

I Take Your Name to Bed With Me

by stuttermoan

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

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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