

Untitled

Your body next to mine,

Stiff as a board,

With the dorm room twin bed keeping us together like peanutbutterandjelly,
The moment childlike just as such.

This is the way I remember you most,
all curly hair and selfish
taking up space, and the only ray of sun that's peaking through the curtains is hitting your face.

Here, you are more present than you'll ever be.

Here, I found out the difficulty of sleeping next to someone who sleeps just like you.

We are human starfishes, laying on tummies like tired dogs.

Every sleep is treated as if we have a long day ahead, and even if we don't we do.

That's how love is like when you're young,

Exhausting and

If it doesn't smell like something that reminds you of your childhood then

It smells like coconut oil, and I remember looking away as you rubbed it on my sex as if you was a
parent and I was a baby with a diaper rash and what I mean is,

I never had a man fuck me tender.

To care about pain as much as he cares about enjoying,

Entering me all nimble like,

smooth like,

butter,

a hand slippery with palm grasping at a neck turning moans in to whimpers.

Fingernails leaving tally marks of each passing minute on your back,

Before we collapse into each other remembering there's so much more world then what's right here,
right now, so we sit and listen to it.

This is how I remember you.

Stuck to me like peanut butter on the roof of a mouth.

Breathing heavily and regretful, with sun making the oil on your body glisten regally.

What do you do with a love like this?

One that makes you weep from beauty?

One so mesmerizing you have to tell the world about it?

One that wakes you up at 7 am to count your lovers eye lashes?

What do you do?

When you try to imitate this with every person you meet?