

Syrup

by Emily Smith-Miller

Things aren't going to get better are they?

Would you like a sugar cube?

No.

Are you sure? I put acid on it.

Oh, well yes, I guess then.

Cool.

Things might get better for a little bit then.

Or horribly worse. Ha.

Awesome.

They taste like an orgasm dissolving into your tongue, like eating
out

a girl with caramel in her pussy.

I don't eat pussy.

Then a dude with sugar on his dick?

It tastes like my crystallized tears glued together with a unicorn's
cum.

Or that.

Do you think it will get better?

No.

What should i do?

Forget you're alive and melt into something rich and syrupy, like
molasses. You could be the well spring of Vermont's mountain trees,
oozing towards a new life, defined by people wanting to spread you
over everything, never getting enough of you. You are that bottle of
syrup that will never empty because you are from the heart of the
source, growing skywards each day.

So I'm syrup?

You're beautiful.

Then why do I cry so much?

Because you don't know where you came from, you just know that
your

bottle seems to be getting emptier, you don't realize that there's so

much more of you somewhere else, flourishing and gushing like a fountain in Eden. You just see yourself being used by the hungry ones.

Oh. So I'm still syrup.

You're the most wonderful syrup I've ever wanted to taste.

