

# A Handsome Boy Spends a Wednesday

*by* XXXX

It distresses me that you will never lust after me  
the way you did for that girl  
who had her hands around your belt  
two evenings ago—

and when I made tea for us both  
so we can talk about the nice film  
we caught by chance on HBO,

I said a prayer and pretended  
the spoon banging against the glass  
was a church bell:

God, toss this ugly queer a boner.  
I will even catch it with my mouth.  
I stirred longer that I should have.

While talking to him, I delighted  
in his presence, but thought it pitiful  
that we must spend it like this,  
clothed and not fucking.

What a vile existence he and I live!  
Drinking tea, speaking of cinema,  
and not fucking!

