

I Will Stay As Long As I Can Or As Long As I May

At this moment I am very vulnerable. reveling in the depth of this feeling--joyous.

Open

Listening to romantic Italian songs

Cleaning my room of his skin cells left behind. Anew.

So vulnerable. Swaying to the tunes my inside seventeen-year- old girl sings.

Free

both salvaged and vanquished

All doors open to every color

Sometimes I can't breathe surrounded as I am with hue.

Throw myself on the bed laughing like I've been tickled.

Happy today, alone now, positively beautifully grateful.

It's on it's way.

More than a shift, a profound turn in

Reality

But, because of you I remember my open, juicy, starved, giving-soul, and mind-loving mentality.

I share this. I give this. I am to be replenished. I have been waiting.

I ask for that. I do not get it—at all

so I'm going somewhere else.

Else.

The grief is inky tar, stuck in when I roll back. Like fear. But it happened. I have to visit

it. I won't shine it up or change the dialogue. There is no wrong, just

No.

Tuck this great memory

deeply away, knowing

One always remembers their first love of any age. Especially if he is strong and aloof,

bristling and separate in his own atmosphere. A bad boy.

Not to be shared.

I did not pierce.

I can't.

I may not.