

## First Time

When i pause to remember this, you are smooth.  
I couldn't say if that's true, only that i think you were.  
I was nervous, and you were patient—  
But patience runs out when you're young.

It wasn't you, but i think you knew that.  
I loved someone else and watched a lot of internet porn;  
I don't think you knew that, but you could've guessed.

I cried later.

You dream of something for so long. It rarely satisfies.  
Joy can only be for a moment- can't it?  
It's only impulses and chemicals released in your brain.  
There must be an instant, when the joy hits like a syringe.

You put on your clothes, and i apologize.  
I don't want to ever get used to that.  
I think i love you. I also want to kill you.  
I don't want you to tell your friends about what happened.

I know you will.

## Last Time

She's almost as old as my mother. I take a certain pride in that.  
I don't think it's an oedipal thing. Mom's black. She's not.  
I feel her cum.  
She says it's "awesome."

I don't really like her, but i'm sure she doesn't really like me.  
I'm living inside of her middlescence. It's loud.  
I the nigger. I the stud. I fuck her so she feels alive.

It's not about her.

I want to perform. I want to perform well.  
I look in the mirror, and i see Patrick Bateman.  
So we take reciprocal advantage of each other.  
I laugh about it to myself.

It was the best I've ever had.  
I probably won't call you.  
You text me later.  
I miss you.

I don't reply.