

after the afternoon rain in mexico city

i've been wanting to plant my body in a boy
who's got a jawline as defined as his privilege.

every time he comes over,
sitting stoned in the living room down the hall,
i swear you can hear my twin-sized bed
breathing his name through the walls.

he leaves me feeling as wasted as a
light-leaked roll of 35mm film.

he makes me want to
chew all of the bark off the trees.