

i give you innocence wrapped in promises

for one day, disclaiming all my terms and conditions. i lay them
out on your bedsheets, you morphed into them so seamlessly.
but anyone with eyes not clouded by hope could see that this had a timeline
and a clock that wouldn't be slowed down no matter how hard i tried.
always wondering when the last straw would come, when
my "not yet" would mean "never mind" and you would be on to
the next girl who didn't have such a lock on her chastity belt.

but your eyes did sparkle even late at night, and you did
tell me *no* when i tried. you didn't want to when i was scared.
if only you knew i was always scared and bruising.

and you still fucked me hard, even when i had to use a pillow
to cover my face so you wouldn't see the tears that stayed welled,
or ones that traveled down my cheeks and onto my lips.
my silence was always something i gave and this regret
is something i have to live with. it is something you
never think twice about when you think of the history of women
that have said "*yes.*" it is two years later and i am still talking
about it. still wishing i held on longer,
still wishing it was never you.

- Annie McQuade