

Your brain, though, pulls you away from the full moon of your hormones, reminds you that you like the boy who coughs up oil because he did not lust for blood and death, like all of the other boys in school, that the boy who coughs up oil was allergic to things like bravery and bullets, and you like him for that, for the brain he wants to use, the softness of his heart, the romantic in the coffin of his body, not the body count he wants to rack up some day.

