

I Confess to God in the Shower

by XXXX

During fifth grade, I was called
closeted queer and tall faggot.

I still live at home
but I've paid for many apartments

so homeless boys would bend me over,
call me "Lover" or "Handsome."

With all that rent, I could move out,
but without them I'd rather die in the street.

People laugh at me during parties,
ask to touch my beard. Make it a game.

I ask men to spit on me.
Hegel said: The subject must realize itself.

The Bible tells me I was made from dust.
I am who I am when I am filth.

