Your Old Untrue Love

by Lara Hassan

This is how we catch up. I write something down, and you read me quietly. In a year's time you will remind me, though I would have forgotten. I check to see if maybe you have put up a new song, every once in a while, but you don't sing as well as you used to.

What has happened to you? Now you bore me, and in between awkward moments I feel embarrassed, mostly for you, and ashamed of the man you have become. You have lost all that childlike magic, all that made you the only you there is. You no longer stand out in the crowd for being the most ordinary boy I have ever met, and you look ugly in your new clothes.

I taught you crazy, now look at you. I tried feeding you drugs that work for me, all the while praying for a revelation of some sort, but you fought them, making a travesty of my sacred substance. I lived on white clouds for and with you, how dare you betray me this way? I haven't stopped using for you. Fuck you, for breaking your promise to never go clean alone.

This time I didn't even try to be the cute little thing you used to adore. To think you used to lick every bead of perspiration on my body, and take each and every word that comes out of me more seriously than you really should, oh I used to love our bodies sticking together, and getting my lipstick on your shirt. I used to love you knowing when I was ready. I hate that you still do.

One day you would to call, to ask to borrow an Allman Brothers CD. By the way, you would say, you're all alone, in need of a line of C.

I hope by then I'd still say okay.

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