

# 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.

