

EVERYWHERE MY FACE

Vasco Madrid

MY FACE HAS HAIR TOO LONG

MY FACE HAS CIRCULAR GLASSES

THAT DO NOT HAVE MY PRESCRIPTION

MY FACE HAS SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES

MY FACE IS EXPLICIT

MY FACE HAS MY INSECURITIES

MY FACE IS LIKED

MY FACE HAS MY TRAUMA

MY FACE PAYS RENT LATE



MY FACE IS TRYING TO BE MAN, MY FACE WANTS TO SPEAK

EVERYWHERE MY FACE LIKE I DIDN'T HAVE ONE - YOU DA ONE

MY FACE HAS FEAR.

1 < 3 = (VASCO + VASCO + VASCO) / VASCO

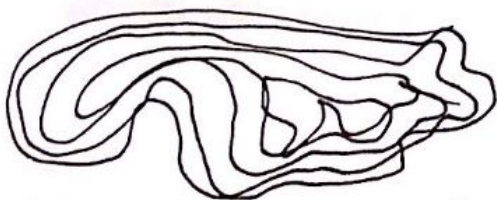
< 20

I WENT TO WALMART TO BUY GIFTS AND
ON NOV 24 2019 DEFEND MYSELF FROM GUILT AND ANGER
I NEEDED TO USE THE BATHROOM BECAUSE I
HAD DISCOMFORT !! NOT ONLY WITH MY GENITALIA
BUT WITH THE VERY OF ITS BEING

WHEN I WALKED IN I MADE EYE CONTACT WITH
A GIRL- SHE ASKED HER MOM IF I WAS A BOY
BUT IN SPANISH.



I WENT INTO A STALL
AND THERE WAS A
SMEARED PIECE OF
SHIT. IN THE SHIT,
THERE WAS A
BRACELET WITH MY
FACE. MADE OF
ELASTIC STRING
AND PURPLE PLASTIC BEADS

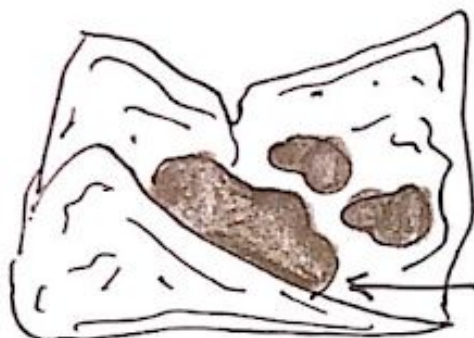


3 inch

X
TOILET

→ ON OCTOBER 20 2019

→ WE FOUND HUMAN SHIT ON A PAPER TOWEL
NEAR THE FIRE ESCAPE



I WONDER IF SOMEONE
IN THIS APARTMENT
DID. OR MAYBE A
GUEST.

MAYBE SOMEONE WAS PASSING. ^{THROUGH} I THOUGHT IT
WAS A SAFE SPACE. I ASKED EVERYONE IF
THEY HAD ANY INFO ON IT.

→ ON SEPTEMBER 9 2019

→ WE DECIDED TO MESS WITH A RAW PIECE
OF MEAT TOSSED OUT OF A WINDOW. IT HAD
BEEN ROTTING AND COOKING IN THE SUN
FOR LIKE 4 DAYS. I WANTED TO SEE
WHAT THE UNCOOKED SIDE LOOKED LIKE
SO I TRIED TO GET IT FLIPPED OVER.

↑
THE MEAT



↑
it opened
along that
line

INSTEAD OF FLIPPING, IT OPENED IN HALF
NOW SHOWING ONLY ITS INTERIOR.

IT SMELLED LIKE ROTTING MEAT. IT WAS
OOZING GREEN GOO. MAGGOTS CRAWLED OUT.
IT LOOKED LIKE IT COULD HAVE BEEN A LUNG.
I WAS HOPING IT WAS FORGOTTEN MEAT LOAF.

→ NOW

→ THERE IS DOG SHIT ON THE ^{ROOF OF THE} BUILDING NEXT DOOR.
THEY LOAN MONEY THERE.

ON SEPTEMBER 22 2019

MY GIRLFRIEND OF 3 YEARS BROKE UP WITH ME. I WENT A PARTY MINUTES LATER.

[REDACTED] BROUGHT A COPY OF SYLVIA PLATH'S COLLECTION OF POETRY AND READ SELECTIONS USING THE LIGHT FROM MY PHONE WHILE WE SAT IN A PARKING LOT SMOKING. HER DAD IS A NATZI TOO.

SHE LATER STARTED A COUP. SHE WANTED ~~THE~~ THE GUY SHE BROUGHT TO LEAVE.

EVERYONE PRETENDED THEY NEEDED TO LEAVE BECAUSE OF PARKING PROBLEMS, BUT NO ONE BUT HIM LEFT.



I TOOK HER HOME WITH ^{ME}. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO BE ALONE AND I GOT DUMPED SO WE READ SYLVIA PLATH IN THE BASEMENT. SHE TOLD ME DETAILED STORIES OF WHEN SHE GOT ASSAULTED, ONCE IN A BUS, IN HANDCUFFS BECAUSE HER PARENTS SENT HER TO A PSYCHIATRIC, THERAPEUTIC, AND SECRET BOARDING SCHOOL INVOLUNTARILY. THE BOY HARRASSED HER THROUGH METAL BARS.

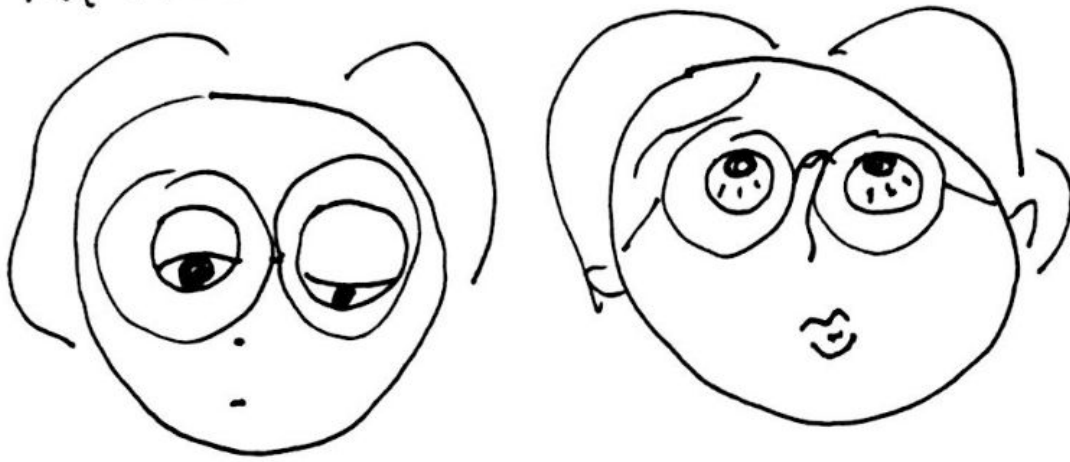
SHE COULD TELL MY HOUSE HAD BAD ENERGY. I TOLD HER ABOUT THE MEAT AND SHE TOLD ME ABOUT HER FRIEND FROM BOARDING SCHOOL WHO WENT MISSING AND WAS FOUND TWO WEEKS LATER IN THE WOODS WITH HER MEAT ROTTING AND A DEATH CAUSED BY A HEROIN OVERDOSE.

SHE TOLD ME THAT I AM IN DANGER HERE. THIS PROPHECY WAS REVEALED TO HER. I AM GOING TO WATCH MY LOVED ONES DIE AND THEN HE WILL KILL ME. SHE WAS TRYING TO WARN ME, THEN SHE HAD MY FACE.



IN ABJECTION, I SEE MY FACE.
AND HOW I WRITE ABOUT OTHERS
INFORMS HOW I SEE MYSELF.
MY STORY FLOWS THROUGH MOMENTS
OF DISGUST.

SOMETIMES I SEEK A WRETCHED RELATIONSHIP
DRIVEN BY THE MOST GROTESQUE.
IT HELPS ME FIND MY COMMUNITY,
IT ALSO MAKES ME ALONE WITH MYSELF.
MY FACES ARE US BUT THERE IS NO US



PIECE ME TOGETHER. MY IDENTITY IS
SCATTERED IN TRIVIAL HORRORS. BUT
I AM STILL OKAY.

