

Eros Livieratos

### Stories of the Places We Grew to Be

Your body, a collage of  
text. I read with hands  
forgetting the nuance of  
space and language. Brown  
breasts cradled by my dark  
hands. Two small universes—  
I see where we grew. Where  
young-faced men exchanged  
candy bars for bullets and we  
dodged the streets where big-  
boned boys clung to ankles of  
“faggots” and “pussies” and shook  
them out for change and candy  
bars. Both boys crosshatched with  
expressions bemoaning these permanent  
placements, the place in which no boy could  
say “bemoan.” Bitches bemoan.  
Boys make bitches  
bemoan. You were shot.  
Incision between two breasts  
you beautify spread—scarring  
as if a tattoo of blooming pink dahlias  
or some virus. We lie on white clouds to try  
to live beyond skin, try to build  
on brown Earth, primed from origin  
and cultured from sin.



Eros Livieratos is an MFA candidate at Ohio State University. Eros' writing tackles topics of race, sexuality, capitalism, aesthetics, and technology. Eros' work can be found in *The Notre Dame Review*, *Map Literary*, *High Shelf*, *Into the Void*, and a myriad of other journals. Eros' typical day is spent making harsh noise in search for meaning in feedback loops.