

Stafford

"They Keep Underestimating You"

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Slick shoes on slick pavement, ask me a lie. Ask me to lie tonight, and I will pretend we were friendly again. I will pretend to like your name. Please close her eyes for me when you are done. [She curls her hair around her finger, and you know you've never seen arousal until it shined from her lips. Her perfume fills your nostrils and breaks down barriers in time and space. You'll kill tonight. You'll kill tonight. You will become your rapture.] They keep underestimating you. That choking sound is the resolution to a problem that seemed to have no solution. Show me the pictures again from when she was a fucking model. Show me her skinny bones and her perfect nose, and I'll shake my fucking fist in anger. Show me a child's drawing in and outside of the lines and I will wave my wrist around like you can hear my weaker words. Make her say your name tonight. Make her breathe in unison and feel her heartbeat arise. Please close her eyes for me when you are done, when you are done. You will kill tonight. You will kill.

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