Love Not the X

by Catherine Davis

That X was all over my dream last night.

X you, X! I hiss, hoping subtlety will carry.

He does dumbfounded.

You X me, I X you back. Me, pointing out the obvious.

He tries goofy. The goofy grin. That goof-y X-ing grin.

Stay Xed! I scream.

Still he keeps popping up. Whichever way I turn, still *talking.*

Xing X.

Nothing left to do but walk out. Out of my own dream.

X 'm.

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