

pride.

i fumble nervously with my identity. it's growing heavier & more awkward & more uncomfortable the longer her eyes are attached to mine.

who i once was is melting into the ground & no one seems to notice.

the toxic air has corrupted my lungs & maybe i did die 4 years ago when i said i would.

"you're so pretty" & i'm choking on the disappointment of everything i will lose.

...

i wash down my breakfast with prayers of suburban mothers then watch my sexuality spiral down the shower drain.

who i once was is about to lose everything as if it was their choice.

i'm wearing my old body like a coat & it's too small & i've been in it for too long.

"i never asked for this" & the life drains from their eyes & i am now a murderer.