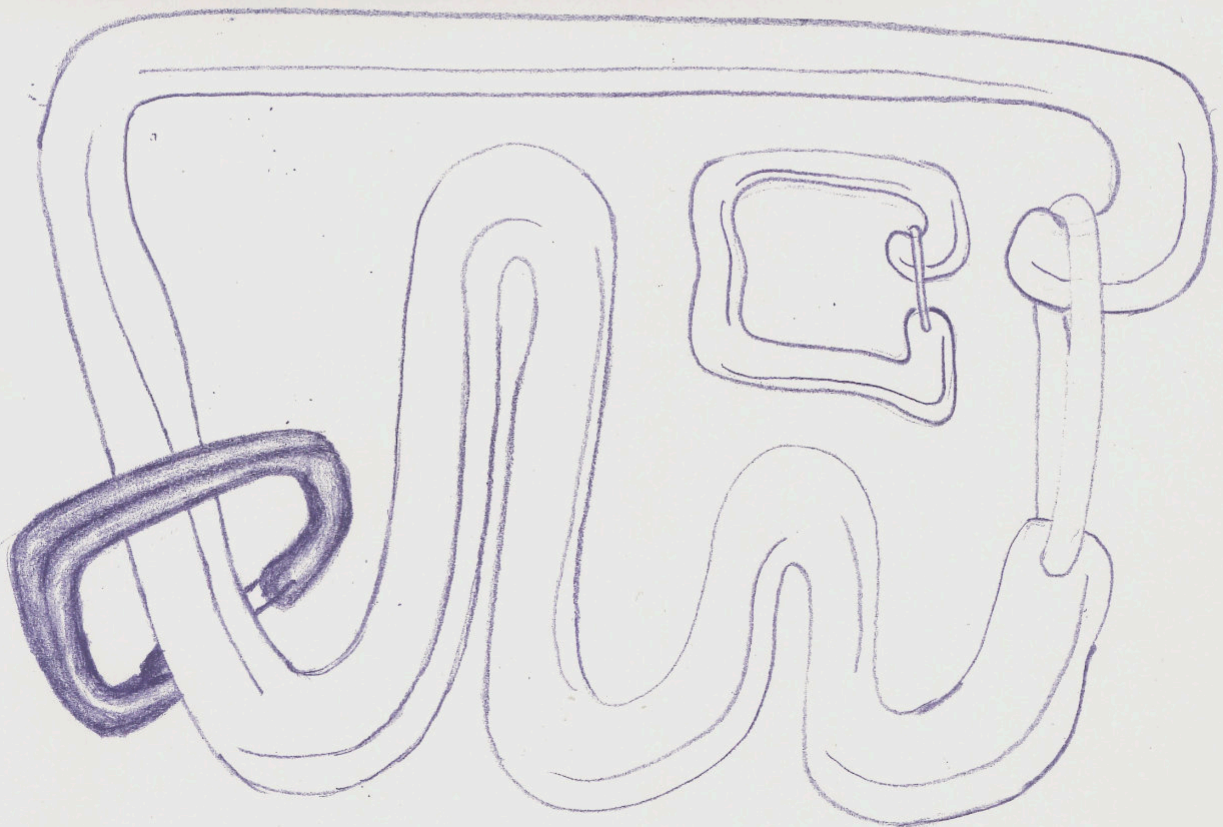


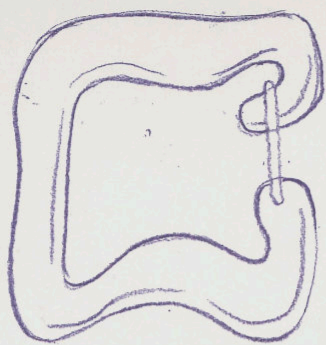
utopia

my utopia feels like

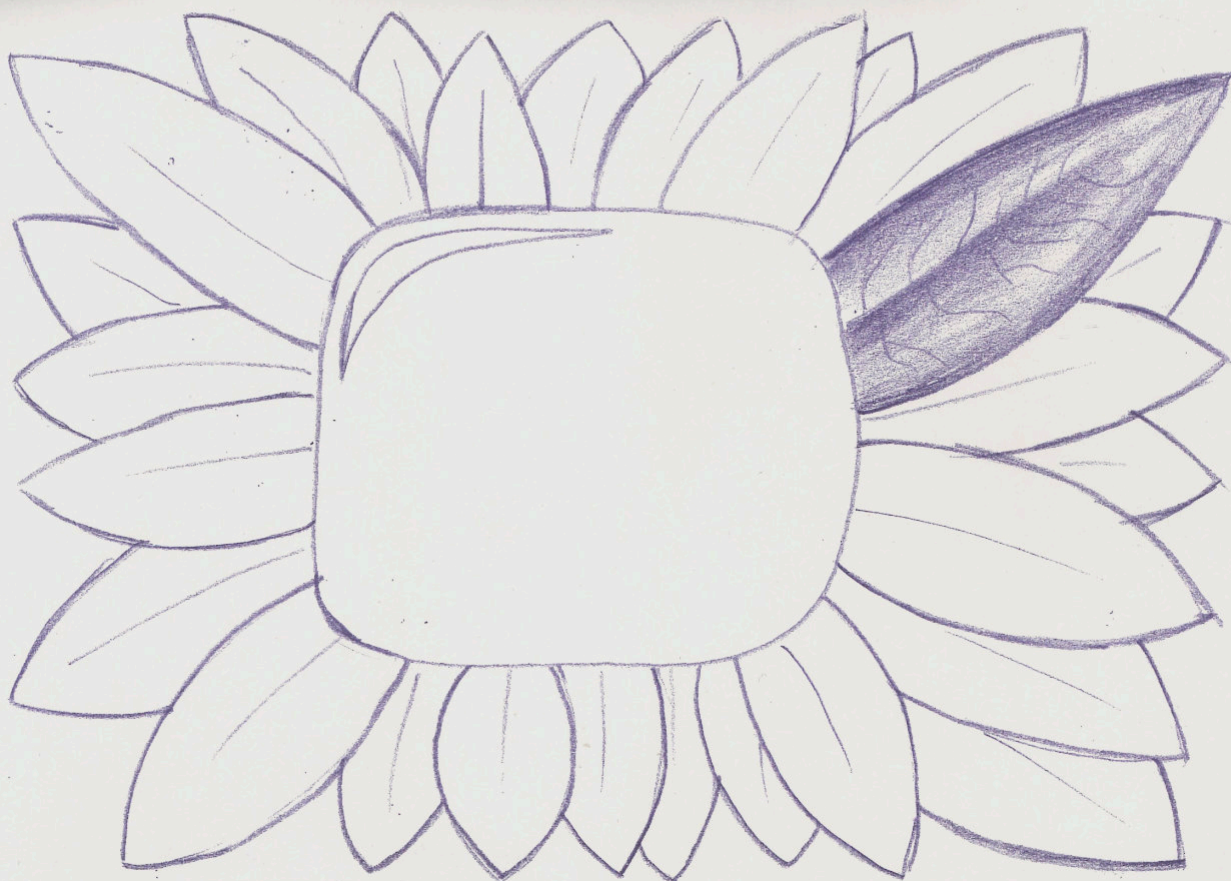
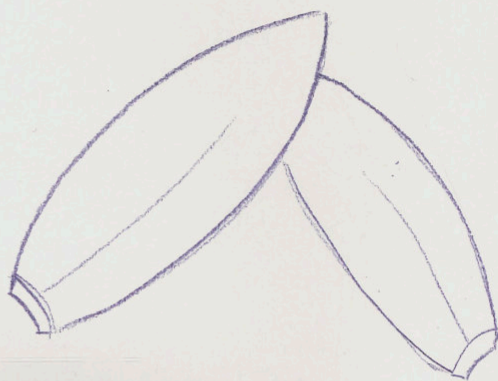


the glimpse of possibilities you see while screaming your lungs out at the protest



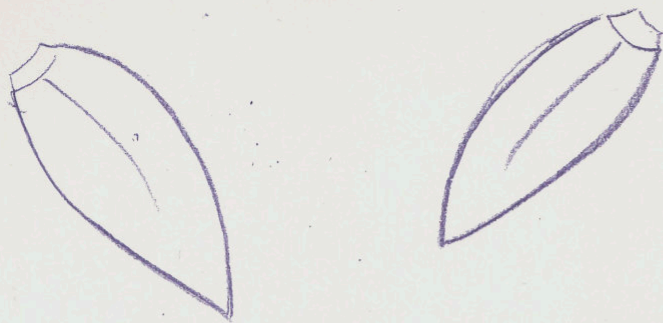


and

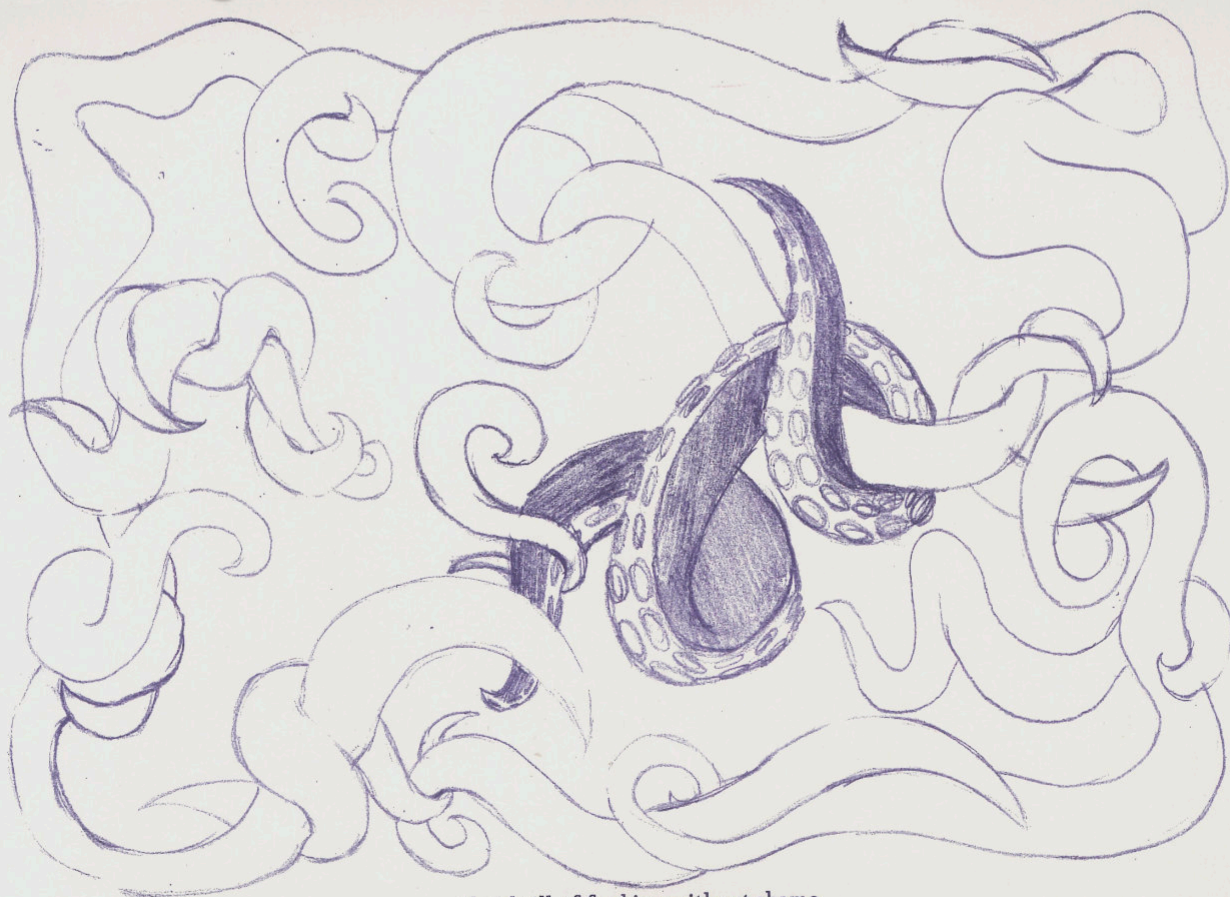
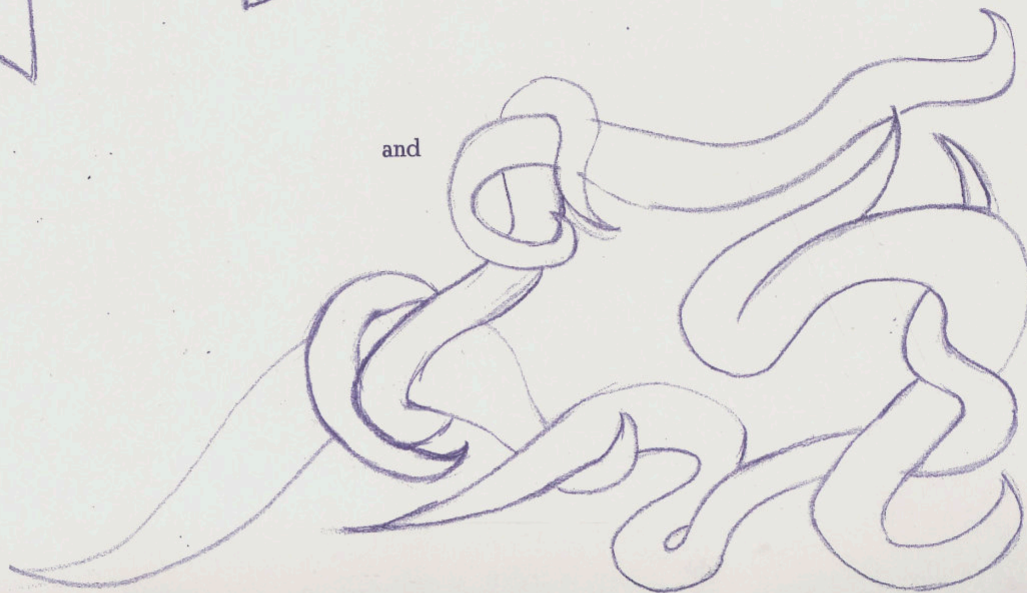


the warmth in your cheeks after a long night with friends





and

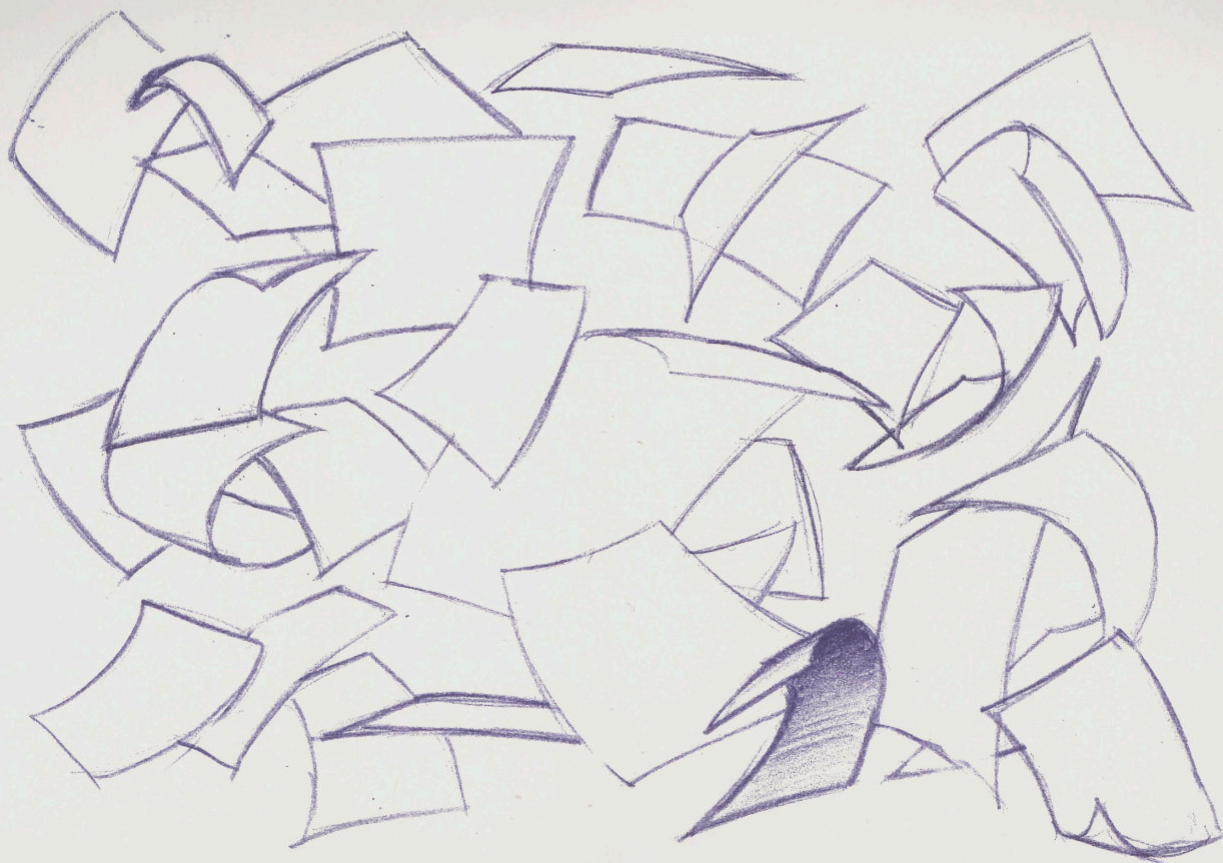


the thrill of fucking without shame





and



the creative urge of a poem on the tip of your tongue



and





aiqotu