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Paul Left

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PAUL LEFT

Jess McKellar

You said that when we danced, I moved my hips in triplets
amidst the dub-step that would blast around us, I could hear you whisper in my left ear,
“one, two, three” as we moved in sync to our own music.

You always asked to use my toothbrush,
you liked the little rubbery plastic things in the middle.
You always made sure to leave a glass of water next to our bed,
between sex and slumber, we would sip.
And when I would yell in public about how pissed off I was that that guy called me honey,
or how excited I was that my birth control was now free,
you told me that you admired my passion, and I believed you, I did.

I never thought that you would leave after the last night you slept over,
and I watched those pupils grow bigger as you looked at me,
the grayness of your cornea growing smaller, the gold around your pupil thinner.
And you said, “I’m in love with you.” And I said, “I know, that’s what I’ve been telling you.”

Now my toothbrush is dry when I go to use it.
I wake up thirsty in the night.
I yell to anyone who listens about my free birth control or the excitement I feel towards my
own vagina, and they just don’t get it.
And worst of all, when I dance with another in the basements of wherever,
he doesn’t count the beats for us.