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A Dictionary of What Can Be Learned in the Voice of the Sociopath's Lover

Jennifer Militello

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Recklessness spurred by our limited time, that they could take nothing from you if all you had was the wild. To like too much speed between the trees after dark. To survive while passing on the narrow bridge, while kissing without caring less, while laughing when the cruelty hit. To climb even though the high was made to collapse, to bite so deep the seasons bled, to make enemies who loved me and make criminals my friends. To wreck whatever touched my hand to prove I still exist. To not feel guilt. That nothing matters and nothing will. To break glass and not get cut, to lie in a field and not look up. Not to want. To cut my knee deep and pack sand into the wound if I was drunk and loved the sound of the ocean. To haggle with summer. That nouns were fickle. That the best note was wrong done, that when sung it would crash like an engine. That age was merely come what may. To race my own incessant heart. To race the marred world with a quick wit and a passive face. To bark up its tree. To fight and spit. To let it go. To earn my keep.