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My Life as an Account in the Single Digits

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My Life as an Account in the Single Digits

Allen's with Clarissa but wants to handle Leslie,
slip some skin under the nail, a slight squeeze
& shuffle inside her shirt. The saliva thickens
when a tongue goes down & Allen doesn't have
the guilt: Lewis fingered Leslie, paces in his cage
as Thursday drops a shoulder from the effigy.
We weren't so fucking pretentious, two paddles
without a boat, but Ian wants Chinese, exotic,
settles for a slice unheated, smoke uncurled blue.
Allen peels a lamp inside his window. He never
loved the dirt the way he loves an easy neck:
Lewis slept with Lila, after all, the lyric on his feet,
Lila on her knees between a split of rouge & genius.
Could is beside the point. Between if you're alone.
Allen desperately needs his early 20s, Leslie's mouth
when whiskey wets her lips. She's soaked in rain
if rain can counterfeit a hue, a thread inside a bulb
for the night, without the view & cry of Sunday.