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Promethe

Volume 28
Issue 1 *The Last Torch (2019-2020)*

Article 10

4-1-2020

Real Love

Karish Pangilinan

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Pangilinan, Karish (2020) "Real Love," *The Promethean*: Vol. 28 : Iss. 1 , Article 10.
Available at: <https://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol28/iss1/10>

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Real Love

Karish Pangilinan

Wiry beard hairs scrape my swollen cheek
Sweet whispers replace the ghost of his clenched fist
I can taste iron velvet on the underbelly of my tongue
Suede lips produce seismic waves of lust
as he nibbles at my bruised neck

He says I'm a psychotic bitch
but that's what he loves
He says I'm a whore
but I'm *his* whore
He says I'm a cunt that deserves to die

Promise after promise retches from his beautiful lips
Loving hands inch their way towards my upper bicep
Blue blood pools in my arm
as I'm forced to look into his glassy eyes

Why do you make me do this? he says
I love you, you know that right?

I believe him.
Maybe this is the love I deserve.