

Sweetbitter

How should I like my intimacy?
With a hot shower and air that tastes like mochi:
that sweet, belly-like treat.
A tall glass of indifference beside us.

You smell like dehydration,
so I take some sips of water, I swig
and go back down into whatever this
5am thing is.
You stay down and drop back into yourself.
I don't like that very much.

My brain is syrup
and when you touch it, I mould:
how did tension get us here?

We look comfortable though I am not
at all, a foreigner
to your two siblings and your mum
when they look at me like that.
It's all in the warm hue of the lamp on the fridge,
And I want it off, off.

I can't forgive how I feel when you
are next door.
A concrete wall coated in tension
like unstretched limbs.

You are sleepy presume
I am things I have not read about yet.
I leave the room under darkness so you
cannot follow.
No interaction, please.

For what would I say if we spoke?
That I'm confused, that I'm
Limp to the thought of you and someone else?
Everything stiff and dry like I've had a beer.

It was always the cleanest of assumptions,
You and me and not
her.
The assumption black like a coal-covered dish sponge.

They say these things just happen,
but I know that's not how intimacy works.
It was tangled up in alcohol and beef,
doing things for the sake of chaos.