

X-FILES

There was this one time when he stopped, mouth hot and sloppy like sun-piss on my chest, and took a breath. My eyes were already lazed into X's by that point, and I'd begun to see that little endings everywhere were just never-ending. Seven years ago, for my Xth birthday, I remember he got me a big, long, furry snake. I kept furling it into an X around my neck and Mom frowned, then made me memorize my X tables. She decided soon that it would be a better use of money to buy me shirts—XXXL, or larger. Smoothing a bra over my chest, she says you don't have a body, you have a liability. A while back, with my shirt sweating in his fists, he used to laugh so hard that I recognized why *ecstasy* came from Greek roots that meant *to stand outside one's body*. I don't believe he was ever there when he clenched me close, his grin fermenting in my mouth. He (XX) shook and the floor shook with him, or at least what I (XY) could feel of it. His spit landed in my mouth, pounded against my throat in X-shaped incisions, and I felt like buying a crystal chandelier. Hopefully it would fall on me and I could die bathed in little attempts at shamming light. I could also shove it into his stomach like a jewel-encrusted sword, see a bunch of gods come and kiss him square on the lips (XXX). But until then, I consider calling him the way I used to, with bits of my heart stuck to his name, exhibited in an all-baring grin. Crap. I miss the way we hugged, knobby knees tressed into an X.

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