

## all about me

with you,  
i used to write poems about hating myself.

my body, a catastrophe you never loved,  
you were always searching for better masterpieces  
in museums you knew you couldn't step into.

you looked for white sculptures  
    pure and clean  
yet, i was in front of you  
    neon yellow, soft lavender  
i was a painting —  
a beautiful and vibrant piece of art that you no longer have.

do not look.  
do not touch.  
do not even try to purchase me back  
into your depressive and self-destructive museum.

i am free.  
i have an entire museum dedicated to me.

