

The Truth

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'I love you' was just the title of the book. Under those three words I wrote ten thousand more in my mind. You never took the time to read those pages, they weren't as easy to understand and were much less quotable. No, those pages lie pristine and pure, smudged by no ones fingerprints but mine. What you would've seen were sentences like: 'Jimi Hendrix solos swimming through summer nights'. You would've read writing like 'A gold medalist spiralling off the high dive with no splash, perfect ten'.

If you would've taken the time you would've read; 'Lets leave here, right fuckin' now, without a breath or a call home'. But all you heard was I love you, a joke of a sentence. A sentence men who pretended to know you whispered to you during sex because it seemed appropriate for the situation. It played out that way in a movie they'd seen so they recycled the line. No novel laid under their 'I love you's'. So you never read mine.

I keep my ten thousand words to myself while you label me with ones like 'weird' and 'aloof'.

Words have never been friends with the truth.