## I Take Your Name to Bed With Me

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Unrequited SS/HP. There should be a word for love, hate, lust, and envy all mixed together.

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## Chapter 1 of 1

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I take your name to bed with me

And wear it like a skin

I flinch beneath my hands and loathe my stain

I have resigned myself to be

An icon of my sin

A useful, hated foil to your gain

I memorize your mouth and eyes

Your posture, and your smile

I etch them into shadows on my wall

I confiscate or overhear

The whispered facts and lies

And ponder whether you, or He, will fall

I hoard your life and hang it on

The corner of my mind

I writhe inside an altar to your health

I snatch your soul and all its flash

And study in the dark

The wretched, weeping outrage of its wealth