

Poem

phrase:
colon truth
written slowly, spoken quickly, lived briefly
lives morph into lies in meta-ink pixels.
Times-new-roman selves
shelved on endless, eternal, unreadable disks—

this data has no birthplace
born recorded,
it means nothing to us.
ignore my name

and twist yourself around
my glowing words.
allow yourself to listen—
the first moment of release
into another's reality
my greyness spread out over
your eartime is our first taste of orgasm
indulgence in escapism
allowable only in institution
dorm room eternities.

Can this acid ink
shatter our suffocating interpellation?
I'll hail you as universal,
and in exchange,
you promise to call me nothing.
I am a piece of paper
and I know you well enough
to know that you can breathe.
your gaze violates me,
your eyes expose every inkstain,
soon, you will have finished me.