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Because I Was Young and My Love Wasn't Real

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Author Bio

Kathryn is a junior majoring in English with a concentration in writing. She loves old black-and-white movies, stress-baking at midnight, puddle jumping after rainstorms, and Jesus. With her English major she intends to live in a cardboard box across the street from other friend with similar job-market-less, less humanities-based majors, perhaps someday becoming an expatriate, learning to appreciate the stupid, sublime, serendipitous world she inhabits.

Because I was young and my love wasn't real

Kathryn Bucolo

The lady in the dark grey skirt suit
gave me a red construction paper heart
with blunt edges, frank and crisp,
in the basement of a small brick church
and told me to, when I wrote his
name down next to mine, all thoughtfully and
careful-like, all pretty and dark and in loose white sheets,
in cursive, with hearts, all pretty and dark
that I had to tear a piece off. Every time. When I thought
about him kissing me and our big red house we'd have together
with azalea bushes and black-eyed susans and maybe a front porch swing,
imagined him stroking my face with heavy brass hands,
his fingers like stakes in morning-glory-hair, twisted,
that every time I wished to be his bride
with a lily bouquet and shaking stocking-ed knees,
I would have to tear a piece off.
Every time?
So I peeled off tiny chunks, about a hundred a week,
pinching the
limp little organ between guilty fingernails,
slowly prying a baby-moth's-wing-
shred of red paper from it,
listening to the raspy ripping
(sad sad sad)
of the dark red fibers
from the soft little
pinkish-red fibers
(minute, matted
Velcro)
very
slowly
to save it,
to save it,
before
I tore it all up anyway.