

# Disambiguation

by Phoebe Cramer

We're back in her dorm room after the party and it's about to be 2 in the morning – yup, there it goes – and Netflix is just going, just playing the next episode without us doing anything to encourage or to stop it, and I can barely keep my eyes open: I'm so sleepy, I'm so drunk, I'm so warm here on her bed. We're re-watching season 6 of **Buffy** and the episode that just came on is either called **Wrecked** or **Smashed**, I always get those two confused – why would you name two successive episodes synonyms of the same sentiment? Whatever. It's the one where Buffy and Spike fuck a house down. Her head drops to my shoulder, just as sleepy, just as drunk, just as warm as I am. Her hand finds my hand. I press my fingernail into the skin of her palm. So, so gently.

When she asks me, later, if I want her, like not just want her, want to date her, I say no and mean **I'm not gay**. And when I say it I believe it. I really, really do.

We don't talk for real for the next three months at least.



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