

ilysfm (this is all yours)

I invite you all to observe
blank lines and indentations.
While the words live in stars,
written by God,
our stories of love, of difference,
of lovers past and present,
fathers who configure,
of confidence that we crowd source,
playground traumas,
promises in bathtubs,
of orgies in the morning,
and catalogues on Instagram that
inspire but keep us discontent,
they are ours to proclaim.
You and I and him and they all wear,
the same pair of socks.
I imagine being here with you all,
I imagine being you all.
I am in awe at the pain, the joy,
the withdrawal, the anxious attachment,
the desire, the lies, the soft lips,
and the world's ever-watching eyes.
Make space for us lover boys,
make room,
and claim all that's yours through this language.
Read us with love, and then – fill in the blanks _____

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Yours,

Z