

ginger christmas princess

you've come to Canada for Christmas—

because you love us & because
your queer anarchist landlord evicted you.
i told you this is the sort of thing i make up
in my head to get mad at. i've been living,
as Cynthia Cruz sees the working class artist,
between two deaths—

you have been working at Amazon.

you moved back to Cleveland, found a new
bedroom and used car battery. you rescued
a pitbull named Ruby. Ruby takes Prozac.

i didn't know dogs could take Prozac, i say,
withholding my negative opinions of SSRIs
because i don't know if they apply to dogs

and because it adds to your romance, your ass
in Walmart yoga pants in Walmart buying fat
bags of kibble for your fucked up depressed dog.

in the bathroom you showed me a picture
of your large cock and i felt sad—

vulnerable in your arc of abstinence,
i think you wanted to give me a ribboned
promise—a dick of the future—but it is enough
to see you do your makeup in the blue light
of the bathroom. it is enough to hear you bitch
about the fake bi landlord and his fake bi wife.

it is enough to lay the tinsel on the tree together,
though in this house the tinsel is piercing LED
string lights and the tree is a cable antenna
we wrenched off the roof when we moved in.

the gifts, as is right, are booze and food.
the star on top is a taxidermied squirrel, ratty and
dyed the colours of cotton candy, and look—*isn't she*
holding, in her little wretched rodent palm,
a sprig of mistletoe? Merry Christmas.