

NICELLE DAVIS

I Wrote You This Love Letter, You'll Think It's Gross

It's not the herpes that cause problems, them I can accept
easy as sea-monkeys—like the ad in Mad Magazine says,
a biological novelty turned into a reality.

I name the pink translucent marks Bob & Wanda. Always
Bob & Wanda to avoid any feelings of loss between
rejuvenations. This isn't to say I don't

notice you layer on sleepwear, incessantly wash,
beat an itch like fisting the sting out of a new tattoo, to
avoid any contact that chances me catching you. We lie

in bed, together, thinking how long it has been since
the last shock of entrance—like a ninth grader, you
canoe-roll over to my side of the mattress. We dry-

hump like summer-camp kids, quite sure/not sure,
how much better it would feel without clothes on.
Nebular wads of toilet paper appear in the bowl. When

I ask where the floor rug has gone, you say it needs
washing, *accidentally peed on*, but we both know it
wasn't urine that you on(ed) the carpet with. After

weeks of not having sex the word in syllables starts
to sound like *her piece*—the Other virally stringing you
along, just as the slight hope that she may

reallyreallyloveyou prompted a mid-day break-up fuck.
For a week you wrote yours & Other's name together,
hoping she'd show up like a care package full of cookies.

We lie awake together with Other between us. I think
to myself how beautiful you are overandoverandover,
licking my own tongue, imagining kiss after slimy kiss.