

# BLUE JUPITERS

By MICHAEL CHANG

*do not wear socks*, he mutters, obviously repulsed      eye contact radiating revulsion  
he goes silent to consider his blue balls  
has a girlfriend      who gets her dresses      at the quinceañera store  
*why do ppl always direct me to the self-help section ?*      he wonders tonelessly after 3-martini lunch  
it's essential, unlike that other slop      dialing in to prison      seeking comment  
he wants to get lit      trashed, wasted like ivana      sauced      treatment of azn fowl  
*she was my student*, he admits, disgusted      ranting in the toilet, shaking visibly like 20s tart  
*let me be the one to bring her in !*  
i skip their online shindig      prob a sick clothing-optional gathering  
shocking, even considering the source      "lattice-work" ?      r u fucking joking ?  
absurd like the scene where bateman is choking carruthers out  
& carruthers thinks it's a come-on      his failures become mountainous  
daisy confuses lightning for paparazzi      *god ugly*, she agrees, dully  
boys w/ tanks forgetting their lanyards      boys w/ patrician hands flaunting their pelo  
the sound quality on my flip phone is incredible      drunk as a fish, the edgelord sucked it in  
thick like xanthan gum      every queer convinced kill bill is terrific      white reparations  
worth defending      [daily life is white reparations]  
puckish & provocative      u make sleep      get down to platonic loves  
marlon brando's guts      paul newman's spicy peach salsa  
they don't know me      but tell them i sent u      a boy's silence is hard to endure  
my leashed pooch      licking perfect balls      he's tall & weighs nothing  
we mean peace      i'm on an ice floe      hanging onto these power ballads      beginner's luck  
u come when i call u      i brush snow from ur brow      they say that gray's papaya is no good  
ur the only thing keeping me alive