

I may be through with you

by Lillian Ann Slugocki

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It may be over between us. After what I've been through; the lies of the canon, the lies of the religion, your kiss, your hard cock, your yin, my yang, I don't know I might be through with you. It might be over.

I might hate you.

-2-

I was the drunk girl who passed out after licking peppermint schnapps off your dick, but you decided to fuck me anyway, I might hate you for that. When I woke up, you were inside me. I might hate you for that.

I might hate the 30 year old married man polishing his silver Corvette on a hot August afternoon. The girl you desire is 15 years old. That girl's arms are pinned against a rocky promontory as you enter her. If she moves one inch, she is dead. I might have to hate you for that, too.

The formal you, meaning all of you.

You owned a restaurant, I was a regular, when everybody left, you locked the door, pushed me against the bar, screamed, "I'm a cop and you're resisting arrest." Remember how I had to talk you down?

-3-

I might hate you for that.

The formal you, meaning all of you.

I've been trying to love you. It's not working.

Please send help.

