

If you spit on me

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If you spit on me I will only think you are hilarious. Your saliva has only ever been a part of me, and it would sink in without comment. If I stand on you, you will not notice. You have always wanted my weight firmly planted on your abdomen and back, even when I'm wearing high heels. If you run away from me I will never tell anyone the secrets you wanted the world to know, so everyone will think you are lying about all your magnificence. If you stay with me I will pull your hair and slap your face.

If you crucify me I will puzzle you with my shimmery lip gloss. I will swear like this: Beeeeeeep!!!!

Don't you dare kiss me too loudly!

Everyone might hear this poem and know I only love you like ().

Your boss is demanding you to turn in all your hickies? If you do so, peel them carefully off your neck and leave them neatly folded on his desk. Don't kid yourself. As soon as you turn around, he will hold them over his collarbone and the space behind his ear. He will examine himself with a fragile expression in the mirror, pretending that someone loved him. He will remember the way you and I look, hand in hand as we walk in the park, very patient and quiet like blue Forget-me-nots growing around a tree.

If you hand over your love marks, then please take the scar off my foot as well, I've been pretending it doesn't exist ever since 1996, and remember that though I try to be tough, I tear you up for a reason.