

Cancer Lyric R

by Bekah Steimel

Our lips first connected in a place immersed in death. I did meet you in a bar, as boring and stereotypical as it sounds. However, I first kissed you in a graveyard, so I'm hoping that cancels out the clichéd introduction. Yet, I've been wondering about our premier kiss—was it a sign of painful things to come? I had invited you to take a late-night walk there. Such a brave woman, but I thought even you might be unnerved in a cemetery. I wanted you a little freaked out, and if I was lucky, a tad clingy. And, you were. And, it worked. You kissed me leaning next to a statue of a weeping angel. My mouth held onto your first kiss so long, my lips were numb, and I couldn't imagine anything else feeling as good. I was wrong.