

Jeemin Roh

"Passion's Side Effects"

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We say our hellos that end in goodbyes.
It's so polite I almost forget
The way your lips felt under the streetlight
How you would throw me up against

The wall we scratched initials of our names with chalk.
Did you pay up your parents' phone bill caused by
endless talks?

But I promise I won't make it difficult for you to move
on.
I swear my eyes will be typically dry when you say
"Bye," Promise I will hate you.

I'd count the freckles on your shoulder.
They're sprinkled like stars, or on donuts.
And oh my God, I've become so hopeless.
That's when I found out it had to end

With all the letters that you wrote when I'm asleep.
They now hide underneath the bed you swore you'd
never leave.

Now I feel just fine. I don't get nauseated when she'd
kiss you.
Lie, tell'em you're dead to me, 'cause he'd hate it if I
missed you.
Bye, honestly, I hate-

What we've become: so complicating to the point it's
irritating.
Passion's fun but trust is boring. Shut your mouth but
keep it moving.
Too shy to tell him how we were. Wish I could spill it all
the more
About all the fights and screams we shared.
Never mind the nights and dreams alone.
How much I miss you - I could never tell, I curse you,
'Cause the hole you left a cavity, that's filled up by our
brevity
S-sickening. th-threatening. k-killing. st-st-stuttering.
The side effects of you and me have left me broken.

But I promise I won't make it difficult for you to move
on.
I swear my eyes will be typically dry when you say
"Now I feel just fine." I don't get nauseated when she'd
kiss you.
Lie, tell'em you're dead to me, 'cause he'd hate it if I
missed you.
Bye, promise I will hate you.

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