

# Friday Out

*by* XXXX

Seeing her in black  
with his arm around her  
from the other side  
of a glass door.  
He gave her a beer.  
She might've been thirsty,  
uncomfortable.  
He was there to make her feel ok.  
Why her?  
I want to run her over.  
That won't fix anything, I know.  
But it will break her.  
I am a modest man: That is enough.  
Why not me?  
I can make it look like an accident.  
I am so stupid  
if you give us enough time  
it will probably be the result of an accident.  
I can make him happier.  
At last I will try harder.  
What are you looking for?  
I will look for it, too.  
When I find it, I will swallow it.  
It and I will be the same.  
He must from time to time  
search for it within my anatomy  
using his body.  
I will enjoy that.  
He gives her a kiss on the cheek,  
and I can hear the fracturing of empty spaces.  
Suddenly, every pore in my body  
is a bullet hole.

She has done nothing to me,  
and for this I demand retribution.  
During these moments  
I do not fear the temporality of my body.  
I fear more than anything  
the eternity of my soul.

