

Genesis 1

In the beginning, I vomited my virginity and tried to swallow it again. He had seen that light was good, and so he stole it to separate it from the dark. This left evening and mourning.

Genesis 2

We stood in a clearing together. I begged you to love me. Knees dirty, sinking into sticky earth. Hands clasped in prayer. My God. I foiled into a crumpled aluminum bowl and tried to leave. You broke my left cheek. You lit a flame, you smoked and exhaled me.

Genesis 3

I stood and threw eggs at my own house. Mother told me not to see you again. Later that afternoon, I stood fuming at the creek behind your house. You sat behind me and wished I were dead. I laughed and told you that I was.

The Slope of The Line

This is why we shouldn't have:

You are the sweet scent of rotting depravity that lay in the center of my abdomen. Each Wednesday I find myself breathing around it, lungs sawing painfully, your name running like a scar through my bronchi. I am a poker left too long in a fire and you are the lowest part of the flame.

This is why we did:

For that first enervated morning, sunlight tasting concaved throats. For your finger, drawing maps from knee to hip, venturing ambitiously and retracting with a smile. The shades open to cutting snowflakes, we hid beneath fragile paisley to lace piano fingers and balmy toes.

This is why it doesn't matter:

That night in New York was poison, ingested quickly and expelled violently onto polluted Russian carpet and seventeen flights of hotel stairs. My hair rained on the bathroom floor and I am still withering in there, your tears carving rivers in the marble.