

property

02.03.2024

devil, torment, old torture, leave me
in tears 50 dollar touch
 topless

pain and a poster of carmen miranda
start
 mouth full of spit
sitting,
slow roasting in my femininity

then walking home alone, feeling
nothing though the city
 blooms inside of me
no one of the city
 calls out to me

it's nothing delectable and nothing
french, so you wouldn't want me

just my airpods to take hits off of

perching
 swallowing thick ash in spoonfuls
see still just to

to just die red-eyed in front of
everyone i think thinks anything of me