Inexperience

by Scarlet Crystal
What do I know about love?

Inexperience

Chapter 1 of 1

What do I know about love?

What do I know about love?

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 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?

I'm pure.