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My Dearest Mike Justin Matt Matt Ryan Harvey Matt and George:

Erin Jewell

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My Dearest Mike Justin Matt Jim Matt Ryan Harvey Matt and George:

I am over you, individually, collectively.
You are free to kiss, caress, cuddle, smooch,
serenade, fondle or fuck whomever and whenever you wish.
But Harvey and George please steer clear of my little sister.

Your ranks will not be expanded as I have
run out of fingers to count you on thanks to
Matt, Matt, George and sometimes Jim and Ryan's
often misguided attacks on my lips.

I don't count any of you twice, regardless of any slip ups
or relapses that may have occurred in dark church hallways
or on dusty old futons Mike or Jim and Ryan I'm sorry
I often forget you and have to tack you on the end;

which is unfair because you are the only one
who still treats me more than just cordially when it suits you,
when we slip back, relive, recount, repent
after a long and hard earned drink together.

We stumbled through the skywalk where I first met you. We wandered the city streets
we've walked drunk before on pain and pressure, love angst
then a long island, whiskey ginger lime, a shot of tequila.

Soon I will walk across this river wearing white,
with none of you in mind. I will see the secrets shimmer
where they've landed beneath the surface, tangled in seaweed
under that blue bridge where there was a late night reunion
after bitter years,

or where you told me about the time you
or where you told me about the time you
or where you told me about the time you
or where you told me about the time you
or where you told me about the time you
or where you told me about the time you
or where you told me about the time you
or where you told me about the time you
or where you told me about the time you
or where you told me about the time you
or where you told me about the death of your father,  
or you watched me cry over your best friend  
the last time you treated me with compassion  
or where you told me my eyes were dark dark brown  
and I knew I could never love any of you.

Matt Jim Matt  
George:

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clear of my little sister.  
have  
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gether.  
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one, a shot of tequila.  
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