

# Immaculate

*by* XXXX

I remember him saying something like:

“Are you aware of how completely horrible you are as a human being?”

He was still wearing his backpack.

We were seated at a rickety table, and his face was the most beautiful I had seen, illuminated by the multicolored aurora of the fridge where they kept the colas and juices.

I thought to myself: Who am I to behold such incredible beauty in this 7-Eleven this cold rainy night?

I wished he'd fuck me in the backroom, but his sincerity overwhelmed me, he said: “I am sick of you. I am sick of your face and the way you talk, and your pants torn at the end because you keep stepping on them, of your stupidity and love for me.”

I closed my fists around his, and he pulled his hands under the table and sighed and looked at the floor, and his hair fell to his face from his ears, and I looked where he was looking and there was a candy wrapper dancing in the currents of air-conditioning and I thought to myself I will remember this for the rest of my life—

