

three in the morning

i feel small when her name pops up on the screen seven years to my one
it says she facetimed him says she's been thinking about him a lot lately
i am a spiral of instagram and mutual facebook friends i am the crazy
girl everyone says i am counting the number of little red hearts he saved
up to give to her instead cardi b says it's ok to go through his phone
so i do we used to walk the dogs together he walks the dogs alone
anxiety bitch i become a tremor when i see how many times he's called
her my depression is a stalled three train never knowing when i will go
forward again everyone congratulates you it is all you can do to not
get buried in all of their expectations in the outfits the wins the kisses
on the cheek my depression does not know what is real and what isn't
it believes that you don't really love me that no one does how could
they? when you ask me what i'm going through i don't know how to
be the pretender small shriveled clean lipstick smile kiss goodnight i am
scouring my contacts for someone i can call at three in the morning the
suicide hotline is always there i feel like a burden even to them imposter
syndrome tells me that everyone will see what i am soon there is no
good garden here i have imagined myself a kind of sick that unglues
the fake lashes wipes away the glitter unsnatches something already
stolen i want to legally change my name to g.g. ghost girl when they
ask what my initials stand for i will tell them nothing i will tell them
something used to be there but i can't find it anymore do you know
how many people have told me that they don't want me when i'm
sad? i tell them this is the only way that i know how to be they retweet
about celebrities lost to this disease they post the crisis hotline not their
own number they close all the spaces they held for me once i am just
a phone that rings with no answer i evaporate into the ghost that they
have made me into nothing or smoke wake up the next morning dunkin
donuts iced coffee myself into novacaine force my wired shut jaw to
chew eat breathe i will breathe like a burning house uncertain it will
ever be anything other than flame billowing i fell for 12 hours yesterday
no one to catch me cried until my body renamed itself pillar of salt after
looking back too many times ignoring the fires tattoo the words "it's
not my fault" on every square inch of me
i still do not believe it

for the good date

i love the way you say my name out loud
this bar brings out all your travieso
hanes white t-shirt. hair, slicked back. mango tree
tattooed next to an obvious love song
they warned me about your smile. heartbeat. laugh.
still want you to bathroom graffiti me
sharpie what you can't tell anyone else
whispering a recipe for heaven
to the back of my jaw 'til i echo
maybe we are both just disappointing
sad. surrounded by putting green regret
tonight, my sickness renamed itself hope
the only disappointment is with those
who wallow in letting us go too fast

WHITE BOY, UNINTERRUPTED

White Boy says,
I had to wait in line at Starbucks today, so I know about oppression
White Boy retweets NPR and watches Jeopardy for fun,
White Boy won't admit it but he likes when you get the answer wrong,
likes the feeling of knowing just a little bit more than you do
White Boy listens to indie music and paints his life
a *500 Days of Summer* shade of mope
, because the whole world loves him the least
White Boy is glad *Green Book* won the Oscar
and not glad Tr*mp is the president,
not glad, but safe,
happy to know he will not have to live in a world
where white people are the minority,
White Boy says, *aren't you white?*
White Boy says he knows all about brown people
because of all the Spanish girls he's dated,
says real tacos have radishes on them,
says horchata is mexican titty milk
& i'm like, *damn, I wish my titties were full of horchata*
or maybe I don't because White Boy would just set me up
at a hipster cold brew coffee shop somewhere
& start turning a profit while I bust my horchi-chis
in another episode of cultural appropriation at its finest,
White Boy thinks my brown mouth is dirty,
With every flip of my chingona tongue
and every *fuck you!* shouted at the orange tv pendejo
White Boy thinks my brown mouth/my brown friends/my brown life,
is dirty when I tell him that I am tied to this land, to my native Aztlan
blood and the red dirt in my teeth
White Boy responds by texting me a picture of a cartoon Pocahontas,
naked ass out, standing next to John Smith
who is holding a looped belt, smiling,
White Boy says *jk lol*,
White Boy thinks it'd be kinky
if I said *colonize me, daddy* right before he cums,
White Boy tells me this in a tinder message,
tells me he does not believe in privilege,
meaning it is not a privilege to love me

not a privilege to hold me or fuck me or whisper in my ear,
White Boy just expects these things, just like his ancestors did,
White Boy says he could beat me at a job interview
or a sport or a poetry slam
White Boy says he could beat me
White Boy says, *I don't need your consent, I'm your boyfriend,*
doesn't understand the word 'no'
since he is the only one who ever gets to say it
White Boy tastes like expensive toothpaste and entitlement,
his favorite movies are *The Social Network* & *American Psycho*,
he jokes about luring me in like prey, tells me about the way bunny
rabbits are calmed to stillness and forced to trust,
just before someone slides the skin off their small bodies,
he tells me this while playing with my hair,
as I am splayed across his chest wondering why
I keep making the same mistakes over and over again,
he is so comfortable with the way history keeps repeating itself
& I just wanna kick and push my way out of his palms,
I am all bunny rabbit heartbeat and sudden will to live,
White Boy always leaves me hoping I won't have to run away
screaming this time, leaves me wishing he was better
than all of the men and mistakes before him,
White Boy says he is already the best there ever was