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## Becoming

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## Becoming

### Author Bio

I just recieved the good news that I've been accepted into an MFA program in creative writing!

# B e c o m i n g

D e s t i n y E v e r e t t



“You want to make love to me in the daylight with eyes opened wide, but I have been trained to fuck at 3 hours post dawn.

And this is not about you this is yet again another poem about him.

I can count on both of my hands the amount of times we have become one without the use of alcohol or drugs. But if we're counting all the nights we were intoxicated the number is somewhere off in the trillions.

I have been disciplined to listen for his voice in the middle of the night. There are pieces of my insides that aren't even mine, they are his.

Nerves that don't respond without the stimulation of his touch.

But I am just a body to him and it would make no difference and if I stayed to see the sun rise or disappeared into the night. And I am always the one to curl up to his side. In the midst of my vulnerability I am convinced that he loves me.

But I am wrong and naive.

So baby I cannot apologize for not knowing what to do with my hands or my lips because I, I am not use to this. I cannot tell you what I like because I was never given a preference. I am an animal acting only on instinct.

And I, I want to love you, more than anything. But you are not him and I cannot function without the familiar sting of his loneliness.”