

## Swag on Steroids

I do Yoga to Chief Keef. I order iced matcha with no ice. I use Hello Kitty scissors to cut out my mole. I wash myself with Spiderman shampoo. I melt my left airpod in the dryer. I throw up at Starbucks. I take a shit in the secret toilet in the basement of Parsons. I try to kill my roommate. She's a rat and that's no insult but a fact. I have 0.97 cents in my bank account. I did not realize the rice was extra. I smell like Poison. By Dior. I bring a guy home, I lose my key. I shrug when he calls me crazy. I collect my plucked eyebrows. A bunch of them. Half bleached, half Black, like a garden of thorns in my plastic bag. I stalk my ex on social media. I keep tabs on his mom. I scan my boobs. My electricity gets cut off. I smear period blood on my lips. I sue my neighbor. I smell her piss through the door. My jeans are soaked, my dad's the goat. I love being goofy, I prefer being strange. I sleep with no cushion and snore like a buzz saw. I order a new Macbook. They give me the wrong keyboard. I could complain, but I love a challenge. I hate to walk, I always sprint. I once joined a marathon with no prep, and was on crutches for 2 weeks. I ghosted my therapist, I owe her money. I replaced her with omegle. I miss him, so I call him. Then I block him. I throw away his paintings. I sell a sweater on Vinted. I give it to a homeless man instead. I tell the buyer that I lost it. I sit in cafes and eavesdrop on boring people talking. They argue about their wedding invites. It's almost comically disgusting. I go to the movies, I sit in the last row. I throw single popcorn sporadically into the air. I duck, when they stare. I apply to jobs I don't want, reject them when I get them. I complain when I'm broke. I write essays for others. I get better grades for them, than for myself. I hotbox my mother's bathroom. I let him eat my boogers. I call it love. I give a 100%, I only have 50%. I dye my dog's hair blue. I match my own. I am swag on steroids embodied. Side effects included. I will crash, but make it suave. My friend tells me she feels like me for once " Like a magnetic bull

on dope”. I laugh, but I don’t think it's funny. Full Speed, I turn Chief Keef off. Pull up Beethoven. Let me get my Zen on.

Writers Note:

Hi, I usually write like this on my twitter and my blog, but I wanted to see how it works as an essay. Is it too confusing, does it give you a headache? Or does it make you feel energetic? Does it transplant you to a chaotic world? Thank you for any feedback.