

The Bachelor Pad

by Jack Ales-Oruam

It was a worn, faded yellow.
Frayed around the edges.
It had walls
And no ceilings.

It was old
But he wasn't sure
How old.

Someone had scrawled her on the walls.
You could almost see lines
Trying desperately to contain
the life - his life;
But then the juvenile calligraphy
Burst forth like some
Once-closeted passion.

On the not-floor
Dead teardrops lay,
Mixing into the scribbles.

With an angry howl,
He tore out that page
And turned a new leaf.

The walls were blank again.

