

Scorned.

If true love is as blissful as they say then I'm not ignorant enough to ignore the woman i was
made by the men I have loved,
Perhaps too bitter to forget,
Forever too old to be young and in love,
Sweet sticky finger love,
Candy painted tongue love,
Pure unblemished love, I am far too blemished for,
Too prepared to not have clean hands and a bleached tongue,
So I speak with a flaming one and hold all that is myself with gloves,
Never leaving an organ on a sleeve, a quiver on my lip, nor a god on my heel,
For a scorned woman has nothing if not her own hands to hold and her own lips to lick.