



Aborted Haikus
50 poems about unrequited love

If smelling you was
a career path I'd get my
PhD in it.

It would blow your mind
if you knew I fantasized
your dick in my mouth.

I'm an animal.

I want to kick and bite and
claw and buck with you.

It feels amazing
to channel my compulsions
like this. It soothes me.



Sola gioia

*è
amare*

EX LIBRIS

GIORGIO BALBI

Some days I just want
to tell you I'm sorry for
using you like this.

I want to thank you
for letting me use you as
my muse. It's selfish.

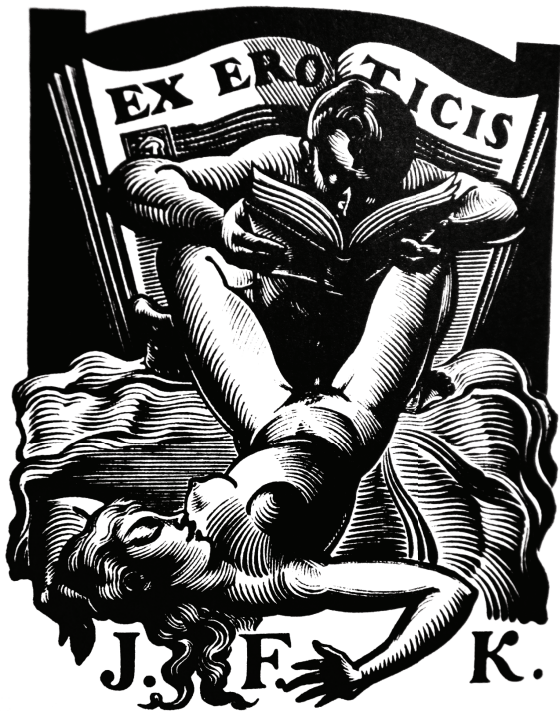
That's my game you know,
that it's the anarchy not
actually love.

Please be horrible,
the most awful you can. It
makes the love obscene.

How stupid am I
that I just want to stare in-
to your eyes all day.

I love you but I
can see the limitations
of this concept too.

You're on my level
in a way no one else is.
Does that mean nothing?



I wish I would just
stop torturing myself and
let it go away.

I just want someone
to take it easy on me,
to not be waiting,

every moment
to reveal this me to be
that mythical one.

It might have been so
different if I had been
there for us to be.

Back then I wasn't
ready for our love but now
you aren't ready.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

EX LIBRIS HABAJE

I can't ask you to
do any more to make me stop
loving you, but please.

I still love you so
desperately and I am
here at your mercy.

I was really scared.
I didn't want to wait for
you to not pick me.

I thought it would mean
that absent the rivalry
I'd keep a little.



I don't know how but
you're in my head again.
I want to tell you.

I want to say it
over and over again.
Not like a plea but

more like a mantra.
I can't believe it either
but it won't leave me.

Tell me there's someone,
tell me I'll find someone else.
Tell me you know it.

Tell it to me now
and say it like you mean it.
Say it like you know.



Lying in this king
bed, mundane pillows and sheets
makes me think of you.

With my legs clamping
around your head, mouth sloppy
up in my pussy.

I imagine you
fucking me and am possessed,
contorted with want.

I sit on your face.
You're making me steam and drool,
glazed like a donut.



Sometimes I just have
these panic attacks that I
can't live without you.

On the highway, half-
way to Santa Fe and I
can't live without you.

WER LIEBE LERNEN WILL BLEIBT IMMER SCHÜLER



EX LIBRIS GIORGIO BALBI

(whispered) why, why is
it not enough for you why
can't you leave me, love.

How could you do that,
show up like that, marking me
like territory.

If I can't have you,
have the decency to let
me escape from you.

Part of me likes it
that you're still interested.
It's like a sickness.

I know I'm not who
you want me to be, twee girl,
cartoonist, something.

I won't be for you
today or anytime soon
a cute little chick.



Ok kill me now
this relentless beating is
just getting stupid.

Rejecting you was
my safety net. I don't get
that it was my choice.

We invented choice
for these situations when
we can't have it all.

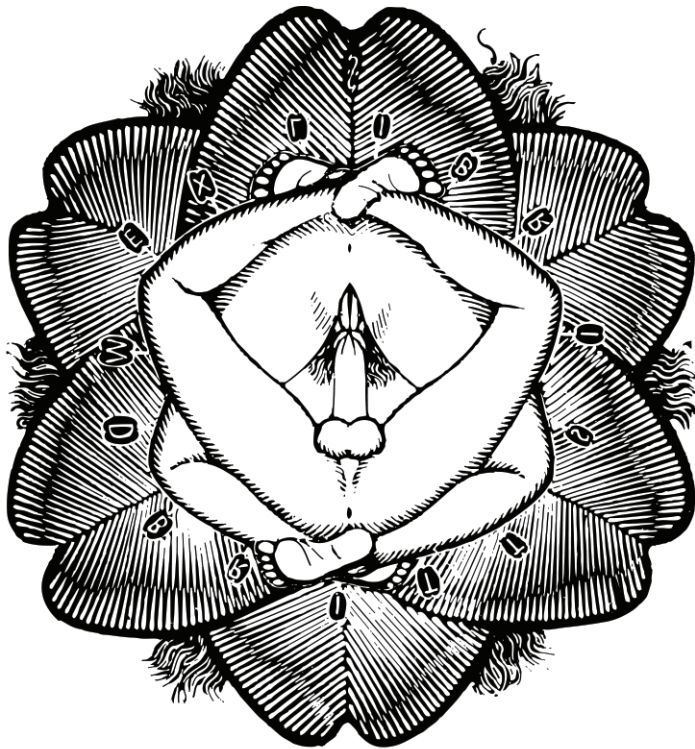
But why should your choice
be more valuable than mine,
when we are equal.

No more decisions.
You don't get to choose, I took,
I took it away.

What's not a choice is
indifference, not caring
is an innocence.

An innocence that
cannot be appealed to or
placated at all.

I wonder if you
understand that you've lost me
and when you'll get it.



Maybe I can't have
love, your love, any love but
just let me pretend.

Go through the motions.
Someone might love me some time
Somehow I'll accept.

I remind myself
my love is meaningless if
you don't feel the same.

Forget it. It's ok.
There's not any loser here.
Let's hold hands and walk.

My love for you feels
like Niagara falls. Immense.
Perpetual. Dead.

