

Why I Can't Write Romance

by Matt Kang

We lay on our backs, the sky the auditorium
on which our hearts tread the boards.

Thrush on branches somewhere trill; we
breath to the rhythm of their song.

"An elephant," you would say. I would laugh
and tell you that I see it too. But all I see,
the only irresolute shape in my mind
that forms and becomes real, is you.

Also, I would think it unwise to tell you
you're an elephant.

