

# 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.

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