

mr. true

04.14.2021

hail, i am in love with how he keeps his
pocket change, or maybe the way his a/c is
a pot of cat piss boiling on the stove

well, my secretary scrubs pans
hard, and she always tries to be a good host

hail, he glares as his spit fades to the smallest
little pinkish stain, all that is left of his
femininity right there in the toilet bowl

today we are manic statues,
standing close to reams of stars and suns