**I love**

Boys  
Oh god yes  
Boys  
With oceans sparkling with golden sunken arcs tucked under chocolate eyes  
Girls  
Yup, girls  
(I'm not gay hon)  
Girls with temples like willow trees yet stand like sycamores  
And just anyone who may not be so societally clean  
With bones and scrolls sealed in their pink, spongy brains  
Tubs and showers and roofs are my air bubbles  
Words, written, sung and played are my hallucinogens   
Queers' wells and maps that breathe down my neck at midnight are my 'borrowed' rafts  
Oh, and don't forget the sting that makes me shiver  
Red, hot, twisted and bent skin draws angels like honey draws flies  
 Molten poison that makes my throat erupt like the aurora Polaris   
And Oreos, my mamá's homemade tamales, my Abuelita's arroz con leche, pan dulce with milk  
I take them like shots with a parched and scarred tongue  
The safety of the kitchen knife giggling under the couch's cushion as I'm home alone with bullets dancing above my head like a halo woven from sin  
Because then I can lay and stare at a ceiling I can never be in my pimple smeared skin   
Hasta el holor de agua bendita, agua sana  
Huele a la puridad de germenes viejos   
They flow into my atheist cupped hands   
All reminding me of the stolen silver buried with virgin gods that I only know crumbs of stories of  
Oh God(s?)  
I think I'm gonna die alone  
Because magic is a sin that I'm drowning to kiss.