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Somehow We're Still Doing This

Lily Soper

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SOMEHOW WE'RE STILL DOING THIS

LILY SOPER

Being with you is a little like a heroin overdose and a little like breaking out in hives.
Or maybe it's like social media.
Or like dying rich next to fat grandchildren and still feeling empty.
Or I maybe just love to hurt myself.
Perhaps my mother was right when she said the bad boys could smell that.
I can't tell her stories about you anymore. I can't tell
anyone. My cards are close to my chest.
When I let you think I'm winning, it's a bluff.
There are 14,000 students here and
I should go out and meet them. My mother told me
to find a nice boy at the library.
I should attend scholarly lectures like an intellectual.
But that would take dedication, and probably intellect, and well,
I lost those both with you last summer. I still suspect you took them
the night we were blindfolded up at our spot in Blue Cloud. When I could
smell the fire, and feel its sting, but you insisted that it wasn't burning me.
I think I'm scared of blonde girls because of you.
I'm scared I shouldn't make myself forget
when you told me you weren't unhappy
but "it wasn't what you had in mind."

I might be too scared to love you up close again.
My mother says that “Fear is your body’s way of saving your life,”
but I haven’t been answering her calls lately.