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# Intimacy

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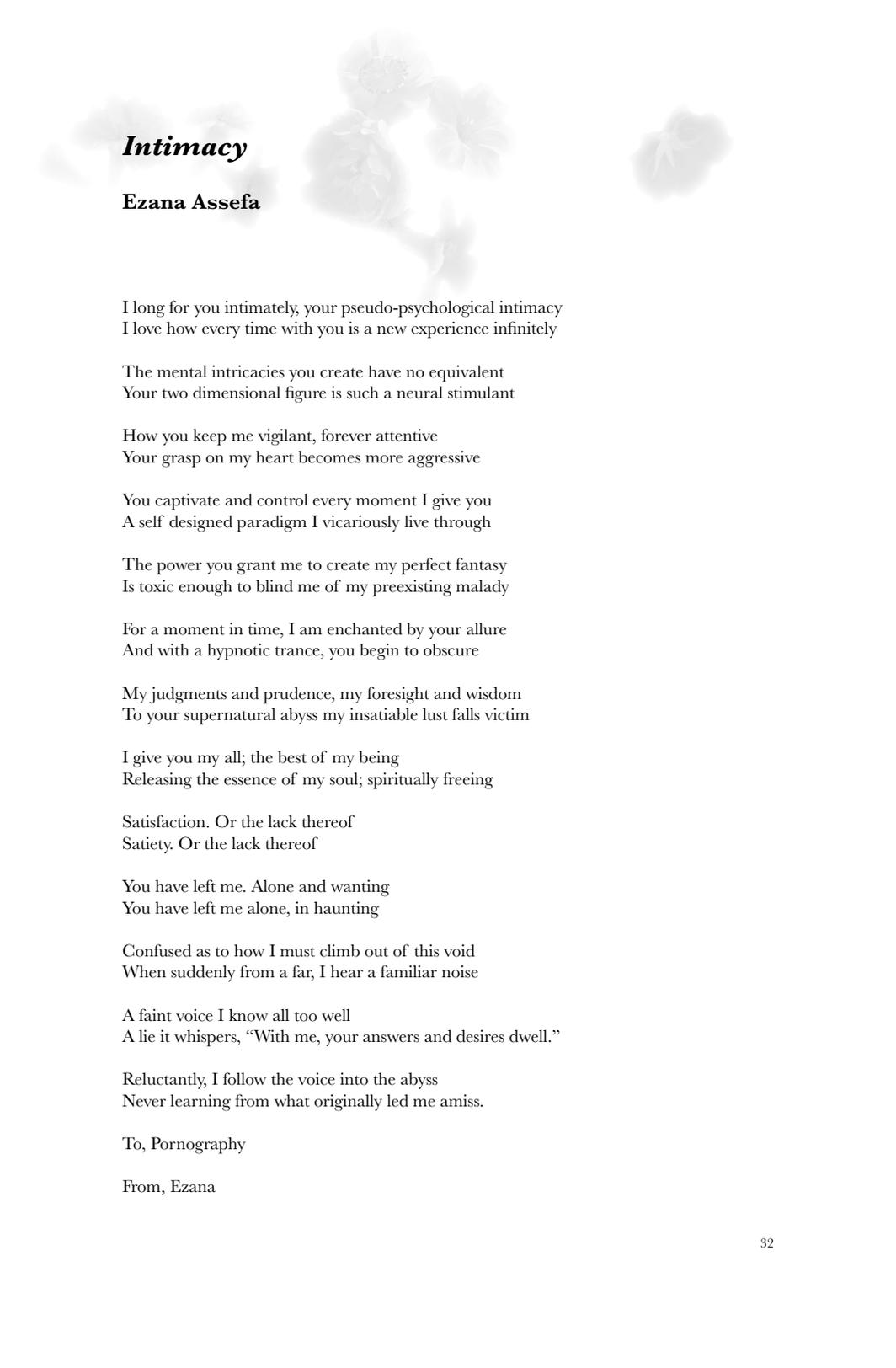
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# Intimacy

## **Author Note**

“I want to be a neurologist or neuroscientist, and in my spare time, I am found at the gym, basketball courts, or in a book.”



# *Intimacy*

**Ezana Assefa**

I long for you intimately, your pseudo-psychological intimacy  
I love how every time with you is a new experience infinitely

The mental intricacies you create have no equivalent  
Your two dimensional figure is such a neural stimulant

How you keep me vigilant, forever attentive  
Your grasp on my heart becomes more aggressive

You captivate and control every moment I give you  
A self designed paradigm I vicariously live through

The power you grant me to create my perfect fantasy  
Is toxic enough to blind me of my preexisting malady

For a moment in time, I am enchanted by your allure  
And with a hypnotic trance, you begin to obscure

My judgments and prudence, my foresight and wisdom  
To your supernatural abyss my insatiable lust falls victim

I give you my all; the best of my being  
Releasing the essence of my soul; spiritually freeing

Satisfaction. Or the lack thereof  
Satiety. Or the lack thereof

You have left me. Alone and wanting  
You have left me alone, in haunting

Confused as to how I must climb out of this void  
When suddenly from a far, I hear a familiar noise

A faint voice I know all too well  
A lie it whispers, "With me, your answers and desires dwell."

Reluctantly, I follow the voice into the abyss  
Never learning from what originally led me amiss.

To, Pornography

From, Ezana