

Dear G

Dear G,

I hate you

The past love has ended

An alteration has been made to my body

The poking and proding hurts with no avail

My heart burns with discouragement

Bakeries now make me bitter, make me nauseated

Yet still, I want it

The flaky softness I crave

My desires have no meaning to others

They forgot they forgot

I understand

I wish it were different

But you are not to change

Let me adapt into the newness of myself