

Cursive **"The Recluse"**

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I wake alone, in a woman's room I hardly know.

I wake alone- and pretend that I am finally home.

The room is littered with her books and notebooks.

I imagine what they say, like, 'shoo fly, don't bother me,'

And I can hardly get myself out of her bed.

For fear of never lying in this bed again.

Oh christ, I'm not that desperate am i? oh no- oh god- I am.

How'd I end up here to begin with? I don't know.

Why do I start what I can't finish?

Oh please, don't barrage me with questions to all those ugly answers.

My ego's like my stomach- it keeps shitting what I feed it.

But maybe I don't want to finish anything anymore..

Maybe I can wait in bed 'til she comes home. and whispers.

"you're in my web now - I've come to wrap you up tight 'til it's time to bite down."

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