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1. I met a boy who, at the age of 14, had the same haircut I did.

2. “Hunger is to give the body what it knows it cannot keep.” — Ocean Vuong

3. My mouth had coffee with him, and as soon as my legs got home, my lungs forgot how to *breathebreathebreathebreathebreathebreathebreathebreathebreathebreathebreathebreathe b r e a t h e*

4. My hair either looks like an expired Christmas tree or an angry porcupine dipped in wax.

5. *hehasanxietyhehasanxietyhehasanxietyhehasanxietyhehasanxietyhehasanxietyhehasanxietytoo*

6. He tames his porcupine every morning with heavy-duty hair paste; I gave up after the second week of freshman year.

7. His belly is empty but I will not gavage him five-thousand years of regurgitated daddy issues.

8. We both used to be fatter than the Asian oompa-loompas and we’re still browner than the chocolate factory.

9. I don’t know how long I can keep promising to take care of him.

10. I went through his old Facebook photos and found pictures of myself.

11. I starve.

12. Fuck You And Your Fucking Problematic Chocolate Factory Full Of Chinky Brown Boys Who Bleed Like Him, Willy Wonkass.

13. He has a pretty, Chinese, and pretty Chinese girlfriend named Francesca.

14. I hope Fran knows how to love him before his anxiety knows how to kill.