

# 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.

