

## The Urge to Immolate.

*immolate. // et elle veut mettre à part.*

A center-point pretension of the spotlight  
mixed with the half-moon dog-eyes apprehension  
over cockeyed monoxide-poisoned politics  
and white phosphorus fuckery.

You are the roving spectre of a half-dead cow,  
chronic wasting in the methane expulsions that leak from your mouth.

**Gubbling** and **groaning** like your batteries ran out.

Gnats in symphony on wood composite  
composing your opposite claims  
begging the academic that you pay  
to keep you from feeling wrong  
for endorsing that which lacks  
a distilled human remorse  
and I for one am lucky to never relate.

O **mortar shell mouth**, you instill in me the urge to immolate.

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### *little bow. // femboy a.m.a.*

Oozing perversion is not a new hobby for me to explore, but in the past half-year there are encounters which I wish to never publicize (or otherwise explicitly explain).

The nuclear invention of novella pain and short stories in shorthand short-form tell like this: [22FTM] feeling lost and alone over [60M] and so comes here to allow [45-85M] input. Flesh-and-blood men need not apply.

They flock like hungry locusts and bite just as hard (and just as pathetically).

A boy born in the wrong-right body poses for men three times his age. He is wearing a pink dress and a little bow and asks if they've ever seen a boy like him—he knows he's a dime a dozen because they all tell him he's special.

No one is special. He dreams of being found out as something he's not physiologically, but god's sake, he can't pass to save his life, so it's all manifest in fantasy.

Moreover, you don't get very good reception if 'grandpa' is your erotic word of choice.

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*dyad. // an exchange of powers.*

A best friend of mine became obsessed with the word dyadic following his discovery of the adjective in a novel I've coveted for years. My sister and I were born in opposite bodies. I pretended to be a boy online, pretended to be a girl offline. Police dogs could have grown to be docile lapdogs. We are paired in parallel. You read what I write. I plant something within you. You let me exist beyond my limitation. People talk like that about having children, pretending they have worthy legacies, but if you can come away with my taste in your mouth, that is all the legacy I need. You can burn this book and forget me, if you wish. But we did share this moment.       And       you       cannot       erase       that.

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*rawed. // a morbid arrangement.*

Middle of the night make-outs make for  
absurdist stories  
when I'm sitting freshly screwed on the subway  
with once-met ghosts on my mind.

Rendered raw by circumstance and just stoned  
enough to rear up  
and say you want to test me out and be risky,  
rawed and rawing, rubbing out  
your trepidation inside of me  
as I wore you down like a clasp of erosion.

(All it took was one dirty joke.)

I suppose that's why we have temporary  
lifespans,  
because if you could keep feeling that way,  
you and I would wear each other down  
to disgusting nubs,  
raw like a blister left to sleep.

I didn't expect that one, but I'm glad my tongue  
makes an impression that  
gives you a sense of relief.

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*motel room. // september 2024.*

that month in a motel

with my mother & sister

surrounded by girls

newly alienated

goddamn, goddamn

she's really her

favourite daughter.

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### *lagoon. // lament for boys who like girls.*

the word lagoon has always enchanted me  
evoked mermaids in the mind  
my cerebral fluid swimming with topless  
women and fish tails and smiles  
i don't want to look at too long  
lest i become a dog a man no better than one  
am one becoming one betraying women  
neotenous sirens in lace that  
make me think of me  
and make me think of the girls  
i've gotten worked up for  
gasping and desiring

that was the one thing she was right about  
that there's magic in the way a girl cries  
the way she whimpers the way she flutters  
her pretty lashes oh god  
am i a dog am i a man for wanting her  
or am i one for wanting to  
inject testosterone on a monthly basis

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hello can you hear me lesbians  
can you tell me i'm one of you  
or maybe a forgivable boy  
because i was born like that too  
with that ugly ugly seed  
in my gut the thing i want  
to keep as a betrayal of my origin  
but still wear the strap in the relationship  
so suck this silicon  
and forget i was anything  
except a dog a man a traitor

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*this keeps happening. //keyword.*

I tried to make a smart set of dataset setups  
with dating series dated docket on dog socketry  
with uncocked gunnery flocking into view with  
purview that being said I

keyword tried to  
keyword make

such a thing  
much opposed to the perception of me  
that is reception-based and  
barreling forth

keyword perception  
keyword make  
keyword opposed

to these opportunities

and this keeps happening  
this just keeps happening

keyword just  
keyword keeps

on happening.

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I'm starting to come up empty.

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*anterior motives. // shakira shakira.*

You're going to gather a [REDACTED] conclusion. I  
tell you: I say it plain [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] intimately anterior.

[REDACTED] taken

as [REDACTED] conventional [REDACTED]

Love of god, [REDACTED]

The truth cants its heavy hips.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

I [REDACTED] know how much

[REDACTED] that can [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

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### *gilded top surgery. // transubstantiation.*

I think I'm going to transition to become a god. I've come to this conclusion via the repeated mulling-over of my psyche and evaluating what imagery I summon up to correlate to transmasculinity and the beauty therein.

I have seen countless angels portrayed like Saint Sebastian with arrows in their sides and gilded scars cupping and bracketing the flat expanses where their wearers once wore breasts. Some slip down the body in intricate lines of scarification and sigil, some cut clean smiles under their pectoral zone and some still have bleeding maws a la Artemisia in honour of their subject's desire to embrace the gore within and bear bare flesh and to mourn the pain of killing the mortal coil and completing transdeification.

This is also why I want to suggest a few mechanical upgrades to HRT, to really open up the opportunities for self-actualization in the direction of providence and self-determination. What if, and hear me out here, we engineered an injectable form of holy rapture? A serum made to induce a formless and mysterious authority? Patches meant to leach prayer into the skin? Or perhaps a keratin macronutrient made to sprout horns? A biologically accurate halo would be an improvement on our current ideas of pastiche transmogrification and prop work.

I think that if becoming a god isn't the most accessible option for me, be it through health or social constraint, I'll settle for an angel. Transseraphic does feel like a fitting word for all the ways I've seen boys strung up like stained glass and joy. I do not simply

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picture cherubs; instead I am electing to ask that those androgynous, neotenous things be loved alongside the many-eyed thrones and many-winged things that sit next to god, if there is one. To love the ones who look like human men with unearthly glow and pleas to not be scared.

I also believe, based on testimony and my own experience, that transseraphic living might improve the quality of life for those who feel unconnected to the heavens. We've had such a crisis of belief as of recent—not enough people know how many faiths and creeds they can explore and resonate with. Gods exist in almost all of them in some way, shape, or form with only slight variation in their naming conventions, as do their angels. It's pure erasure to say they've never existed historically, you know.

To call a boy god for becoming himself is foolish, yes, but if he cannot allow himself foolishness, then all the struggle before of single-sheet or piecemeal excoriation is all for naught. So I think I am glad to say that I have chosen to become one.

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*milkman trend on the internet. // pesto.*

### CHICKEN PESTO RIGATONI FOR TWO

Prep time: 30mins

Cook time: 25mins

Why did everyone want to fuck Francis Mosses, the milkman, from the hit indie game *That's Not My Neighbour*? It's actually a lot simpler than you'd think: for one, he is one of the only normal looking men in the entire goddamn canon of the TNMN cast. However, the real reason Francis was such a winner for the fandom was because he was a man in uniform without the fringe drawback of that uniform connoting authority. A milkman holds no power over your day-to-day routine and does not have the poor reputation of the genocidal soldier or the racist cop; at worst, the milkman will give your wife a good time when you're not watching. They are pristine, personable, besuited civil servants. The milkman is the scandalous sex symbol dressed in a uniform that signals their desire to serve. The milkman is the ultimate service top.

Along with this, he is also a working class citizen who is exhausted by his job, which increases Francis's relatability for both the main/player character of TNMN (a desk worker at an apartment

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building in a dystopian version of the North American 1950s) and the common person in the real world. Let's be honest here: most of the TNMN fandom is composed of teenagers getting their first taste of edgy or scary fictions. Teenagers often have part-time jobs and are getting jaded and distressed by them. This is not an overall evaluation of the TNMN fandom, however, as very beautiful and horrible adult women also tend to enjoy the game.

I discovered this chicken pesto rigatoni recipe whilst trawling the That's Not My Neighbour Amino, when I met the most striking shitposter of the entire community. We became good friends, shared our secrets, and became lovers for a short few years. And then she betrayed me. Bethany, you bitch, you know I was right about Francis. You know it and you're only in denial because you have this whole man-hating thing going on and it's really making our friends uncomfortable. Anyway, here's your secret recipe. I included the substitution you fucking hated from when I tried to make it for you on our anniversary and you decided it wasn't even worth tasting. I know I'm better than you and I know your problematic headcanons would get you kicked out of the TNMN fan Discord. I could totally end your internet career, but I won't. They would cancel the hell out of you on Bluesky.

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*½ Cup Toasted Pine Nuts*

*½ Cup Extra Virgin Olive Oil*

*2 Cups Fresh Basil*

*3 Garlic Cloves*

*2 Chicken Breasts*

*Seasoning of Choice*

*2 Cups Rigatoni Noodles*

*2 Tbsp Pink Salt*

*Pulse pine nuts, basil, olive oil, and garlic cloves in food processor or grind with mortar & pestle until a fine paste. You can use walnuts if you cannot find /eat pine nuts and you're not a total bitch about it.*

*Tenderize and cube the chicken breast. Season liberally with seasonings of choice. Italian blends are suggested to pair well with the sauce. Sear seasoned cubes of chicken breast in a pan on medium heat. Boil rigatoni until al dente per package instructions. Preserve a cup of pasta water. Drain and transfer pasta into a pan with the chicken breast. Pour pesto sauce over noodles and chicken. Pour in the preserved pasta sauce and let it simmer down instead of letting it stay gross and gooey and watery. Mix until everything is equally heated and fully cooked and has a thick glaze of the pesto in its crevices. You chose rigatoni for a reason, and that reason is the ribbing that locks in the flavour. Not because of the holes.*

*Plate in a shallow bowl or a deep dish and optionally apply freshly grated pepper and parmesan cheese. Garnish with fresh basil. Consume with cold beer or white wine.*

P.S. Please take me back.

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*corp star gum. // beholden.*

Everyone's passing a joint around at the end of the world.  
It's a desolation only characteristic of November.

We struck a bonfire on the place we used to know;

immolate, immolate;

burn her alive and screaming,

she is still living, breathing,

beholden to the dreams of many.

❖ There is no other place like this.

❖ There is no other time like this.

For a spell, we thought it would be like this forever.

Welcome to the end, where we pour our unspoken hearts  
out onto the road,

Welcome to the end, where only memory prevails as the  
most salient form of love,

Welcome to the beginning of the end of this story.

— T.G.