

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—

