

Algae Freunden

by George LaCas

She had a strange name which I am ashamed
To have forgotten, seven times, maybe nine,
Her lips transgressors, wet with sourapple, bitter
Like lemon-rind, too-long chewed.

She'd speak, but I seldom listened, my eyes glued instead
On the blackheads she wore in her nose,
Her only jewelry, blackheads outthrust with a
Vengeance, and she'd scream at me for missing the
Amazing things she supposedly said.

She sat in the corner by the hotplate one day,
And though she'd misplaced her dunce-cap,
Or so I thought, giggling, horrified, angered beyond
Belief, and yeah! Yeah! I asked her over and over again,
And over times ten, what the fuck was wrong this time.

She said nothing, and nada, and naught, but projected a
Thought back my way, a strange spin on the knuckleball
Shot she flailed at me, to the effect that I should have been
Listening, that now it's too late, too late.

She sits in the corner to this day, and she is the same though
My beard is long like Rip Van Winkle, and my eyes are thick with
Boogers of stupidity, and my hair is long and tangled and gray,
But to this day she stares past the hotplate, wanting back
Her sourapples, chewing her lemon-rind cud, and when I've fallen
To the floor with a thud,

She will still be sitting there, eternal, blackheads and all,
thrusting her nose
Into the great God damned beyond, saying nothing and nada and
Naught, clasping and reclasping those boredom-fraught hands,
Like Lady Macbeth searching and searching her ring finger,
Because the thing with the blood was a lie that was written in
later.

