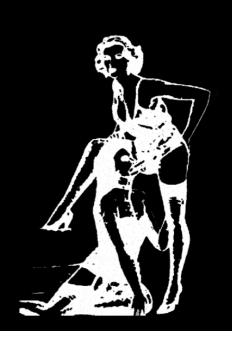


to my sobriety
to anthony bourdain
to my younger self!!!!!!!!!!!
to early 2000's amanda bynes' movies
to the venus of willendorf sculpture
to 20 years of fall out boy
to ariana & asher





a rabbit-hearted boy, i remain sleepless during lawless nights. it is 2:10am and i am relinquishing the shame. sick of being filled to the brim with guilt. i cannot keep white knuckling my way through this life.

me levante temprano esta mañana. aprendi usar la cafetera. lo e visto hacer tantas veces, creo que lo hice bien. es la primera vez que me hago una taza de cafe desde marzo 2020. estaba bebiendome una cafetera entera de cafe cada dia. no creo que ayudo con mis problemas de dormir por nada pero tenia razon por levantarme. me estaba levantando cada mañana a las 7 para hazer mi cafecito. estoy aprendiendo hacer tiempo donde no habia. hay algo sobre decir para siempre, de prometer tiempo que no nos es prometido.

i drive my car a little too fast still. a mindless thing i should have outgrown from the heartbreak. ife has a brighter look to it lately. one that shouldn't be risked so carelessly. i drive my car home a little too fast to get back to you.

your desperate desire to be a just person is in constant battle with your true nature. you are as loose with your hands and words as my father was.

Despite having injected the thick liquid into the fat of my thigh for over a year and a half, I still get lightheaded at the pin drop of blood that emerges when I retract the needle. God has no match for those made in their own image. One day I'll be more man than my father ever was. Trying to be alive during one of the most tense political climates as a trans person has been really fucking hard ngl! Exhausted with my existence being an inherent act of defiance.

If I had the chance, I'd pull you from the earth with my bare hands. Eramos como uña y mugre, si no solo por ese fin de semana.

it's a bad appetite day. i've got the new mitski song on repeat. can't bring myself to do much more than lay here. why is grocery shopping the most paralyzing task? i want to get to the point where i'm not laying under my blankets thinking about dying anymore. he's proof of its possibility.

His fists bloodied and contused led away into the back of the squad car.

Two weeks were spent in a cramped bedroom in my aunt's old apartment.

Ten years pass and they're happily married now.

I can't bring myself to forgive you.

each text is from a different conversation

You need a medically induced coma

i just gave this guy the craziest head and he proceeded to make a 9/11 joke after

Like enough w the dramatics just get railed

fuck ai 🕰 from the bottom of my heart

only want the kind of man you can call babygirl

Did he indirectly call u autistic with that

see yall at my funeral i am getting a pap smear today

You are so so easy for me to love



i've spent all day on my phone instead of baking the gluten free cinnamon apple loaf i've been meaning to. i want a do over. all i've eaten today is leftover takeout from two nights ago and a granola bar. i want to finish the bottle of wine in the fridge but am stubborn and won't break my sobriety out of a little boredom, your bed has welcomed me and i'm tangled in the sheets of your absence, watching your youtube feed. it's a bit depressing. i don't make enough art anymore. i think i got a desk just to fill the space. if you'd asked me today to join you at the pool, i think i'd say yes for once. despite my aversion for public swimming pools. it looks like a nice day out, it hasn't rained yet. i know i'd feel better if i just baked already, but i can;t stand the hum of the refrigerator and the slamming of cabinets without you around. it's a fruit pouch kind of day.

I want this spring to mean something. Something more than it's meant in years passed. I want you. I wonder if you can feel that. I hope you don't mind that I can't help but smile when I look at you. It's too hard not to (I've tried). All my life I've had far too much love and nowhere to put it, no one willing to take it off my hands and from my mouth. I think there's something really wrong with me. Deep down beneath the surface. Maybe that's why he kept coming back. He saw what no one else could. I'm not supposed to think about him anymore. I was such an angry child. I wonder if and when I'll ever grow out of that. Last month I occupied a different space. I think I place too much emphasis on home. I don't think it makes my agoraphobia any easier to manage. I've managed to keep a stable job for 9 months now. Each morning I am afraid one day I won't be able to keep it up anymore. Two weeks ago, a man crashed into my car when I was leaving work. When it rains, it pours. You say you love me several times a day and my throat closes up before the words can escape me. I hope you know I love you too. I think there's something really wrong with me. I've been thinking a lot about community. You cried the first time we laid together. You tell me I'm beautiful. I'm not sure what to do with that. I'm never sure anymore. Uncertainty makes my stomach hurt. My stomach always hurts. It is April 1st and I feel foolish. I keep telling myself good things are to come, but when? I want this spring to mean something. My laptop is burning my thighs as I sit in bed and type this. I want this spring to mean something. Goodbye saturday.



I HOPE YOU KNOW I DON'T HATE YOU

SIGH.-

LAST YEAR I

LET'S PLAY BLOODY KNUCKLES ONCE MORE.

I A ON EFINAL F.F. CAT / CC SHOWY DUT JAY TO KE LT.

WHATEVER YOU WANT TO PUT ME THROUGH

FOR OLD TIME KES IN A FINAL TOP IN THE SECOND TIMES IN THE SECOND TO THE

WHATEVER WE WERE WAS SOMETHING LIKE A CAR CRASH.

I HAVE TO CAY YAU TO BE A DOR WELL NEVER BE PARAVIT THATS.

THINGS LIKE BEAUTY ARE ALL TOO FRAGILE.

// / // // AT YOU LIKE I MANT TO ENTY OF WALIVE.

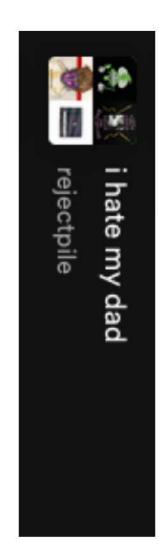
DESIAE IS A FUNNY THING.

P P PONTWAY GIT WAT YIR A FIRM FEED.

YOU WILL ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WISH FOR IN THE END.

NO BITE.

Fantasizing about dying a great, dramatic Gatsby death. Found facedown floating atop the still water of a swimming pool or slammed into the front of another car like a crash test dummy. Last November's stitched wrist left me embarrassed. He brought the bandaging and we never spoke of it. Lately I think far too much about the lake. The bathtub. The balcony. I make it all to obvious I am a broken thing when I beg not to be touched. Google search: how to explain your chosen name is comprised of two suicide references. Let me tell you a story about sickness. Four weeks bound to my bed. Let me tell you a story about sickness.. The dead boy in my life haunts me so. The dead boy's older brother is naming his first born after him. I didn't go to the baby shower. I didn't go to the funeral. Let me tell you a story about sickness. She Rattened up my rabbit. Little did I know what for. When you're young, you believe just about anything. When you're young, you only know one type of hunger. I wonder if my rabbit tried to run. Killing something in order to nurture another is what sacrifice is about. Is what love is all about. Jesus said, 'Here is my body! Eat it up, buttercup!' Man takes no time in partaking of the body. Of the fruit. I grew up believing the word Man was a synonym for cowardice. How else could a child begin to understand laying an unloving hand upon another? Living with my father taught me lessons of survival I never thought I'd need. This summer has been ant bites and sunburns and too-hot days. Empty tennis court, no net, free-range kids cursing each other to hell and back. I never learned to rollerskate.







Remember us just like this forever, but this can't last, won't last

jub Follow Follow

how am i supposed to bring a girl home with all my fucking posters bro. like haha its just us babe.. me.. you.. and american pop rock band fall out boy

4:14 · 16 May 23 · 3M Views

5,139 Retweets 3,089 Quotes 30.5K Likes

1.402 Bookmarks







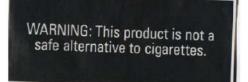
Half of us chasin' fountains of youth and it's in the present right now

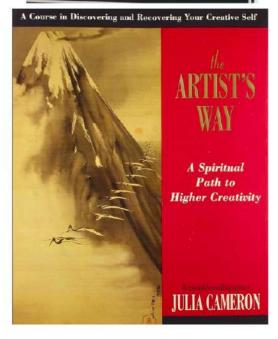
But after this I'm never gonna be the same And I am never going back again



me, who hasnt brushed my hair in 2 days: damn i'm like.... kinda sexy

Now @





For whatever reason, it seems like we're against love. Everyone. People think love equates to weakness, or gullibility, or an unwillingness to deal with reality, so they try to ruin it, the social scientists and the admen, with studies and lingerie shows and boxes of candy. They try to invalidate it, dirty it up, but they can't, because people in love know the truth. They know love is good and pure and really the most beautiful thing in the world. They know love is greater thom anything, greater even than Good. At first, I didn't believe it, but I do now. You have made me realize it. Being away from you has been the hordest thing I have ever done. I am shaking and sweating. I am going into withdrawal. I need you. lou are my withdrawal. You are my blood.

does your husband know the way the sunshine gleams off your wedding band?

i am a pete wentz type of romantic, i would dedicate a whole album to a boy, i would write every album after about him, i would give him an xray to show nim my heart, i would wear a pin of his face,i would always talk about you on live journal, i would write songs about you on other bands albums july 26, 2005

anyway fall out boy has the most romantic lyrics love me a good fall out boy lyric about romance

literally whoever i fall in love with in the near/distant future is just gonna receive whatever love this man had when writing "does your husband know the way the sunshine gleams off your wedding band? does he know the way i worship our love?"

lately i've been into believing fictional stories like the ones about me and you being happy, they've gotta be science fiction cause how else can you have a monster fall in love with a boy with no heart? actually i'm pretty sure you have a heart, but i'm just as certain it'll never be mine. i can tell you're willing to be loved somewhere on the inside but that doesn't do me any good when i'm still seeing things through thick curtains over windows and padlocked doors on the outside. bitter regrets, predictable forfeits, we lit a fire that was nothing but smoke and hot air, ashes, my hands are empty and you hold all the cards, kind

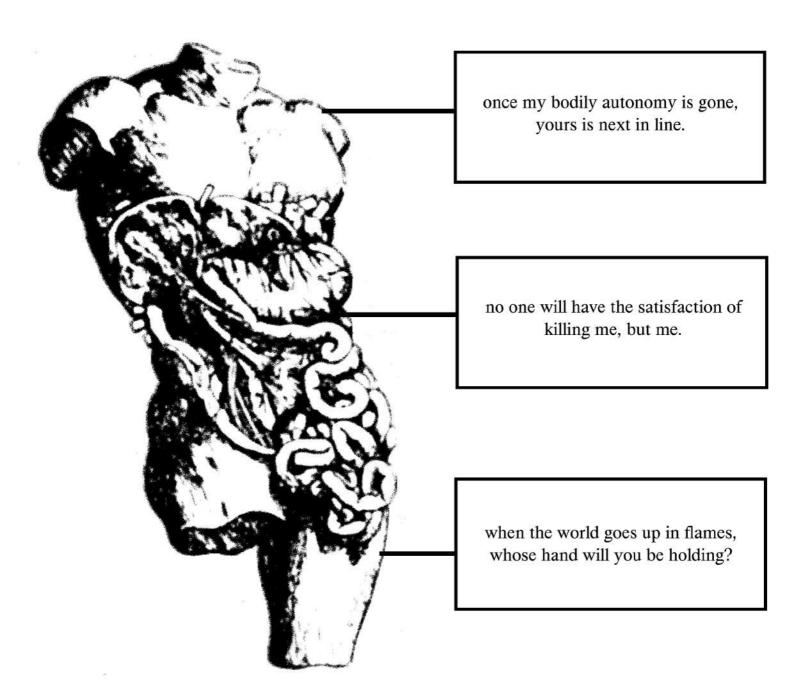
i am no better than him if i continue to deny my body the pleasure it craves (a nice bowl of soup or good s\(^*\x\) moderation is a lesson i never learned i've abstained from letting my addictive tendencies be nurtured and lost out on all the pleasures life has to offer hedonism is in, baby!! xo

incredibly stoned
googling knitting terms
feeling humbled about not being as
knowledgable as I was 11 years ago
and nurturing the part of me that feels
hurt not knowing
knitting is incredibly sexy!

with a tongue as sharp as a knife
i know how to get anyone going
(meaning under your skin or under your sheets)

kicking teeth: spit in my mouth:desperate & insufferable: grit teeth: pulled teeth: my mouth is slippery & stupid: milk—teeth baby: please please; onal fixation:eating disorder:put your finger in: my mouth my mouth my mouth i'my heart will always be the b—side to my tongue:thumb sucker:lip biter:mouth breather:overbite

i will no longer stand as an alter for shame. blessed be this trans body of mine. it is nothing short of revolutionary.



God was onto something when he made you

KILL YOUR LOCAL NAZI SCUM

Since the start of 2023, there have been over 537 anti-trans legislatures proposed across the United States. We are only in the first quarter of the year.

7% of Puertorican women were forcibly sterilized between 1947-1848. 128
Black men died during the Tuskegee Prison
Experiment. Upwards of 100,000 AIDS victims died between 1981-1990. The United States government has always had the blood of its most vulnerable on its hands.

It's just one lavender scare after another.







?



i watched When Harry Met Sally 6 times over the course of 3 days

3:29am can't sleep thinking about bad bunny and saffron

last night i dreamt of the Hot Priest from fleabag being MY love interest...... too much to unpack there

it's the way i can't not cry when it gets to the part in "No Children" when John Darnielle sings "i hope i never get sober"

30sec long songs, watching steven universe reruns, coca-cola slurpees, christmas lights, my grandfather laughing too long at facebook memes, charmed reruns, sloppy stick n poke tattoos, holding someone's sweaty hand, kissing my friends, my virgen de guadalupe candle, icky nostalgia, not drinking paint water, freshly sharpened colored pencils etc etc etc

It felt good to shave his head in the summertime. It was something he needed to do. My fingers could no longer get tangled in his hair, but I understood the weight it took of his shoulders. He'd buy me takeout every time he slept over as if nursing the pregnancy cravings I could've had had we been a little more irresponsible. If we were trying to follow in the footsteps of our parents. Preparing ourselves to hate each other. I know what he'd name his daughter, had she ever arrived. I think I was one of the healthiest version of myself the summer I stayed with him. Before things started going south.

My face warps in the bathroom mirror. The walls were the kind of orange that only existed when you're not sober. I'm distorted and sweats teeming on my forehead, blood rushing down my right thigh. He's banging on the bathroom door yelling at me to quit the hysterics. I call back for him to keep it down. I call back that everyone is asleep. That the last thing he should be doing right now is waking the kids. He never noticed the bathroom door's broken lock. He could've stopped me if he really wanted to, if he really tried. This is the worst fucking comedown. I've sworn off acid. I'm taking my sobriety serious this time. There were too many times he couldn't touch me.

He touches me like I'm something he's afraid of breaking. Afraid I'm too broken to be touched. His hands and my body sharing a relationship like Schrodinger's cat and box. I think his mother worried about me. Meaning she thought (or knew) we were about

to ruin each other's lives.

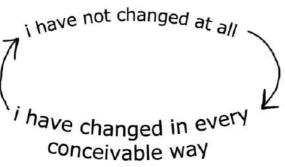
He'd undo the belt of his pants in his car and I'd promise to do my best as long as he kept his eyes on the road. I've never seen someone undo their belt so fast. "I'm good at giving head, what can I say?" There was a disgusting honesty between the two of us but never when it actually counted for shit.

He confessed to me about the time he tried his own c*m and I told him in grueling detail about what having a UTI felt like after the first time we were finally able to fuck. I bled on his new mattress the second night I'd slept over and cried for hours because he'd recently bought it for my arrival. He stopped smoking cigarettes so he could get hard. I desperately want to believe the last conversation we had was genuine. We were always at extremes. Too honest (if there is such a thing) or never enough. I know you want good for me and I for you. Buried deep down or whatever.



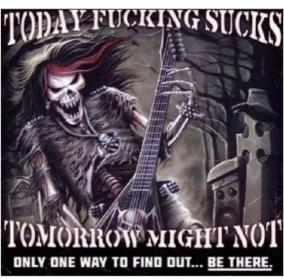


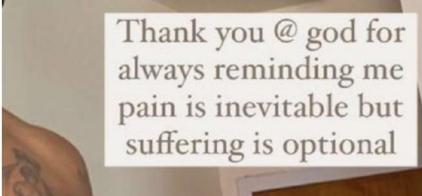


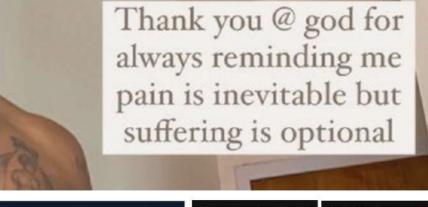












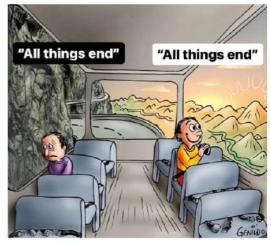












Loving Him left me with a sick taste on my tongue that resembled too strong devotion & doing anything he asked me to. Loyal to a fault. Heaven sure hasn't been found on Earth so we set our sights on Mars.

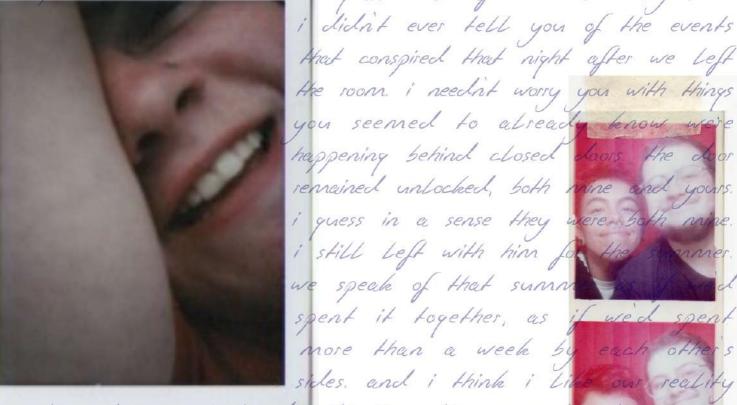
My mother's fag-mouthed daughter shaves his face before coming back home. Un-wombed by thine own hands. Infertile & sweet. She'll never get the grandkids she's been so desperate for. He was never good enough at being a girl and his sisters are ever present reminders of lost potential.

At this point, there are shoes I'll never fill & boxes I'll never check off. I will rewrite the bible with my right hand & take adam's rib to make mine anew.

Warped in unnatural ways, I will do what God intended the first time around. He couldn't picture something so perfect. Skilled in the joyous act of Creation.

Blessed be this trans body of mine.

this is the only polaroid photo i have that doesn't have a date written on it. despite that, i know it was taken on june 30 2019, we were laid on the grass that afternoon side by side.



more than the one i lived with him. there was the time i slept over when you got back from college, we spent the day on walks in your hometown, i had no intention of over but as the day went on, there seemed like no reason to leave, we slipped into pis and got really high and sat on the floor of your parents kitchen, we laughed a bit too loud and your morn came down to check on us, i treasure the short time we have spent together this lifetime.

summers blow! what's there to do but wash dishes and masturbate in the afternoon and drinking enough water to make you sick and and and it it never be summer 2019 again with you. so what am i to do?



We met at a peculiar time. I had not been sober a single day in almost 7 months. No. I did not take the break up lightly. Fast forward to probably the first time you came over to my, now our, home. I couldn't let you kiss me when you'd asked although I admired the gesture. Eventually I warmed up to you. The water stains on the ceiling by the fire alarm and my mattress on my bedroom floor were what you came over to. I'd taken apart my bed frame in a last effort to change something impermanent and even then, I couldn't sleep. I guess there's something to be said about getting fucked on your bedroom floor.

We are both unrecognizable at this point. I have never been one for moderation so abstaining has typically suited me best. Leaning too far into it has garnered me a shame for just about anything I might derive pleasure from. Slowly learning from you how sweet life can be. I wonder if you believed the fortune teller when it told you to be weary of a scorpio in blue jeans.

i dont know much about sonnets but i tried to write one for a pretty boy We're star cross'd lovers like Romeo and Juliet, in the sense that our stars aligned long enough for our paths to cross and For our love to never fully form then.

My "right person, wrong time," unrequited. I want him to know a love so deep it'd Make Orpheus reconsider his fate I'd turn around indefinitely before I am cast off to unholiness. Oh, he says he's not the best at sleeping

I would learn to sing lullabies for him. Oh, if the world were to end Tomorrow, I'd fly out to see your face one last time.

i hope you know how much courage it takes to make the choices you did. for yourself. you chose yourself & a new place. i know very little about you & we only spoke in passing, but i admire you & the person you're making of yourself. i think we'd be friends in another lifetime.

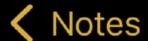
caught in the riptide, i grew to learn the ocean is no friend. on my birthday, we withstood the force of sand blown against our backs like tiny daggers while they battled the waves.

today i find myself struggling with my sobriety again. what's new? i am not sure if my relationship to moderation has improved much since making the decision to be sober, but all i want right now is to be fucked into oblivion. lusting for something that'll get me out of my head/out of my skin. the word comport is derived from the latin words for together (com) and to carry or bear (portare). hoy me comportare pero lo que hago mañana, Diosito, es asunto suyo. there's only so much to bear on my own.

thinking of U softens me i am in a constant cycle of being in love with you & missing being in love with you this feeling is pervasive what little time felt so large virgo venus, baby boy sweet planet of love you've transfixed me

this may is gonna be different, or so i'm trying to reassure myself, may's have consistently not been the kindest over the years. i said it would be different, then my great grandfather passed away, the car i recently bought stopped working altogether. my baby sister was graduating highschool. my *committed a betrayal so out of character. infiel holds a more accurate connotation than the english word for it. people will surprise you! i've never seen myself reflected so clearly in my mom's face. my mother stopped eating. my mother needs me to translate. my mother needs me to watch over my brother. my mother needs me to be a mother. to be a mother. oh, to be a mother. i am the son they never wanted, i stopped seeing my therapist (again), i quit my job (again), i stopped leaving my room, my house altogether for 3 months. i cried sitting in front of the lake. i cried at my baby sisters graduation. i cried after on the way back to my mother's place while my sister drove, babysitting the brakes the whole time passed fields of oranges and pastures of cattle. i cried when my uncle drove me back home, a crybaby since birth, may one day i not be shattered by may.

Persona 5 is the only video game I've ever made the effort to be good at. Solely due to your attempt at teaching me that blistering 4th of July when we split my first beer. There's more nuance than people think that goes into being a good/bad person. Your bed is a solace I no longer have and I never did finish Persona 5.







April 26, 2023 at 03:49

it's a beautiful thing to wake up & be sober this morning

things might not ever be okay, but i will, at some point, be. the sun comes into my room every morning to greet me. there's something ironic about always writing about being okay & not being okay. some days i am far too overwhelmed by the perfection of my life that it stops me right in my tracks and all i can do is marvel at what's in front of me. my heart might burst before i meet the big man in the sky and whether that be from life wearing it thin or an excess of love that couldn't be confined to such a tiny vessel, i shall never know. my desire to Live life, to choose it over and over and over again is primal. it's essential to my survival. passivity gets me nowhere & i'm sick of running and tired of waiting around. i am building my life. i want to watch the future i'm creating unfold in front of me. i'm building furniture in the rooms of my heart for everyone to take a seat & witness my becoming. i am here. i am here. i am here.

the things that matter most (to me) (reminders for staying alive)

fall out boy, regular show, my winnie the pooh slippers, the kitchen in my new home, stretching in the morning, waking up before the sun (i don't do it enough), my orange hoodie, synergy's ginger turmeric mushroom kombucha, my best friends, the film camera i bought on my 23rd birthday, a good night's rest (need more of), not having a stomachache (too often taken for granted), my physical copy of Stone Butch Blues, baking bread, learning new things, my little siblings. how else could i have survived this long?

< Notes



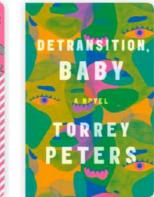


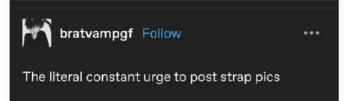
September 30, 2023 at 19:51

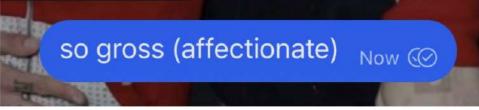
i am sitting at my desk. it is 6:19pm sunday september 17. i am eating microwave popcorn and Reese's pieces trying (emphasis on trying) to watch Roadrunner: A Film About Anthony Bourdain while my laptop buffers every other minute. i have spent almost two years putting this zine together. i wanted it to be something very special but i think what i've managed is something mundane. i dont mean that in a negative sense. i mean it as the small things, the little bits that make up every part of my life. simple things like sitting at my desk, what i happen to be snacking on, and the heartwrenching movie i threw on. life has been pretty beautiful lately. the big stuff doesnt frighten me as much as long as i know i'm doing the small things right. no longer carrying around bad luck charms.



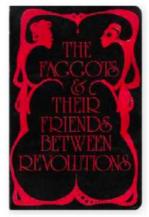


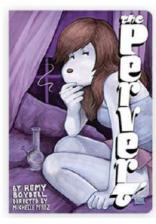














everything will be okay in the end. if its not

suffering does not make me good.

okay, its not the end.

20:26

< Notes

we have such a brief time on earth, it cant all be sacrifice.





my mother has always dressed to the nines. at the age of 41, she developed an eating disorder disguised as a diet. living with my father taught me lessons of survival i never thought i'd need. you never got to see my sister's chipped tooth. scantily clad is a perfect set of words. a 2012 video of a told slant performance of Parking Lots on tumblr brought me to tears today. does your new girl need 1590mg of valerian root to sleep through the night? i watched When Harry Met Sally 6 times over the course of 3 days. 3:29am can't stop thinking about bad bunny + saffron. so WHAT if i think judas slipped a little tongue? yesterday seemed to be the first time i struggled with my sobriety in such a way that resembled when He was around. i'm listening to flatsound rn and it's like i'm 15 again. love is hearing my best friend upstairs singing avril lavigne. my sweat smells like aloe. finally getting around to reading that book you recommended by the guy who created bojack horseman. you are loose with your hands and words as my father was. at the start of this, you said we could facetime each other like '21st century folk calling their lovers from countries away." weird how i ended up in your arms that March instead of at a goat farm in north florida. my sick penchant for boys with biblical names and devilish intentions. yes i'm fine (rewatching Fall Out Boy's 49min The Young Blood Chronicles longform music video for their 2013 album Save Rock and Roll). 2023 is the first year in several where i haven't bought a calendar. early 2000's amanda bynes movies made my who i am today, specifically She's the Man (gender) and What A Girl Wants (daddy issues). testosterone worked like an antidepressant. it's funnier to say you broke up with me over an ahegao photo than what actually happened. i think we kissed one final time in your car for old time sakes. you were already with her, but indulged me or yourself for our own reasons. for the love that used to be there. i am going to build a life of so much love & fuckery but you won't be around to see it. i bought her flowers every birthday, every time we saw one another. we shared wine and sleepovers in my bed. kissed on a monday morning, before she was my dearly departed. it was the only one we ever shared. all my mondays are bleak without her now. taught me the story of midas that drive south. eveything is golden, golden, golden.





