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4x5 photos taken 2019
zine designed and bound 2022





















sonnet for a glock 17 9mm caliber firearm

i am a good victim because he cut
my tongue out of my mouth and i let him.
but no one wants to hear it anyways.
they want evidence. *i threw it out. bleached.
burnt. buried. why would i carry a corpse
around?* the interrogation room is
devoid of cameras. two cops joke "he
said, she said" and i say quiet but how
i wish i knew to be malicious. that
one night i was rage. they locked me up, put
me down like a dog. my starved out body
couldn't fight back. now i take pills before
bed that breed out the nightmares.

america- you have made me submissive



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