

I know a moustache

by Laurel Snyder

I know a moustache, a real
piece of work. Have you
met him?

Lanky, sweaty, in his
girlfriend's jeans, he calls attention
to calling attention to himself.

He screams, "Hey there!
Here I am, a fucking moustache!
I'm the biggest damn moustache
you'll ever see! I'm intense!
I have a gritty mind, a huge
sense of irony, but an earnest
need for love. Oh, I'm special,
a complicated bit of grooming."

God, I hate that moustache. He
thinks he's so smart. I want
to tell him that self-awareness

doesn't solve anything. Knowing
you're ugly doesn't make you hot.
Some things you can't decorate.

