

**snälla böj dig
inte**

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**WHEN WILL
THIS WILD END
RIDE?**

HEY
DR MOM WAS I DYING?
I GOT
BRUISES IN MY VEINS
TUBES THRU MY ARMPIT
AND ONE LONG BLACK
TRAIL
OF STITCHES
ACROSS THE TORSO
CREATING A RAILROAD
TRACK
TO MY BELLY BUTTON
UNDER WHERE MY STOMACH
DRAINED
WHILE INDUCED BY SLEEP
WHEN THEY OPENED ME UP
BONES AND ALL.

Talent,
is nothing but
the indecency
not to listen.



INSPIRATION WITHOUT CREDIT
IS APPROPRIATION

COPYLEFT, THOUGH
Ⓐ

CONTACT:

sigiuhm@gmx.com

MADE IN THE FUCKED UP YEAR
OF 2022

Truths (truisms*)

I have been misgendered most of my life.
What I hope for the kids ~~is~~ today
is the possibility to choose.
Beauty standards are a capitalist fad.
ABUSE OF POWER COMES AS NO SURPRISE*
Your income will never hold you.

The lover of my lover
can become my trusted accomplice.
I am not my elders project.
Land back is our only solution.
The will to self-critique
will keep you real.
I am a dissident.

*as famously written by Jenny Holzer

My mind is constant
Telling stories
Endlessly telling
the perfect combination of a pungent phrase.
With focus on what word comes first
and in what order.

I've lived in this head
my entire life,
making up my instance as I go, early mornings,
late nights, at a party, on a train ride,
in bed next to a sound-asleep lover.
It is a voice that's telling me of life,
my mind explaining the present.

Nurse comes in (A sleeping pill) ---->

He's weighing on his toes
He's looking at the ground
He introduces himself with the
same lines they all do
Encountering
friendly not selling
Hands at the edge of his shirt
Arms sloping.
Slow, clear words

<-----

Friday I am stuck out on
my balcony
with a cage of don'ts
with a chest of shouldn'ts
with a case of won'ts
The sweaty drips of
history
flavours my lips salty
favours my tongue: bitter
feeds my mind flatter
with the erasing power
of one cigarette
the arousing power
of a line,
a word; sexy
as I pick it up again

But my heart is shattered,
anxious,
afraid of being locked inside that brain.
Too vague to focus
on one single thing
scared of being stuck in
the loops of my mind
if I go too deep,
the body ceased,
then real life will be traded for a
storyline.

And so; when words
stop making sense
my forged heart

will not trust its pieces
to go look for another passion.

Imagining summer
Smell of promise
Adult choices
Heated wind
Working barefoot
(scraping soles, protectively
clenching my toes)
Waiting, long days to end
into passive nights
A hope of soil
so rich
I can taste it.

Rooe oow

Ro fol tinnn Nzo h j j j j j h gfl 5555

Queer desire

You are the prettiest person
I ever saw.
You are dancing.
You have agency.
You look me in the eye.
You lean over and tell me tonight is the first time
for your desire, gender doesn't matter .
I say "see ya"
and end up in bed
with an old story.
But you keep
coming 'round.
We dance heavily
and heavenly
but in your bed
you are
ice cold
asking me
to push your boundaries.
The end.

You're dear to me
like a rain deer
on a rainbow
with no family

They shot your mother
in the bushes
in the morning
you were crying

I would lift you up
and protect you
kill the hunter
mend your glasses

you are dear to me
like a rain deer
on a rainbow
bright and shiny

NO STANDING OR LOITERING*

He is standing there,
Loitering,
as he was born,
naked

“Finally”,
I thought,
“the act is over”
as I’ve known for months
now
you own no clothes
you bum around
you eat off friendly
strangers
or strange friends.
and the freckles
on your cheeks
are just marks.

**anti-homeless signs in NYC*

LOSS IS A SAFE SPACE
NOTHING UNEXPECTED
CAN HAPPEN
ACTUALLY, NOTHING
CAN HAPPEN.
IT IS THE ABSENCE
OF ACTION.

I bled for two days
My mouth full of cotton

You are feeling sorry
or worried
for yourself
I wished to be vulnerable
for once not be a vulture
Not to be scavenging (for)
compassion
Instead I have
raw flesh and meat
in my beak.

I've seen the floodings
SLICED MY FINGER AND
blood came out
like a newborn baby
thrubbing
naturally
red creature inside of me
wanting out
I want out
like floodings search for
the waterside
but get stuck in the slits
of your skin
which are like the
ploughed fields of earth

TW: self-harm, death

The stronger I get
the more people want a piece of me
The weaker I get
the less people
want a part of me

Privacy is nonexistent
Which is why
I never open
my private laptop anymore

No way
to keep my writings
to myself

A queer body looks up,
says;
Fuck queer bodies
Fuck only queer bodies
Fuck queer as an adjective
Fuck queer as a noun

Of all the stories in me
Of all of my stories
You took the one
that felt like a loose tooth,
clenched between jaws
still bloody inside
and hollow
(The most broken part)
(of me)
(So very broken)
(this part of me).

The flesh of its absence
still sore, forever sore
and raw
like a butchers wound
wiggle your tongue
up against it
shape the words
to claim it
with your tongue
Nothing can be the same

Your hands are dirty
Your shoes are dirty
Your pockets are dirty
Your hat is dirty
Your snot is dirty
Your glasses are dirty
Your socks are dirty
Your teeth are dirty
Your childhood's dirty
Your underwear's dirty
Your scalp is dirty
Your blow is dirty
Your ears are dirty
Your nails are dirty
Your eyes are dirty
Your plastic bag's dirty
Your soles are dirty
Your gloves are dirty
Your seat is dirty
Your gums are dirty
Your spit is clean.

Queer is a verb
Queer is a word
that found me a home and made me trouble.

Memories eating away at my head,
past tense.
Forgotten hopes and
promises.
Broken jeans.

A refuge is a closed door.
Hell is other people
acting smart

or sensitive.
It is decieveful to the point
it's almost real.

What do I have
to be angry about, any way?
I'm still writing.

If I wasn't writing I
would pinch myself
cut my skin and
strangle my neck
- shut my mouth
widen my eyes rip my hair yet I am writing
Plus,
I am drinking

If I wasn't drinking I
would probably keep you
probably shut up go exercise
read up on something I
forgot to be proactive
learn a lot through conversation
with healthy cues

AMOR FATI

My love is shallow,
it lives on top of my
beloveds skin
i touch the pores, let it sink in
My love,
desired by a hand, a mouth, a breath
that left my lungs
slungs itself out toward
this shallow lark
this unearthened pulse
drives me insane
this stare on skin

the want

to climb
within and further in

I'll start on your back and
everything's been given and
everything is free and accessable too
then across your spine i dig my little graves in
to bury that desire with hope it'll
sink to the core
my love i shaved your sex, cleared it off
it's enough
the blackened teeth of my mouth are foul

they welcome
and smile.

some of them |

just wanted to feel
desired
that's what we're selling
the fantasy of
desire

some wanted to give
pleasure

some of them just wanted to fuck

Yahia wrote about rape.
surely I can write about sexwork

sorry mom I never meant for you to read this

What a waste of paper
yet digital will only disappear I don't
trust my projects to it anymore.

My stories have been ripped off the hem of my clothing,
told in class
andouted to my mother with my consent.
Can I withdraw my stories?

Is there anything in life I can't change my mind about?

I have written poetry

all my life

Is it now
that I can die?

Skeptical male across
From me
Crossed his arms across
His chest
Crossed his face across
His frown
Sudden sounds of discontent
As I sighed out my
Relief
To slightly arrive
To the point where i know
I will arrive, at some point, a set hour,
To my desire.

I know sexworkers who are artists

queer desires have always
been on display
in hiding

it is 
only sexwork
if you're getting paid
and if not, it's "art"

I'd call them my clients, the nice ones
"beautiful"
and they'd wanna see me again
those are the tricks of
the trade

if anyone was wondering

Blessed are thee

who fucked me from behind and paid me money
to last this capitalist shithole

and still keep a dog

a colleague of mine
she never faced a client orgasming
she kept that moment for herself
those are the tricks of the trade

if anyone's interested

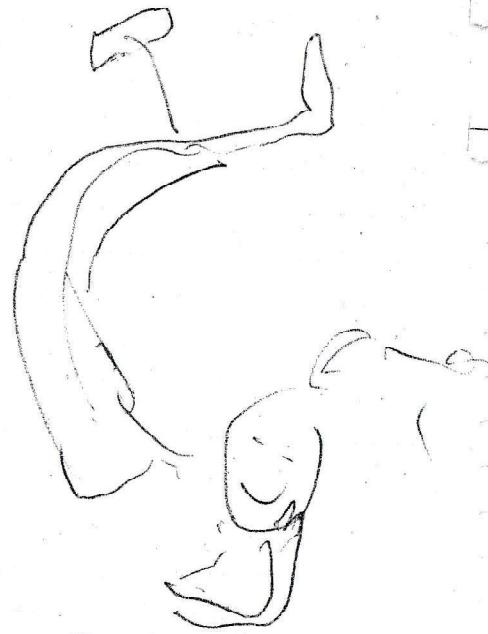
she had come into business with "Daddy"
fucking her partner with her first client
some might call them a hustler
I wish I'd kept her number

Bikini Islands
split in two
by nuclear bombing
And now
your wife
shows off
her belly.

I know artists who
have dabbled in sexwork and called it
"performance art" and
artists who
are longing for the realness
in sexwork
imitating it
plagiarizing it

She is wearing the sky as a sweater
Clouds passing over her chest
as I am reading them
for signs of thunder.
Forseeing the weather -
shadows part
by this sunny smile.
So, I search the mud of her eyes
for gems,
digging her pores
for oil
hunting
this country for valuables.
And I know
- those of silver and gold
are hard to find,
so I just run through the grounds
I run through the grounds.

I'M THE KINDA



THAT YOU WANNA

we r all broken (water)
lillies until we heal
floating along
pretty to look at but
fuk'en slimy

Sometimes
I can't sleep
And the day is a closed door
And your mind is a closed door
And my home is a closed door

MY POETRY
IS LIKE
GREY DISHWATER
IN THE SINK
AFTER DINNER

MY HOLY LITANY
IS A PRANK MISSILE
FIRED AT A COP HELICOPTER
YOU ONLY GET ONE SHOT
AND I MISSED

THE ONLY DANGEROUS
RIDE TO TAKE
IS THE ONE THAT'S BEING
OFFERED
WITH JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT
OF PARANOIA
I CAME INTO BEING
NEVER TO GIVE BIRTH

My mom called
said I'm soon to be 40
(I'm 32)
Said to kill my dog already,
Be free, find happiness
the way only mothers can say it,
out of concern
Doubting my abilities
yet praisin the aspiration
of possibilities
Nudging my traumas
we don't wanna go back to,
I mean, I.
My mom said,
your body might be tired

at 40 I said
you promised I'd be rich after you
She said not promised
B who I dated
asked me how much
will *you* inherit?
As if there was this truthful
bond between us,
this silent agreement
We're queer & precarious now
but later it'll pay off
by our bloodlines
And these times, these
wise times, these strugglin
times,
will seem like a memory
surpassed on my fireplace top(?)
I answered nothing
I expect nothing
I await nothing
I've learnt to expect nothing.

My mom called
me
said; you've been strugglin
for years
I'm worried
you carry the struggle
inside of you
I said; therapy is for
narcissists,
self-back-patting,
self-care-resting,
trauma-proud-wearing
narcissists,
for them it'll help
but not for all. (of us)
I know the tricks

I know what I'm supposed
to do
in order to manage
I never manage to
just do it