

The Lover kara raymundo

A boy, rust-stained blonde

Clasping his fingers together in prayer

He holds your neck

Your gasps are his gospel

Desperate and sweet

Like a boy and the love for his mother

Like a boy who does not deserve you as a lover

You want to say we're done, but you can't

You want to let go, but he can't

Because he tells you I love you,

Yet love is wearing thin

And he tells you you're so good, you're so good

But good is an asphyxiated boy

And your lungs are too hollow to disagree

So you take him with your tongue,

As he breathes into your open mouth

Like a glutton starved with lies

You bite.