

X Telling Me About the Loss of Something Dear, at Age 16

Hello Saferide

I looked up at the ceiling the entire time
Well it didn't last for long
Like fifteen minutes or so they had said it would hurt but it didn't

His face all grumped up veins were showing on his forehead
Closed my eyes and thought of dancers
Closed my eyes and thought of dancers

I thought of what my friends would say
I thought of how my life would change
I just laid real still there on the bed

Afterwards I said like I hear you're supposed to
Was it good for you aswell?
He was proud, said
Okay, we can do it again and maybe this time you can do it better than this
You can do it better than this
You can do it better than this
I know you can do it better than this

I faked to come cause I hear you're supposed to
There was obviously something wrong with me
And I didn't want him to know

I was scared he'd have a heart attack and die
I went to work at the shoe store and waved him goodbye
I felt sad but I didn't know why
Do you want those in red, I said
Two, fifty with laces, I said
Years later I can still vision that forehead