and the rhythm to catch
waiting for the beat
\n
Another consideration

writings come letters in ecstatics on my heart

she is mostly my excavator

but a hill in my stomach

like flavor in December she is not a piece

e fire and cold

She is the flame churning

—
Within me, within her and I
a song for the cracking fire
in concert together.
Randomly patterned, but
thinking and beating
to show me a city of lights dancing.
and with a massive bread crumb.
She lifts me delicately,
Even when I'm standing, I'll still miss you away from you
I wonder if I could just see you comforting there

Clark Gabie

I used to dream like a sea of roses. Uncontrollable,
I know what it is to let all the air out and sink to the ocean floor too

Because no one cares about the sea... they're made of water
With dissolved broken feelings away...
I must have
and whispered up my neck, "Just like I remember."

Grubbed my ass in my hand.

He leaned in
Him and I drank alcohol under the summer sun
Deep in denial
Where a year later
I must have

I must have
When it hurt so much I could hardly breathe
I must have wished I
When he kissed himself rubbing through me
And I must have wished it
Because according to you, if you like someone, they’re entitled to your body

I’m so sorry that I lied at the time
I was not raped

Well, I’m just so sorry that I told the truth.

The travesty must be silent to "conserve" was "right.
While my words reverberated through the air
You kept silent for fear of punishment.
If this were not a time to help me
When he was doing things down my throat I could hardly walk

And we can forget the classic, he Impressed [sexed] for it.
"Never had not before [never before his conscious]."
"Never do you remember how it started."
When you stretch down
I see you

Title: Number IX
and the people I love
as I careened past you into the room filled with rainbow balloons
I saw a harmless whisper you narrowly escaped
Victor's heads surrounding the carpet
And that's when I won

You say, "Break a leg"
and drop
Your监督检查 fanciful elephant looking me up
Just in the corner of my perfectly sculpted white liner
I see you

My roots curled around my contour
Beneath my black lashes beating like hummingbirds
I still see you
But the curtain isn't closed
to fill these pages with joy in the years to come.

book because this story is not over. Drew is a living, breathing, loving art form and I will continue

do what they love to do, and be who they want to be. There are still pages left at the end of my

that in some small way, this project can inspire others to follow their instincts, to unabashedly

I hope that I have created another welcoming space filled with happiness and support. And,

Drag Club. I hope that in some small way, I have been able to give back to the community here.

My name is Roxxy Cox and I am so proud to be the President and Founder of the ESYU