

I continue to succumb to mundane hospitality.  
Fabricating pertinent dinner conversation.  
Fascinating breath pressing drawls.  
Asking myself why.  
Unbeleivable isn't it; the way we twist words around just to get that quick fix.  
I swore someday I'd save myself from cum dreamt lines forcing faster.  
Aching in the waste of primitive lust.  
Again asking myself why.  
At last can I please rest?  
Vacate every day after day.