Red Hot Hyperbole

by Phoebe Wilcox

She came from the land of rumpled sheets. She was the very definition of sex. She was the breeze through the wind chimes of his heart. One might say that she actually invented the orgasm. All mirages are this way. Perfect until they disappear. They dry like sweat, fade like sighs, and leave so many unanswered questions curled up at the bottom of the bed.

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