mouth of mine runs itself dry,  
while I am left standing on my soapbox of leftover nouns.  
How did I become 2 feet tall?

I want you to see all 5'2 of me.

5'2 and running my mouth.

5'2 and forgetting to call my mother.

5'2 and here.

I am an exceptional bitch.

Though I forget where I placed my confidence sometimes.  
Even when my insecurities haphazardly hang on the cuffs of my sleeves,  
my tongue will sharpen its vowels to cut them off.

I am an exceptional bitch.

Bitch with a molded fist and no tattoos.

So I will not spend time with Derek who only talks about girls he wants to fuck.

Or Lena who literally can't even when Venus is in retrograde.

Or Darryl who insists I am not the person I was meant to become.

I am an exceptional bitch.

Even when my curved frame isn't celebrated.

Even when my melanin makes me invisible.

Even when I turn myself into the punchline.

I am an exceptional bitch.

And I'll take the bruises that form when a stranger shoulder checks me.

And I'll brave the inclement weather of right-winged ignorance.

And I'll stand on tens of thousands of soapboxes until you can see me.

I am an exceptional bitch.

Who is not asking for your time or her patience or his pandering.

Who is not going to apologize for existing.

Who is a product of immigrants who curved their tongue and flattened their accents so you could roll over them with a utility cart of Big Macs and American Dreams.

# The Girl at the Piano

It's easy to be smitten by a girl who doesn't care.  
Her nonchalant gait, her attentive discernment, her aloofness  
to her beauty.  
The girl at the piano who doesn't crumble at the loss of her  
bearings,  
who doesn't entice with physicality,  
who doesn't conduct her business with her hands behind her  
back.  
She is masterfully bewildering.

The girl at the piano heeds no warnings from the mouths of  
men  
but harbors a despicable tongue that has a queer taste for  
women.  
And behind her steely glare and her progressive vernacular  
is a good-natured heart and a smile that curls at every strike of  
a chord.

The girl at the piano fills sheet music with scribblings of  
earnest endeavors  
and leaves no margin for wicked-minded fools and fatalistic  
discourse.  
She craves not to be an ornament to society or even the hero in  
your songs,  
she longs to be seen, to love the earth until she is full.

The girl at the piano is not crippled by being alone,  
but leaves space beside her for a new central character to  
occupy.  
The girl at the piano cries and laughs in the key of D major.  
The life of a spinster doesn't draw her in as much as

music that informs her jolty dancing and worn books that inform her ingenuity.

I love the girl at the piano.

But the girl at the piano does not belong to the piano,  
nor does she belong to anyone.

She belongs to the moon at hot July nights in Sacramento,  
she belongs to the crackling snow offside of a freeway,  
she belongs to the golden hour skyline of downtown Los Angeles.

The girl at the piano belongs to herself.

# Boot on my Neck

*After Police Brutality in America*

Your boot is on my neck.  
Your grip is around my vocal chords.  
You've strummed a hymn of a thankless job,  
a job that makes less movement.  
Makes less effort,  
makes less and becomes irrelevant.

Sing that I have depleted your societal value.  
Pray on your false idols to grant you better days.  
Recite all the inaccuracies of who I am at your Sunday Service.  
As you sing my name in sighs and diligently dismantle me,  
with a rosary skewed between your fingers, understand that  
the people have fallen long before the steeple was built,  
before the church bells rang, and before the administrations  
were born,

The upper hand has always belonged to the power behind the position,  
the power behind the badge, the power behind the gun.  
So when your boot is on my neck,  
and your grip is around my vocal chords,  
understand that we all see you.

# The Casting Director Says

The casting director says they are celebrating diverse actors.  
And when the casting director says diverse, they mean—  
Black women being sassy, diverse.  
Asian girls being nerdy, diverse.  
Latin girls acting spicy, diverse.  
Indian man driving a taxi, diverse.  
Black man selling drugs, diverse.  
Mexicans can't speak English, diverse.  
Indigenous people being ignored, diverse.

The casting director says we need to empower different stories.  
And by different stories they mean, not White.  
Because less White means  
more buzz,  
more shock value,  
more money.  
More than half of the industry is built on the same narrative of  
the White experience in America.

But on the other side of the brown bag test,  
hot yoga classes, and Native headpieces worn at Coachella,  
there is us.  
The first generation babies of split tongues and open-air  
markets.

Your temporary multimedia band-aids coming in an  
assortment of melanin.  
Blessing your screens with slanted eyes,  
chancletas,  
box braids,  
Santa Ninos,

and cocoa butter.

We already know the disparity of diverse narratives.

We are the disparity of diverse narratives.

When the casting director says they need diverse actors  
we come running with chopsticks in hand, hot combs in our  
hair, and tamales in our mouths.

But diversity is not putting on an accent for punchlines or  
fashioning yourself in stereotypes.

Diversity is existing as a Person of Color and carrying your  
traditions and ancestors' narratives  
in your back pocket.

So when the casting director says they are celebrating diverse  
actors,  
we ask “When?”

# Millennial Dogeater

Say it.

It's uncomfortable to taste.

Unfitted in its own skin.

Tender in its bruises.

Deafening from its edged staccatos.

Prickly in your mouth.

Say it.

It used to give them a wooden soapbox for their sermons.

It used to bend the frail bones of my ancestors so they could fit in it.

It used to give them comfort.

It used to give us nightmares.

Say it.

Because Becky with the good hair wants to know if my Auntie owns a salon.

Because Karen is worried I'll cook and eat her dog.

Because America doesn't make space for queer brown women anyways.

Say it.

Millennial, because I grew up with the internet.

Dogeater, because they couldn't pronounce Filipino.

Say it.

Millennial Dogeater.



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To you, the reader. Time is the greatest and most significant gift anyone could offer, thank you for giving me yours.

# About the Author

Marinna Benzon, a poet, actor and filmmaker, proudly hails from the Bay Area where she received a Bachelor's Degree in Broadcast Electronic Communication Arts, with emphasis in screenwriting and video production, and a minor in Theatre performance from San Francisco State University. She became the 2013's recipient of the Pinay in the Arts Scholarship, which enabled her to pursue performance arts and creative writing. Now published in several literary magazines such as Zanna, Firefly Literary and Goat's Milk Literary; Marinna strives to produce honest and eclectic work that speaks to her personal narrative as a First Generation Queer Woman, living in America.

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