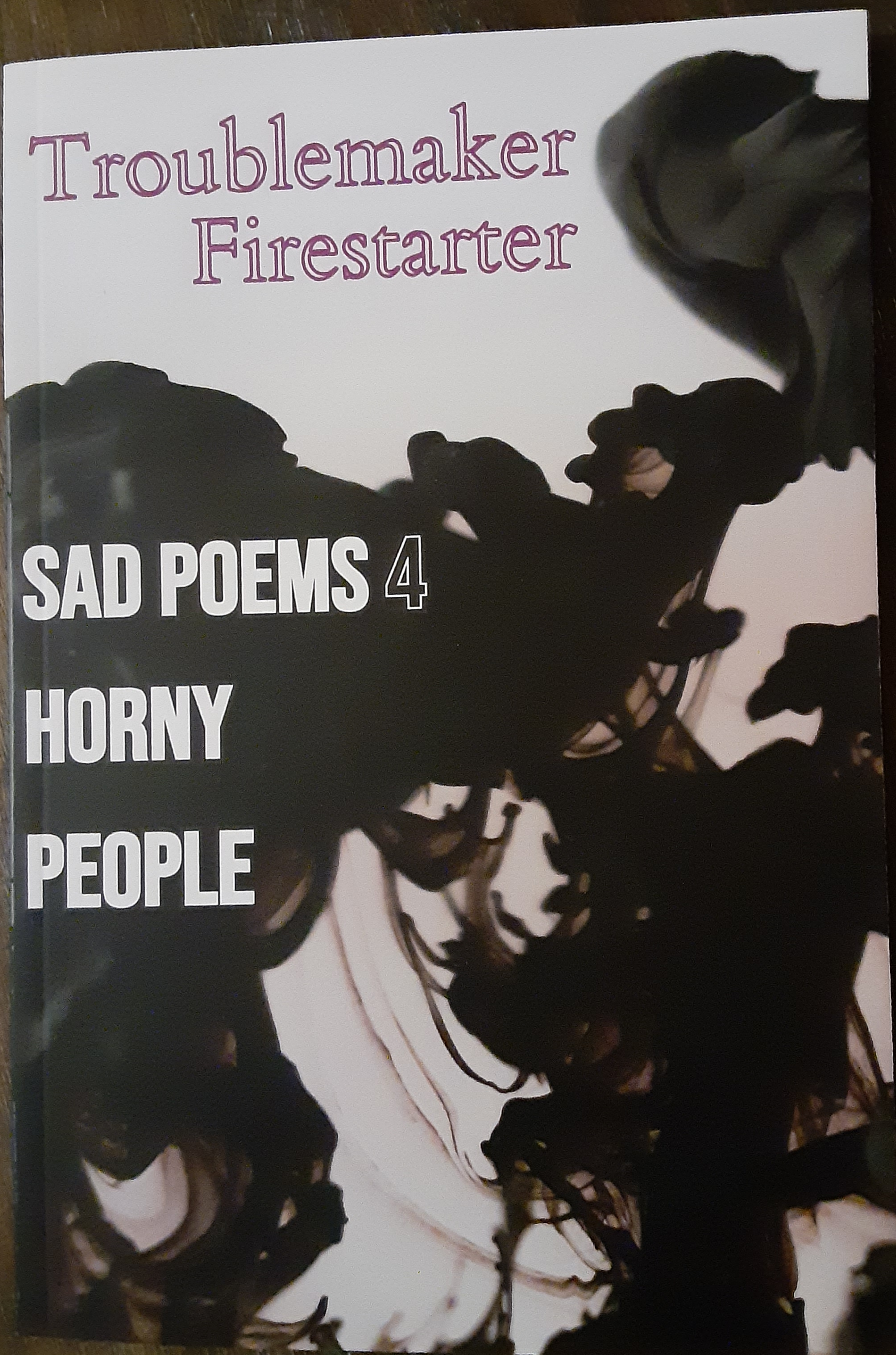


Troublemaker Firestarter

SAD POEMS 4

HORNY

PEOPLE



Bat Collazo

Our Lady of Nineteen

Exposure dreams, nude dreams,
except our clothes are all on and our faces are bare.
People all around us, speaking,
spitting, snorting,
aspirating, aerosolizing,
crawling in and colonizing,
settling our lungs
unless we stop our breath.

Awake, it's touch ache,
swallowing the sun.

What makes the high-risk boy on diligent PrEP
lick a younger virus fresh from the well of mouths,
because it's too goddamn lonely
and cops will cut his breath as quick. Quicker.
I mean, fuck, even the pulse ox is racist
when it counts on brown skin.

Thor took nine steps backwards
before the world ended.

Eric begged face down
eleven times.

Angelita face down,
gurney and stomach merging,
ventilated, comatose, until the weight of her lungs
bears down on her straining heart.

UK variant, So
and a crown o
of hand saniti
I start calling
What can I sa
Name me a t
Hail the volc
white dog w
her children
Hail the ha
scratched r
and have b
for one tho
Hail Coro

UK variant, South African variant,
and a crown of spike proteins. The sear
of hand sanitizer.

I start calling it her.

What can I say, I'm a sucker for worship.

Name me a terror that isn't divine.

Hail the volcano that eats the earth,
white dog who drowns in fever fountain
her children's kidnappers.

Hail the hands that climbed into my cunt,
scratched runes down my spine,

and have broken the world

for one thousand years.

Hail Corona, too.