

Inexperience

by Scarlet Crystal

What do I know about love?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Honestly.

I'm too young to understand
its complexities, riddles, and coldness.

What can I perceive of its ways?

I read books.

Anyone I know is a sucker
for a good story.

What do I know about jealousy?

I've never been consumed by it.

That emotion, that word: that's foreign to me.

What do I know about heartbreak?

Oh, nothing.

Just this, that, and the other thing.

Don't you see?

I'm a virgin beyond compare.

I'm whole.

I'm pure.

I'm complete.

I'm faceless, as of yet.

I have a lot of questions.

Curiosity didn't kill the cat;

it only paralyzed him for...

for a few seconds, at most.

Maybe less. Still:

there is one thing I'm dying to know.

If Shakespeare is gay

and homosexuals are going to hell,

why do I wallow in the taste of his poetry?