

intimate  
lzst9L

intimate

our hands touched in the light booth  
as we cleaned up oil spilled  
when someone knocked the fog machine  
& everything went still

glances in the locker room  
we swore we wouldn't tell  
i'll be dating that boy soon  
we'll put it off until  
next fall

from our first synced periods  
to the quiet, soft things we did  
it was intimate  
i was into it

from the way we kept up the bit  
'til the day i called it quits  
it was intimate  
i was into it

dodging spin the bottle  
always skipping truth or dare  
would you rather tell the truth  
or lie through teeth and prayer

speeding through my laundry list  
& driving up the curb  
i took consent as interest  
and gambled with your word

from our tear stained innocence to the  
guilt, shame, in a sense it was intimate  
i was into it  
what was a brave dare in a pinch  
now laissez-faire, in the flesh  
it was intimate  
you were different

i did all that i could do  
i did all that i knew how to

from our first synced periods  
to the quiet, soft things we did  
it was intimate  
it was intimate