

The First Time

It seemed so innocent the first time.

As if every conversation had prepared me for that moment.

It came out of your mouth the way a whisper sinks into your ear except the words sunk into my soul,

And ate away at my tissue.

My throat plunged and

for the first time you said something that would grow on my organs and cause diseases.

How could someone I love infect my body with this need to please?

But I know how you did it,

your words were soft of nature and not harsh of tongue, the words you used were just enough to flush my cheeks, but not enough to lose my breath.

It became a common thing you would do and somehow you always followed it with "I love you"