

96 Percent

We were 96% according to the cupid
We mixed our traditional and liberalism on our inked-up arms
While he opened my door and held onto me to protect me from the icy path.

96%
As he confessed what a huge crush he had on me
And how nervous he was to meet me
While I,
Who never blushes,
Turn red and bowed my head in shyness
Both then and when he told me I was beautiful

I fell into the depths of his brown eyes
That did not look away
But sought their way into the soft places of my spirit
Soothed my guarding
Until arriving back at my place
I yielded, then yielded,
and yielded some more.

We crossed the line into masculinity and femininity and
The all of it was right there in our confessions
Actions
And responses

Sweetness and sexiness wrapped itself around a staff of hope.
And the world was, once again, full of the possibility of fulfillment.

And then,
He went away.
Closed his body and closed his heart;
Left me standing alone
Raw and exposed to the elements.

I wrapped myself in the thick wool blanket
of "next time it might be different"
and carefully reignite the little ember of hope that,
perhaps foolishly,
keeps burning underground.