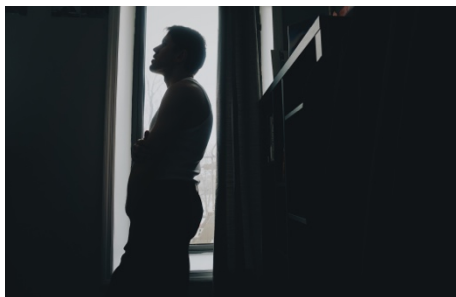


By Aleksandr Beaudoin

These thoughts
of mine.
Would they make you run?
Maybe worry,
or wonder?
What of the truth you don't see?
Not always perfectly pc.

These thoughts
of mine.
Are they the real me?
Kept hidden
and bound,
their air slowly dissipating.
Does that imply, I too am fading?



These thoughts
of mine.
Seemingly so wild
and truly strange.
All twisted
into an innocent and tidy bow.
Kindly presented for the eternal show.

These thoughts
of mine.
Once presumed a custom perfume
with notes of rejection and isolation,
reserved in dark frosted glass.
I now intimately recognize as it wafts from your collar bone.
Humanity's discreet cologne, suggesting I'm perhaps not alone.

These thoughts
of mine?
Must not be so unique,
all prior thinking juvenile.
For these strange thoughts of mine
must also reside behind your smile.
Therefore when I decide to reveal all, will you promise to stay a while?
I guarantee to extend the same courtesy
when these thoughts of ours are finally set free.

