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## Would You Rather Die and Go to Heaven or Nothingness?

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McKENZIE ZALOPANY

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## WOULD YOU RATHER DIE AND GO TO HEAVEN OR NOTHINGNESS?

I want to eat Chinese on my comforter & masturbate without my dad

yelling from the other room for Kikkoman because, “fuck packets.”

There’s so many ghosts in so many rooms who lived judge-y,

died,                    judged,                    & now I’ve got to die,

& be judged

by some more men

at the pearly gates or by a goat man.

Let me walk to a grave & see the day I was born engraved

on a soap bar,            win \$100 bucks,            have sex with a man & not cry

to *I Dreamed a Dream* on the drive home.

People who talk about how time is a construct are the worst but not wrong.

Sometimes I lay in bed & count my heart beats like I was in a saddle counting strides,

One,                    two,                    three,                    jump.

I want to stop fucking in cemeteries but I like a body on top & a body

below. Help me understand people who find it calming to know their loved ones are always watching.

I stopped to pet a dog & screamed, “What did you do to deserve this life you hateful bitch.”

So now when I die I want to be an object just in spite.

Maybe I’ll be the rice that’s stuck in my bra

it’s hard & salty,

& will be flicked into the abyss,

which might be a little on the nose.