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Noam Audrid
What makes you think you can govern me?
Summer 2024.

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What makes you think you can govern me?

Noam Audrid

Summer 2024.

What makes you think you can govern me?
When my mind is about to explode and fling
Shrapnel in every direction and into the void
For this soul of mine is weeping, while yours gently
Blow sleeping in the gaze of protective eyes.
Barrage the barricades of your world ‘til they tumble
Crumble onto the doorstep of our anarchist utopia?
A ticking fission or fusion bomb around the nuclear family

-

I cannot wait until it disintegrates into ash
It never did anything to me - Blood
Lines only weave together pain - Choose
Your own kind over the abstract confines
Of a triple helix with the extra back
Bone of suffering.
The bigotry ebbs and flows through our collective
Memories that we perhaps should forget but cannot
Unsee through flashbacks of those who harmed -
Us, through bricks at glass and break the institution

That hates us - that seeks to eradicate us
Yas I may be extreme but was that ever a bad thing -
I'll just shine with the light of a trillion photons
Exploding and releasing the energy
Of my ungovernable queer self.