

AS YOUR BOYFRIEND'S HEAD LAYS IN HIS OWN VOMIT LIKE A ROT CANDY APPLE ON A ROT COUCH DURING A ROT SUMMER

your face looks
like your guts
are spilling.

nothing is stoic.
drinking mad
dog and crooked limes

and you sit cross
legged on a mattress
with a short skirt.

you undress to hide
and I drink
for the same purpose.

we smile like chit
chat before we begin
and every time we fuck

I see someone
you never loved
thunder across your teeth.

nothing else.

there has always been
3 seconds between us.