**scooby-doo enters the diary room**

i am fed to pretend that i believe in ghosts

they want to make a terrified thing out of this great dane

like we the same species

do you know how it feels to eat yourself

out of fear

they feed them to shaggy too

when he gets scared

ever been fed to your master

that nigga wild/all tall and terrified/all down to cuddle in the dark

all white boy with no job/no sense and nothing but

a hunger/i trust its constancy

i cannot trust people i have never seen eat/i have never unmasked a villain whose name i did not know already/whose prints were not everywhere to begin with/i am colorblind/i know my place

have you ever seen them take my collar off

must be nice to pretend i’m not speaking english get away with it even though they bought me this tongue even though they bought me

i have never run away i ain’t got a mystery machine of my own i am cog & the main attraction he who solves he who begs to go home and be done with the hauntings they ask where i am but know i ain’t going anywhere i am fed to pretend that i can’t grab the wheel and drive this shit into the great dismal lock the doors watch them take off each other’s masks i am fed to pretend that i’m on payroll and this is passion project i have spent my life in graveyards i am certain that bones are all that is left bones and bones and greed i am fed to pretend that i’m most afraid when we split up and i’m left with the boy who knows not how heavy he is stays jumping into my arms rubbing his lipless mouth over my collar queer dropping my Y sweet calling me scoob when they name you your name is glass to be broken i am most afraid when i pull the mask off and pretend i didn’t know the villain all along

i look like

villain/ these guilty godless days/

you don’t see

how they smile at me/relieved

as if to say every muscle in your face calls your bluff/mutt

will you ever stop pretending