

The Truth about the Sun

There was that day I saw you step on a used condom.
And the day I flipped you ass-backwards over a couch,
and that time we conquered the knoll with

cigarettes and ice cream. I remember when memories scarred
my arms, engraving bygone days. There was that time we
drowned, a weakness never shared which

led to bloody brawls before midnight. Even so,
looking dooms us to a cycle of push and
pull, just for the bliss of *I love you* without

branding shame. I told you about standing before
the doors of the bright forever. Instead of recoiling
in horror, your arms refused to let me go.