

## Dagenham Dream

Blood Orange

We received our bloody circles in the mail  
Only see what's really important when it's nailed  
As a teen, my Lord and savior was a male  
Tire trucks and six steel strings that keep me frail  
It's the worst I've ever felt when it hails  
Broken teeth and bloody nose but least it snowed  
Instantly tried, oh, I cried and cut a line  
And my eyebrow acted like the boys who tell  
And my teacher told me that this made her sad  
Had to act just like the others to get around  
Friday nights alone in heaven with my board

Like, growing up I have always heard or like, I was always hype  
raware of  
The things that the people around me who were charged with my c  
are  
Or told me, like, be silent or be quiet  
Or be ashamed or hide  
Or perform a version of myself that wasn't really me  
And so, I think that through my life I've always been hypercons  
cious and aware of not going into spaces and seeking too much a  
ttention  
Um, because part of survival is, like, being able to just fit i  
n  
To be seen as normal and to, like, quote-unquote belong  
But I think that so often in society in order to belong means t  
hat we have to, like, shrink parts of ourselves