

this is the time of day when the fuck me start coming.
it is always later in the day after things have
happened as if they needed
to be at the end
of the parade
even as they lead it.
never knowing what they will look like
i study the signs
two headed snakes
dead temple birds with swollen livers
and any unnatural presentations in nature.
the great fuck me are never ordinary
even when they are dressed as uptown bankers.
they know all the defense strategies
including the fuck you back counterattacks.
they like to nest in the cliffs of authority but have
highly evolved senses that
adjust for your realities
on any level.
i even remember that one of them
came out of a term of primitive endearment late at night.
they like the sudden reveal but are
willing to blood track you
until you are exhausted.
no one knows exactly where they come from
but i believe they nest in the cracks of our hearts.

the time of day.
wf.h.
2026