My Face Is Sticky

My face is sticky with

your sexual release

You won't kiss me -

It reeks of homosexuality

to taste yourself upon my lips.

You sleep

You snore

You ignore me.

My face is sticky with your unleashed urges Dark lashes on clean cheeks The mouth that snores did not satisfy my need.

Quietly, softly I sneak from our bed tiptoe to the living room; Iying naked on the couch I relieve myself.

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