ANGBEEN SALEEM

pacific rim but make it tender

Let us swim at Riis Beach, titties out with our faves. Let it only be closed due to pollution twice a summer. Let the summers last an appropriate amount of time for the East Coast. Let our friends never be afraid to tell us their favorite type of porn even when it involves five dicks. Let this intimacy be the best kind. Let our friends pluck the hairs from our chin and blow them away with a wish, a dandelion seed to be replanted between blood, bone and kaiju carcasses. Let our friends sleep often, sleep well, and dream only of rasmalai and Cardi B and parathas. Let our friends cancel the apocalypse. Let the spiders sew our souls together. Let the silkworms weave us into a jahnamaz. Bless our friends with olive oil hair massages from an ammi or a jasmine plant that loves them. Bless them with the ability to say I love you through a face mask. Let us voyage in the handbasket together.