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That They Would Pray to Google

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That They Would Pray to Google

by Isaac Robertson

I am a passenger
I am a child of God and friend of God and a cider drinker.
I am a woman in love.

I live my life in the city
i the way I want.
I live in Spanish and I love in Japanese.
Sometimes I don't want to live, but tell me:
why can't I cry?

Please help me Google.
I can't decide if I want to be with him
i or if I want an abortion.
I'm scared of myself, that I have breast cancer, that I am gay.
i I am so influenced by disulfide linkages and personal feelings.

Am I ugly? Or autistic?
Why do I never want sex? The last thing I want to do is
to see meaning—
then why do I sweat so much larger than life?

Please help me God.
i Why are you running?
i What is it that disturbs you?
Please
i help me to stop coughing and
i biting my nails and drinking.

How is it that
i the mother of my Lord should come, come dine with me?
How is it that ye sought me?

Answer to life, the universe, and everything:
I should live in salt.
I should live
i and not die.