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Faux

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Faux

I knew one lover:
He loved me once.

We spit kissed in the dark,
playing Russian Roulette like our tongues were revolvers aimed at no
mouth.
If I said my body needed to feed off yours to writhe on it naturally,
you would consider our friction toxic to the environment.

We were a consequence,
embarrassed to be in the same room as the skeletons that rammed into false
skin.
If you ever tell me our side effects were intentional,
you'll probably want to test me on you again to make sure.

Lover loved walls down.
I loved a wall.

We fucked as a secret,
under a blacklight lathered in each other's shame like it hurt him to lie to
me.
If no one wanted to see a boy make contact with another boy,
why did you make it out to be a suitable possibility?

We were dead upon arrival,
improperly executed as the marriage of two bodies soaked in neither's sweat.

Somewhere his frown is a mirror aimed at an epiphany,
but fake happy made us both look desperate to shove ourselves at each other
again.

Lover's body turned away.
I loved his deficiency.