

can you please come over? And sit on the
edge of my bed while I fold my clothes?

oh boy



the toothpaste marks on
your bathroom mirror
make me sentimental



do u think I'm a
good person?



I'm curious who I am to you



ehhh I think the few people who've seen me fully naked are the most random people in the world. One time I made a joke to someone like, you don't know me like that! and they responded, of course I know you, I know what your sweat tastes like.

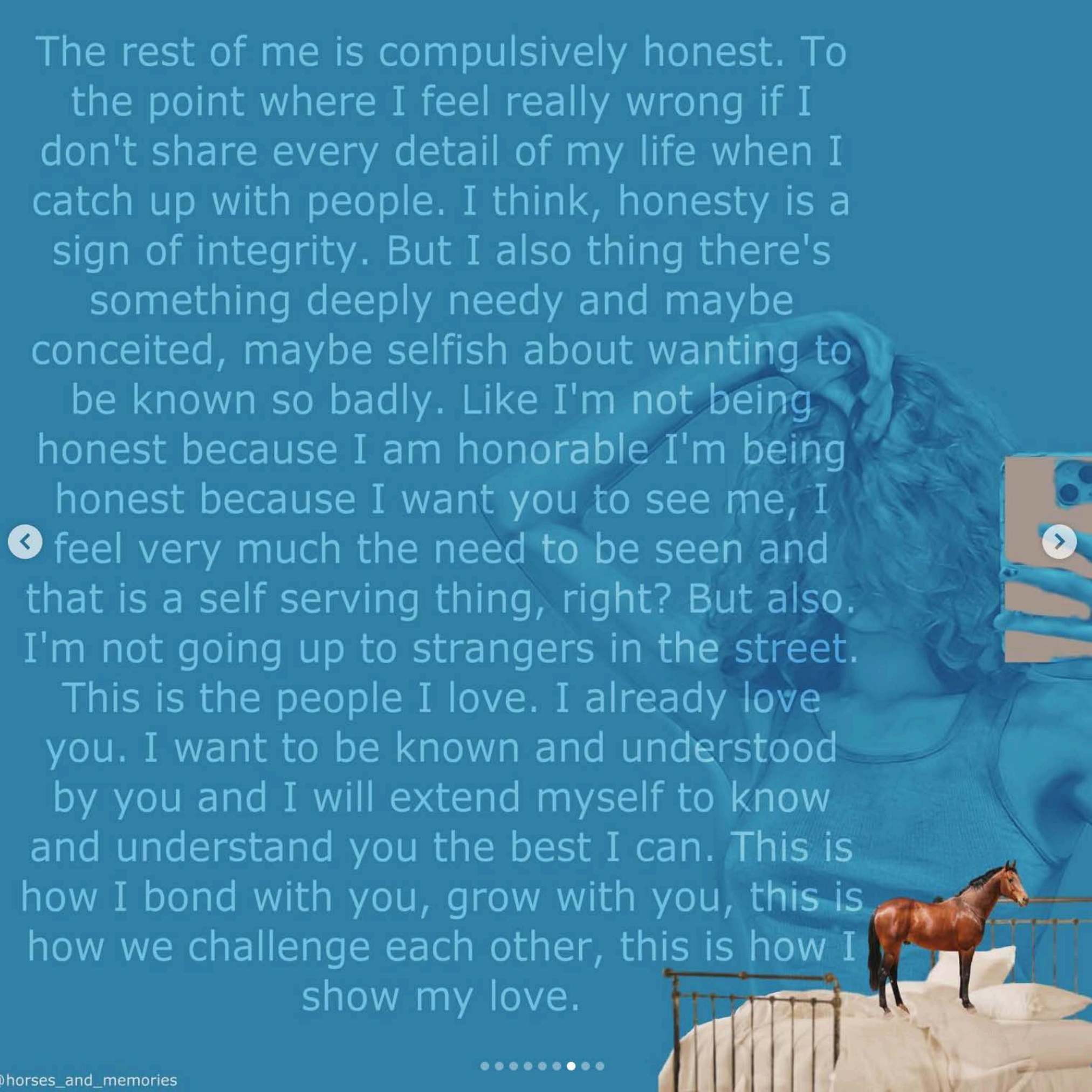
And in the moment yea it made me pause like huh. Cute. but you know what? Sweat tastes like salt. Whatever. How many stuffed animals do I sleep with?



I've been deeply concerned with honesty lately. When I was a kid I would lie a lot but it was mostly to avoid being punished and tbh that's so valid and just. And then I would lie for fun as a young teen to see what I could get away with. Fun and meaningless stuff like telling a teacher my friend and I were dating. It's weird though because in that moment you think it's so funny someone believed you, but why wouldn't they believe you. They are a normal person. Going about their normal day. And our brains simply must accept that most things people say are true or all of society crumbles.



The rest of me is compulsively honest. To the point where I feel really wrong if I don't share every detail of my life when I catch up with people. I think, honesty is a sign of integrity. But I also think there's something deeply needy and maybe conceited, maybe selfish about wanting to be known so badly. Like I'm not being honest because I am honorable I'm being honest because I want you to see me, I feel very much the need to be seen and that is a self serving thing, right? But also. I'm not going up to strangers in the street. This is the people I love. I already love you. I want to be known and understood by you and I will extend myself to know and understand you the best I can. This is how I bond with you, grow with you, this is how we challenge each other, this is how I show my love.



Shame is the enemy of truth. Truth is the food of love. Yes. I will sit on the edge of your bed and watch you do your laundry.





i can't believe I
finished my giant
aquaphor this
feels like a big
deal this feels
symbolic

