i was a teenage caricature

mk zariel

2025

is the might of restraint closing in on me simply a problem of synaesthesia? of this Autistic mind making life hellish for its inhabitant—or is this unshakable weight about statism? apparently the control industry & gatekeepers well versed in verbal bandages in therapy speak, conditioning into agony are the ones to ask—am i the weird one?

it must be easy to call me the problem troubled teen caricature, flickering in and out of the public imagination—to upend all control must be a dream of supposed insurgents at 1 a.m. and you prescribe me deep breaths and sunlight

forced smiles, affirmations by google but what if it was control that made us sick? to be closed in, repressed, gendered by the suffocating do not simply recommend us artificial oxygen but release your grip, and let our trans bodies breathe.

mk zariel (it/its) is a transmasculine poet, theater artist, movement journalist, & insurrectionary anarchist. it is fueled by folk-punk, Emma Goldman, and existential dread. it can be found online at **linktr.ee/mkzariel**, creating conflictually queer-anarchicspaces, and being mildly feral in the great lakes region. it is kinda gay, ngl.



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