

The waiter misgenders my date
and I want to set him on fire
The man in the store
calls my mother a brown dog and
I want to tear his throat out with my
Wolves teeth
The once father of my beloved
drops her dead name like
his tongue is a coffin and
I want to put him
in one

This is the beaten coin tossed into
My tempest wishing well
look and see it's two screaming
Faces
half love
And half fury
Made of the same
single seamless piece
I have never known peace

I think about how the only difference
between riots and vigils
is Fear
I think of Fear and
How it has followed me
how I know it's face better than my
fathers
Consistent companion I wonder
What life would taste like without it.

More like blood.
Less like bloodlust

More like love.

