



yearly greens - rrrk

@mxmmy_
Norwich, CT

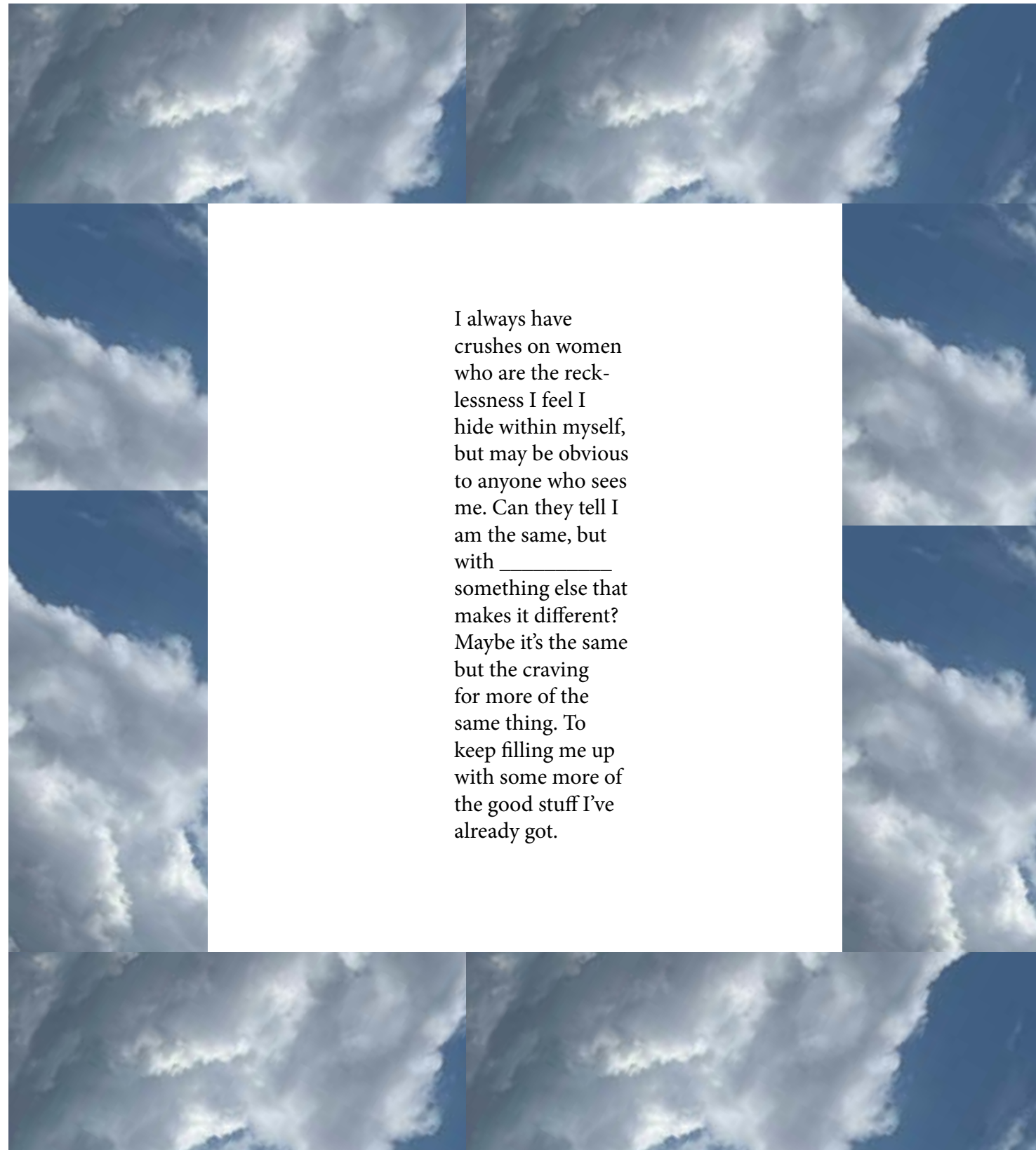
ooo

LMAO

This girl Ik in my class is gay but she doesn't know that I am and I called her a faggot and now I think she thinks I'm homophobic.

Today





I always have
crushes on women
who are the reck-
lessness I feel I
hide within myself,
but may be obvious
to anyone who sees
me. Can they tell I
am the same, but
with _____
something else that
makes it different?
Maybe it's the same
but the craving
for more of the
same thing. To
keep filling me up
with some more of
the good stuff I've
already got.

three people



I remember the small
stick-and-poke tucked away
on HN's inner wrist. She regretted
what she asked M to do
to her, and for weeks she
would remove it through
self-mutilation, privately held
but publicly dispatched
between us - without her, passing
in the hallways to say, "Did you see that
HN is still picking away at herself?"

But that was always M's effect: her
absence and how you looked
once her light set
from your horizon
was unnerving.



What transpired to
set off three
different fires that
together smoked us
out to each other?

One day I looked up from the dirt to
the two of them around me, sharing the glint
in my eye
that meant,
"We have been traveling alone
and for a while let's venture together."

dear diary lol

I can't gage if what transpired between me and ?????? was anything at all. All my friends just say it was weird. I don't remember any other adjectives they use. It's all negative. It's confusing. It was unclear. But for months she was the person I'd call when I was most down on my luck, and did that mean I was falling in love with her? I don't know. What else did I have to do? I wasn't meeting anyone else. And her life was so exciting to hear about. And she would say things that made me feel wanted, that made me feel someone was interested in what I had to say. She said things that made me think we were sharing a similar vision for how life should go for us.



horny poem

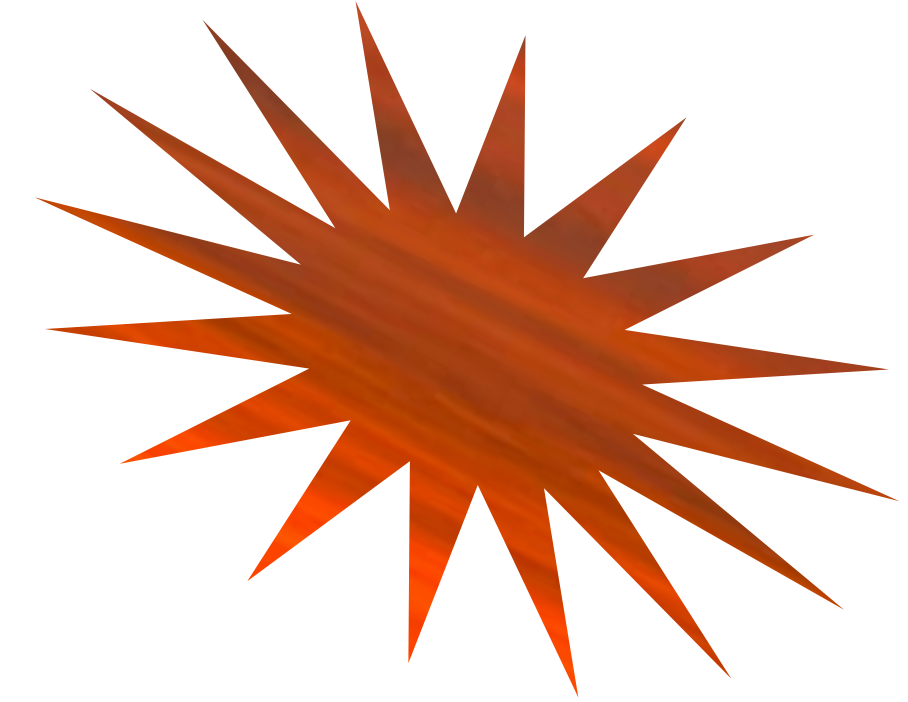
You will or you won't touch my body,
still can't tell?

Once and for all.

All the times I needed it.
All the times I wanted it.
Dreamed of it
in the shower as the warm
water pelts me. Dreamed of
my fingers as yours, under my
covers, circling
an entryway.

Are you pacing at the door?
Can't you see
I've left it open for
you, the wind even got in before
you — gusts all inside me,
my curtains frantic,
my chest proud: come on in.

Don't be shy.
Don't be a stranger.
What's mine can become
yours, can be held by and
can hold
your fingerprints.



It was true I didn't want to date her.
Much worse, I wanted to escape into a
world we were creating.

Always created to escape... what If I
created to remain/stay? How do you stay?
How do you inhabit?

Always created to escape... what If I
created to remain/stay? How do you stay?
How do you inhabit?



ON INSTAGRAM. AS SEEN ON INSTAGRAM.
TAGRAM. AS SEEN ON INSTAGRAM
AS SEEN ON INSTAGRAM. AS SEEN

OUT OF THE NIGHT
that covers me **BLACK AS THE PIT**

FROM POLE TO POLE I THANK WHATEVER GODS MAY BE
FOR MY UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I HAVE NOT WINCED NOR CRIED ALOUD
UNDER THE BLUDGEONINGS

OF CHANCE MY HEAD IS BLOODY
but unbowed **BEYOND THIS PLACE**
OF WEALTH AND TEARS I LOOMED OUT THE HORIZON OF THE SHADE

AND YET the menace of the years **FINDS**
and shall find me **UNAFRAID**

IT MATTERS NOT how strall the gate
HOW CHARGED THE PUNISHMENTS ON THE SCROLL

I am the master of my fate; I am the Captain of my soul

GODS





cave of desire

Deep in my cavern of desire:

Theres me paralyzed on
the couch mindlessly high still buzzing
in my body, let alone my eyes
but entire pulse is aware
her, who has also sprawled out
Across the couch.

And for all the space

between my lips and my teeth
I would give to
bridge my body toward

hers. outside under the moonlight,
when we're ripping bong I'm demanding
that she tells me how special I am
how 'I mean
the most' to her

this need to validate my character like
aren't I important to you, baby girl
tell me how much I meant to you different from
those
you tease.

Let me hear it: the Between the two of us:
brewing bubbling gurgling spitting up lava
deep
the cave of my desire.

Its wet wool. Its underside of a snail.
Its snotty like the best shrimp with lobster sauce in town.

The cave of my desire echos
and bellows and beacons.
it pulls a cord and here
my right hand: outstretched,
pinky and its neighbor laying
flat on my palm,
but my middle and
forefinger and thumb jutting
out and ushering, and
next swish twirl
my wrist, see these
yearning digits
collapse against my palm to
call you forth. Come across that

couch for me and confirm
you feel hunger and need
silently radiating off
me. Wet with it. filthy with it.

And how easily I want to turn this
congealed warmth
on display for

only your eyes,
all for only you to see.

my consuming. an endless pit.
Black hole. Binge. Feast. Frenzy. I worry
I will open up to ask and never stop.

Through eating I
grow larger than life.
What happens next
when the last thing
was to never end?



You questioned "🙄"

