

Teen Surf Goth

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“it is love
it is hate
it is the music of yeezy
that make up the roaring waters
that bind us”

- virginia woolf

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wherever/whenever

i wanna be 12 yrs old again

i wanna be from new jersey in the fall

i wanna live 3/4s of my life in an MMORPG

i wanna [explicit content] to the idea of shakira ~clothed
crawling across my ikea bunkbed

i wanna cry myself to sleep, after,

while a scratched the ataris cd bleats 'boys of summer'

into my headphones

& in the morning i wanna sit in the back of a fucking schoolbus

poem

this one time i broke a bottle
of this type of perfume that my mom
used to wear called poem

afterwards
the house smelled like poem
for like six months

try using this one weird tip

i remember this other time in college after a weekly 'post-drunk dinner' sunday morning brunch at the same restaurant we always went to which was supposedly named after this guy who was a health nut & invented the graham cracker as a result i guess & well nevermind that anyway we all went back to my house after brunch which was not uncommon & i went to my room which i shared with my kind of girlfriend of the time to get changed i think & this girl i knew kathy i mean more than knew she was my friend but so anyway this girl swung the door open & came in looking for me & i was on my knees sitting on a pile of clothes in bed hunched over in my underwear w/ my hands under my belly in a kind of fucked up yogic 'child pose' & she was like wat the hell & i got really embarrassed & reacted by getting mad & telling her to leave & later telling her that when i closed the door to my bedroom which i rarely did that it was 'for a reason' & even later once she'd 'collected herself' i remember how she told me to 'listen, man' & that it was 'ok to pray, everyone does it, sometimes' & my being confused when she said that because i hadn't been praying at all & reacting by telling her so, reacting by telling her the truth which was that 'i wasn't praying at all. i was tugging on my stomach fat' & the way her face got all serious afterwards i mean i guess it did seem like an impossibly bleak thing to admit to, at the time

**sitting on the ground in yr sad room facing
the window is fun because you can pretend
you are in a spaceship, kind of**

but hey
guess wat
a lot of people are convinced
that there's
'secretly something deeply wrong with them,'
ok?!

sexy tumblr

my friend found a sexy photo
while searching for [something] on my laptop, once

he put it in my trash folder, secretly
& maybe experienced emotions
lying somewhere on a spectrum between
embarrassment & sympathy while doing so

i wanted to be able to have ‘tastefully erotic
& vaguely artistic’ pics tho
& not be ashamed of it

but also i didn’t want people just like
stumbling into shit on my laptop

so i created an anonymous tumblr to post them to
took the pic out of the trash, posted it

& immediately forgot my username & password