

u.f.o.

i am an alien
sky
he is nasa
launching rockets to explore me
i am ethereal in his blackhole pupils
draped in a tarantula nebula
tied tight by orion's belt

stealing away his gravity
tractor beam chemistry
now he is in my orbit
my fragile moon

when all his lights are off
we dance in a technicolor galaxy
he drips starlight when i'm around
shoots stars
how could i make a wish
when it's already perfect?

my celestial body
sends him spinning on the outskirts
of the milky way
the space between our lips is infinite
any closer and i'll make the sun
look like an iphone flashlight

i am glowing
star boy
holographic glitter bomb
in the palm of his hand
no matter how hard he scrubs
he'll still find me in a crater of his thumb
a millennium later.

relationship in reverse

the text that calls me stranger
undrops like a bomb
embracing the destruction of itself
thumbs become rewound meteors
on the glass keyboard

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you climb off me
your tongue exits my mouth forgetting the oven was on
i don't know why i stayed
unravels in my head as if i pulled
a thread on your sheets
one minute naked and yours
the next full clothed, closed
swallowtail returning
to her woven sleeping bag

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you take back your gift of uncertainty
i drain my need for security
pluck individual bath salts
reeking of my fear of rejection
scoop out the bubbles that like me
seem to be "too intense"
we unwatch 'coming to america'
until you stop holding me
tell me hello
i walk alone
back to my car
inhaling blooming fog

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when a kiss ends i know you less
i am no longer your best
my heart absorbing the infatuation
an ever hungry abyss
at the bottom of a well

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the moon sets in the east
our unthanked spotlight
four hours of passionate sex
crawl back inside our bodies
your lips leave mine

for the first time

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we sit down at the table
vomiting chai tea savoring the foam
gulping our nervous laughter
exhaling sexual tension and anticipation
like smoke from your vape pen
how intimate
i walk out the door
starting at you
only staring at you

i had to stop myself at 15

after wallace stevens

1. while other 5 year olds were concerned where the sun went at night
i branded hate on my tongue with the letters m and e
a language more native than english
my name ugly
if you called
i came running

2. i wear a slouch like an accessory
to keep me as small as i can be at 6'3"

3. my latest obsession is constantly changing
the angle of my face
to avoid the disappearance of an almost nonexistent chin

4. i carry a perpetual fanny pack of fat
i fill with all the things i hate about myself

5. my dreams are on reruns
of being folded into origami
small and pretty
but i can't touch my toes

6. my eyes, deli slicer
turkey carver to the pieces
of me i don't want
the freezer is blooming with cold cuts

7. I could be as thin as an eyelash
still be making wishes
to be thinner

8. the only things
i enjoy about this skin suit
are orgasms
and the eternal autumn that lives in my irises

9. i wear baggy shirts to keep parts of me secret
i love secrets

10. i carry a measuring tape
wherever i go
to count all the ways
i will never measure up

11. every mirror is a funhouse
there is nothing fun about it
when you're breaking off shards to pick yourself apart

12. avoiding my reflection
has become my profession
my paycheck is remaining invisible

13. not one compliment has stuck
sewn itself to my skin
wrapped itself around me
i crumple them before they can get too close

14. my happiness is contingent on
when i will look
similar to the mirage of male models
is that even possible?
would that be enough?

15. that's the problem with this poem
i could keep going and going
i don't think i would ever stop

the body as a convenience store

buzzing neon screams
i'm open come in
get what you need, pay
no mind to harsh
flickering fluorescents
paint peeling making a grand escape
rats and roaches don't seemed to be phased
floors beg you to stay
clinging to the grooves in your shoes
the owner reassures you
don't worry we'll clean that up
we all know that isn't true
i am quiet yet dependable
with burnt coffee
endless bags of takis, questionable
cold cuts, condoms that pop like bubblegum,
every losing lottery ticket

i am not for celebrations
like those pretty banquet halls
open dining room with an exposed
ceiling with a post modern theme
whatever that means
i am where
you go when you are alone
heartbroken, mascara
in the shape of a bullet crack
bags of cheap pork rinds
under your eyes
when you are rung out
like an old twinkie
i am around the corner
doors unlocked
open sign
never turned off
mountain of regretful munchies
you can shove in your mouth

Nico Sin is a queer poet based in Salt Lake City, Utah. They began writing as a way of coping at the age of 15. Through the mentorship of Shanan Ballam and Sierra DeMulder, they have turned a way of coping into a craft. They self published their first collection 'my garden' in 2017 followed by 'letters to myself' in 2019. Through their poetry they explore mental health, queerness, religion, heartbreak, empowerment, and most importantly self-love.