

## The Poet X by Elizabeth Acevedo

### In Aman's Arms

"In Aman's arms I feel warm.  
In Aman's arms I feel save.  
In Aman's arms he apologizes.  
In Aman's arms I apologize.  
In Aman's arms I want to forget.  
In Aman's arms my mouth finds his.  
In Aman's arms my hands touch skin.  
In Aman's arms my shirt comes off.  
In Aman's arms I am shy for a moment.  
In Aman's arms I am beautiful beautiful beautiful.  
In Aman's arms I feel beautiful.  
In Aman's arms my jeans unsnap.  
In Aman's arms I show myself.  
In Aman's arms need skin rubs against mine.  
In Aman's arms kisses and kisses. My neck and ear.  
In Aman's arms fingers touch my breasts.  
In Aman's arms I stop breathing.  
In Aman's arms I feel good. So good. "

### And I Also Know.

"We have to stop. Because now we're lying on the couch and he's on top of me.  
And his kisses feel so good, everything feels so good. But I also feel him pressed against me. The part of him that's hard. That's still an unanswered question I don't have a response for.  
And when his hand brushes my thigh and then moves up --  
I know why island people cliff dive. Why they jump to feel free, to fly, and how they must panic for a moment when the ocean rushes toward them.  
I stop his hand. I pull my face from his kiss. He is breathing hard. He is still kissing me hard. He is still bumping up against me. Hard.  
"We have to stop."

### Tangled

Sometimes I wear these really long three-strand necklaces. And I love how they look. Like a spiderweb of fake gold. But they're the worst to put away.  
The next time I try to wear them they're a tangled knot. No beginning, no end, just snag after snag. That's how I feel the moment I ask Alan to back up.  
Like a big tangle. I feel: guilty, because he looks so frustrated. I feel: hot and wanting. I feel: like crying because everything is so mixed up. And I feel the panic slowly die, because I can think. I just need a moment, things to slow down, so I can undo the knots inside me.



