It’s what happens when a mother has floral sensibility & a father dictates the body’s Boolean logic:

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{true, if blossom} \\
&\text{false, if blackhole}
\end{align*}
\]

Fathers are notorious for blackholes.

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{true, if a blossom is a kind of blackhole}
\end{align*}
\]

Andromeda & I are destined for head-on collision, so I need to stay alive.

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{true, if separate sphincters upon merging} \\
&\text{false, if mine engulfs hers}
\end{align*}
\]

I offer myself in bulk from blackhole to blossom & back, how far will lexicon leapfrog get me?

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{false, if the language of specialty bankrupts} \\
&\text{true, if the language of specialty is affordably hermetic}
\end{align*}
\]

I scream often enough, feign company, something rhythmic to indulge my Truman Show delusion. Always I perform both sides.

A man tells me I remind him of his father.

A man tells me girl-sweat is different, is sexy.

This is a poem you can swallow.

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{false, if two truths & a lie}
\end{align*}
\]