

# they/them

atlas

You know it's they/them, as in me and most of mine  
Some identical identity, I keep 'em close beside  
Open old wounds just enough to bleed out older lines  
'Til there's no truths left, and I concede to close my eyes  
And even though the sleet and snow are peeking through the blinds

I still meet them on my morning walk, sheepishly surprised  
Used to think this skittish brain might need to be inside  
'Til neurosis was a locksmith with a key to where I hide

Now I keep ice on me, that shit froze  
Not like diamonds, though-  
it's april and we still been gettin' snow  
But me and all my friends are 'bouta hit the road  
Not for tour, tho, I really just enjoyed it when we drove, 'cause  
You're way less likely to get stared at  
By an old white man in a moving car  
And yes, I see that really neat flag on your window  
Are you quite aware that you guys lost the war?

And, yes, I did use the gender neutral bathroom  
What is your concern with what I've got going on?  
You can fight me in this walmart if you want to  
But when you get your ass beat, don't pull out your AR  
Yes, my fucking nails are painted! what, you think I didn't know?  
Yes, I wore a skirt today! what's with all the rigmarole?  
Yes, I've got some makeup on, and yes, bitch, I look beautiful  
So 'fore you ask another question, you can get to getting ghost