



Another Year of My Life with Me

Justin Marks

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Necessity is the mother of my loins. Rarely satisfying. Language, like manners, is inherently depraved. A tingle in the tongue as the earnest multi-instrumentalists double-team the grand piano. I like the way the music makes me move.

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When I was a child, my father was a goddess. Gender switching was common. Now my boobs keep falling out of my shirt, which really sucks, but if I were into dudes, I'd totally be into you.

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We can't all be winners, the losers say. My semblables. I tell you, the idea of Hell as an eternity of screaming children is real. Knowing this, what else is there to do but take solace in the secrets rotting beneath the floorboards?