

The Safe Addiction

Ashley Elizabeth

As we stuff blunts and roll joints and smoke flowers,
first in my beat-up Beetle and now new Rio,
my phone belts whatever song it decides to shuffle to,
and somehow, "goosebumps" knows when to play.
My boyfriend chuckles, claiming
I had something to do with this.

*I get those goosebumps every time, yeah, you come around, yeah
You ease my mind, you make everything feel fine*

I pass the blunt, close my eyes, and my body
gyrates to the rhythm. He glances at me, then stares,
sliding his hand to my thigh. *This song reminds me
of how I feel about you*, he says. I nod.
I feel the way he feels. I lean over the center
armrest and pout. I don't have to say anything.

*I get those goosebumps every time, yeah, you come around, yeah
You ease my mind, you make everything feel fine*

His lips round over his teeth and he gnaws,
taking whatever part of my face he can find in his mouth.
I pull away, and my giggles fill whatever space the smoke doesn't.
He leans back over for another kiss, a real one,
and I return it, hand on his chest or in his hair.
I feel seventeen with him again, and so do the goosebumps.



Travis Scott

"Goosebumps"

*Birds in the Trap Sing
McKnight*

09/2016

Grand Hustle / Epic