

Calm and Secure

Love Lost But Not Forgotten

I feel you tasting me, but I wear it with dignity. I feel you tasting me up to my eyes. On my skin, I can smell the saliva of shitheads. It stains yellow and smells like dog food. I need a place to puke. A way to fall out of my skin. I just don't have enough skin. I need to fight you back. I need to feel okay. I need someone to put me away. Jesus Christ, I hope you swallow your tongue. I hope you swallow your tongue.

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