

Why I Cannot be your Facebook Friend

by Sean Lovelace

I am at the dentist. Working out on my yellow phone. Watching a show where C level models compete to eat horse intestines. The TV projects from an insect arm. It has the face of my ex-husband, smiling and void. I like to set small fires and inhale them. My lips go tingly. My pelvis groans. I'm drunk. I'm medicated. I would rather go get my laughter calibrated, or have sex with ridiculous men. Like maybe one of those clean-cut kids who bicycle the path of righteousness to my door. I refresh cleavage. I have reliable debt and three sloppy lawyers. One of them in my mouth, another rifling my purse where I keep half moons of Oxycontin. The third I lost, or flung away. I'm not sure of life purpose. I could embrace age 19 again. Something like skin as magnetized mirror, shiny quivering pull. Blowjob for the teacher, for the kind man who sold me the clarinet, the wetted reed. Sex in hot car seats, or the cold earth of the church basement, below the nativity scene camel—or even in someone's bed. I am aging now. And now. I keep secretive letters from South Africa. Am occupied with cleaning. I need to sweep the ceiling and vacuum the aquarium gravel. I work so many jobs, one with wolves that claw and scratch. Another I re-inflate pillows. One I pause and just answer a phone. These all involve rolled up hay bales of fifty dollar bills. My head doesn't clunk right. My tongue waits. I am boring, mostly boring. Some say easy. Others disagree. Hang on. I'm not even done yet, or begun.

