

I Wanted to Be the Knife

THE EXTENDED EDITION

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I.

Eating a bagel and being a cunt. Cursing all the Christmas tea gift boxes from people who pity me. I wonder who loves me every day, all the time.

I use night creams now in an attempt to exist more. Glowing skin is reactive, stands out, pick me and my skin, pick me, I come with a body. Every room seems to be filled with people making love complicated.

We are all dumb and playful, love-drunk and vicious. We are all Love Dogs. Sometimes I live in a bad house but I am always grateful for the privacy of architecture. Of course a wall can be cruel, a staircase can be the last place certain things happen. I still remember the Duke blue tiles of her bathroom. Men are capable of Obsession more often than Love.

When it comes to Love, everyone sits at the same table. I call him baby but he spans me. A barbie pink handprint on my ass. You'll be getting my emotional labor bill in the mail is something I never say. I just stand in the doorway.

Mine is fine, mine is tall, and blonde, mine has a big cock, mine tells me I look like Anne Frank when he fucks me. How is yours? Mine was cruel at first but I tamed him. Mine is still cruel now but only during sex. If he's mad, I walk into Sephora and contour my fucking life. I drink green juice, no I don't, I just wish I did, it seems like a Good Idea. If I'm mad, he tries and tries and that's when I know he loves me more than I do. Someone always loves the other more but that changes everyday. Intimacy is a series of tiny movements, miniscule shifts in power dynamics. Intimacy seems more real than Love, more True. Sex is real but not consoling, intimacy is reassuring, intimacy is your mother. Mine loves his mother, and so he has to watch porn. That's fine. Saying yes is laborious.

II.

All I hear straight women say is
I love MY vampire,
mine is Fine.