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black, white, and red

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GABRIELA NADEAU

black, white, and red

all over your neck,
my lips pressing into you
like i have something to prove.
the words are scrawled over my body,
desperation in lace & cotton sheets—
i am
afraid.
i've spent so much time
painting myself in the best of light,
bending over backward
to be pristine and perfect—
for anyone to keep around,
and you
knock on my door in yesterday's smile,
light up my phone after the credits roll,
and there i am again in my sunday best,
ready for the next round of perplexing agony.
people like you never understand,
even when i twist the meaning
into every syllable of your name—
i am not proud,
i am a music box ballerina twirling at command,
there is nothing inside me
but the desire to be wanted,
and you're already a goddamn necessity.
the hunger rips through me—
you've never seen a wolf before,

the feral curl of my lip still
alluring for at least a few more days;
i am equal parts pathetic & vicious—
falling in love at a bullet's speed,
degrading myself at your hands,
convincing myself each time
that it's new and wonderful
and i am wanted—
i am always wrong,
and left with the same
hollow feeling curled inside my palm,
left to the reruns every single night
because i just can't
breakthrough.