

Waterbed

Adam Christensen

Didn't quite expect him to have a waterbed
I was shocked when I laid down
My body
Not able to lay still
Rocking
I felt queasy
He was crying 'cos she had left him
Left him all alone
He wanted me to take his mind off things
Her red curly hair
Her green eyes
Her purple lips
Little tits
My hand crept under the sheets
I felt the stretched rubber against my palm
Little waves as he laid down naked next to me
I tried pinching a hole with my nails
Forgetting I had chewed them down to the roots while watching the fourth season of *The X-files* on VHS
I still tried making a hole
Plunging us into a pool of rotten water
Drowning in sorrow
Sinking
Stinking tainted pit with a hard wooden edge
Splinters
Self-pity
Hairy balls in my hand
Tip of his cock touching my lips
Bitter semen
A little bit of piss
I hadn't tasted someone else's cum before
Didn't quite know what to do with it
Dribbled it back on to his belly
While thinking of the embarrassing moment when we'd see each other back at
work
The next weekend
The á la carte dinner
Where I'd spill his overcooked frozen peas followed by a wave of thick brown sauce into the lap of a silk dress
Custom-made
Hand-tailored
Ruined
The lady would weep
I'd almost get fired
Wish I had been
At least then I wouldn't have had to deal with his evasive eyes

Nothing particularly exciting in my life to write lyrics about
You used to say I was cool
You said I was beautiful
Different
You wanted to start a band
I would sing
You'd play the electric bass guitar
I was shy
Felt uncomfortable in our jamming sessions
You assured me
Everything was alright
How it should be
Better even
Perfect
You said I was cool
I was beautiful
Different
Afterparty at your parents' house
The night you invited me to lay down in your waterbed
You never spoke to me again
You bragged about it though