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Monica Two

a poem by Timothious Clatyon Smith

I heard yousay, "ILY".

"Illee?," I ask.

"No ILY," you say again.

I have a puzzled look on my face.

" I love you," you say.

I smile and give you a deep passionate kiss.

"ILY," I add as I stroke you hair back to kiss you neck.