**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.