i grow weary: a poem in at least two movements

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i grow weary:
a poem in at least two movements

i grow weary of
my vanity
i grow weary of
others’ vanity
i grow weary of
its strategic necessity
i grow weary of
the competitive culture
of narcissistic aesthetes
i grow weary how
predictability prevails
i grow weary of
patterns i can’t seem to break
i grow weary that
[can] no one [can] surprise me?]
i grow weary that
[am] i [am] bereft of the ability
to be surprised?]
i grow weary of
unavailable men, unavailable bodies
i grow weary how they
write on me, into my flesh
i grow weary of
this pain, this pain
i grow weary that
my body is its canvass
i grow weary that it is
a surface of surfaces
on which the breadth
of an endemic melancholy
takes shape
i grow weary of it
writing forlorn and tattered
histories, the tumultuous placidity of my body
rail[ing]s against a current of satisf[action]ying
i grow weary of its
destruction
i grow weary that it
won’t stop
i grow weary that it
can’t stop
i grow weary that it
don’t stop
i grow weary how they
taunt me, torture me
I grow weary that I must carve this poem into my skin
dirty tattoo, uneasy religion
what forces compel
I grow weary of the subtle energies of the universe [to] [that] penetrate me?
forces I collide with
forces I cannot stop
forces that challenge my sanity
oh my
I grow weary
I grow weary
I grow weary