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## degrees of separation

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*degrees of separation*

I can't believe that nobody's ever told you

"You've ruined me"

No, seriously—what kind of useless idiots have you been seeing?

I've never been too fond of the number six

Except as half of twelve, i.e. my birthday

But of course you had to recontextualize everything.

And there's only so much

I can let myself say

That won't make you leave me (completely)

It's funny, too, that you're sixth on both

Counts, sex and love not necessarily together before,

Which explains a helluva lot if you believe in things like that.

I see you everywhere

Oh, how trite!

But how else am I supposed to describe it?

So I starve for sleep

Until the short hand reaches six

That way I won't cry on my pillow

Someone asked me out today

I said no and tried to think of another

Not you, for preference. (yours)

And I'm only trying because you're trying

And I don't want to want to die

But you've ruined me for counting in bases other than six.

—Mai-Anh Tran