

A Relatable
Human Experience

through firey salt and pepper lips
i ripped out a piece of each of my lovers
to fill the weird holes left in my chest,
crudely grafting myself into a monster
more perfect than I could have dreamed
up alone-- i can only hope that each in turn
was left satisfied by the bloody lumps
i coughed up and left wordlessly on pillows
smelling faintly of gasoline and breakfast

You're now chatting with a random stranger. Say hi!

Stranger's college: mnsu.edu

You: Hey

Stranger: Hi I'm Andrew hbu

You: would you like to hear a poem i am writing?

Stranger has disconnected.

- All my dreams are maze dreams
- freelance blood donor
- full time half ghost
- Am I a man
- Or am I a Muppet?
- Pessimistic half joke (open to interpretation)
- Your mom but with gills
- I am a completely normal and down to earth kind of guy
- It's okay to eat 𐄂 they don't have any feelings
- All I do is fry rice and break hearts
- That hat looks like something grandma would wear to her next DUI

Today is only the third day of the month
but I have already written thirty poems:
on stumps and clouds and sidewalks
poured in steaming cups of Champurrado
painted directly on my face
secreted in gaps between fingers
and creases in necks

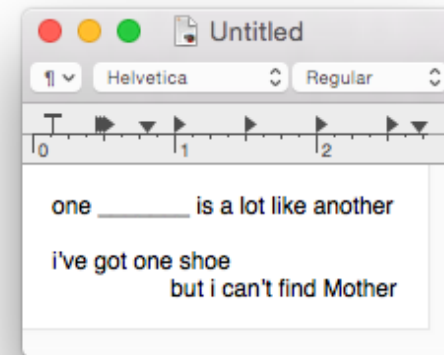
forgotten on the beach
scribbled on a bar napkin
pressed flat with grass and flowers
between two heavy bricks
burnt in the oven
ground into palms by rough asphalt

i saw one when we held hands
i was just a beam of bright pink light
and you were a beam of bright orange light
and we were all beams of pinkish orange light

i used to have all these dreams of making people
but i'm more you and you're more me than you think

me
me
me

we
we
we



we used to try to have friends or something, what a joke
flowers shoved in our crop tops, wet pine needles on skin
pretending to understand one another like
damn
we all poop we all breathe we all sleep, right????
but i never really got what you told me about your papi
until it happened to zak too - and then i didn't want to know
I google searched "how to go to sleep hungry"
john told me he used to have a chauffeur growing up
but almost three months later we can't seem to kick him off our couch.
So here we aren't now, all over again. vivid in transience. shitting in bowls.
i hope we all die someday the alternative is terrifying.

rain sounds best hitting ugly jagged rooftops.

please please lets hold hands let me hold your hand

At the Max House where all our dreams lay down to die a blonde girl
throws up her french fries in the only bathroom stall that works nobody
knows her name or where she's from At the Max House we made wax
molds of all our heads then filled the skulls with ashed cigarettes and
spent nitrous canisters and its okay at the Max House where you can
sharpie the walls and sleep on the couch and take a pill and fight with
your friends and cry in the attic and bleed on the carpet and cough up a
lung and we're all okay okay?

sorry i made you think about yourself.
come bleed into my heart.

You
change your mind
like a girl
changes clothes

You
make me feel
like a drug
overdose

You
picked me up
made me wait
didn't show

You
overdosed
overdosed
coma toast.

work the hair
everyone will fall in love
watching you eat bread

Hiding from my girlfriend so i can ruin my life in peace

--

I want a messy love that stains me red

Lob your guts in the sky-

I wanted N O T H I N G on repeat loud enough to drown the world out and
then I found it waiting for me at the end of the tracks in a dirty piece of used
tinfoil

I thought shit can it be that bad?

Whoops, now I'm a believer; i'm in a drug dream all the time...

I looked up and watched a gaggle of red children bobbing up and down in
space

and when I finally fell back down to earth in a messy pile of limbs and
elbows and cigarette burns

I gathered that lifeless thing of a body and slumped it in a chair facing the
chalkboard and pointed my eyes vacantly forward

your love story was just another love story
 and while it may have carried a great deal
 of personal significance at the time i am not
 moved by your expressions of pain and loss
 any more than you are moved by my own
 expressions of confusions and depressions:
 my current state is a symptom of my own
 chronic failures, not your magnificence
 you were fucking magnificent though

i saw you gave me a look and we were there
 i got mixed up which parts of me were me and
 which belonged to you,
 up until i lost you

don't lose your rounded edges
 but i always know of something to take the corners
 off
 maybe it will
 or maybe it won't

put words in a heart wow whatever
 everything you love wow whatever
 man i thought i was too old for this shit already.

I used to write a lot, read a lot, feel a lot. Used to talk a lot. Used up too
 much air. Unsustainable.
 Used to dig holes in the beach. Smoke pot under a bed sheet. Used to think
 you were cool, think we were both cool. Used to wear jeans.
 Used to skip lunch on Sundays. Used to save up money, for a cat fetus in a
 jar, for you. Would be ironic if now I got hungry and ate it....

Well thats the story
 of my life



can we?
 take a photo-
 it'll last longer
 lets lay on the carpet
 and look up
 i want
 to feel human again