

My eHarmony Profile

by Larry Strattner

I'm up to my ass in social media.
Get all my facts from Wikipedia.
Threw out my World Book
Encyclopedia.
Practicing as a stand- up comedian,
I hired a houseboy who's blatantly Fijian,
lacking a suitably qualified Asian.

In dark I troll meat markets as a chameleon,
wrapped in a cloak of my logic, Hegelian.
I have an assortment of prurient thoughts,
most of them pilfered, none of them bought.
I've never done things I suppose that I ought,
Power, in my view, was born to be fought.
You might call me footloose, a raging bohemian,
I'm definitely not an Aristotelian.

My psyche is cluttered with points and clicks.
My girlfriends have called me a facetious dick.
Do I not bleed if so thoughtlessly pricked?
Who is she anyway, offering such slights,
when she could give Cyclops himself quite a fright?

So I stumble around in this bit-driven world,
feeling a dervish, twisted and whirled,
folded and stapled, chiseled and knurled,
shrieking, a bagpipe too hastily skirled.
I don't know about you, but I've had quite enough
of this under-the-table avatar stuff.

Give me a paper and pencil, my dear --

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I'll draw you a picture of peeling veneer.

