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Poem From A Last Lover

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POEM FROM A LAST LOVER

We were kissing
long entwined
when I wanted out.
As I moved to draw back my tongue,
he refused.
I pulled harder,
he clenched harder,
until, far back,
he bit down hard.

And I bled.
Red flowing like a flood
from the gash in my mouth.
Red
gasping in my eyes
sputtering in my nose
one day when my gypsy lover
bit off my tongue.