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entomology // placebo

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FRANCES SHARPLES

entomology

It is such a relief
having lost you.
You called me today
while I was flirting
with another high
school romance,
they had a dragonfly
tattoo. Lifetimes ago
you wanted us
to fuck on your windowsill
so long as you were
facing it. The world could see
your face and my

body being fucked. There is
no gentle in you

the way there is in a
dragonfly tattoo, the way
sweet bodies lean
into each other in between
the aisles of a bookstore, the way the
snow fell on my windowsill
this morning. When I woke up
alone in my body,
your parasite cast aside
while I slept gently and warm.

placebo

is the path i take to a lover's house in the middle of the night. is when i get home safe. is the clean cut of nicotine after you've gone to bed. is when i loved you in the back of your mother's car, i pulled your body into mine and you said you loved me. is most of the loves i've had, right? that's what that is? is that lovely feeling. i love you, what a lovely feeling. she's so beautiful, what a lovely feeling. full moon and i whisper your name to the ashes, what a lovely feeling.

isn't any number of poems i forward to your school address. isn't what i promise i can give to you. isn't driving home from the hospital three towns over, undoing myself in her car.

is the name our children will call me. is your pretty face between my knees. is the classics that you fall asleep to. is cigarettes. god i would love to smoke a pack a day, would love to have an addiction that isn't yours.

isn't when you woke up in my arms and asked me for her name. isn't her name. isn't my teeth digging into your shoulder. isn't your shoulder. isn't my slippered feet drifting up the stairs to bring you your cup of coffee. isn't the promise you wake up to. isn't the promise that i press into your sleep-stained skin.

is a man's touch. is your fingers in my mouth. is lukewarm coffee, some things i can't endure.