7-Eleven, 2AM

by XXXX

In this 7-Eleven at 2AM I can write the saddest lines.
Among these malcontents and degenerates I am Ovid
with a large cherry Slurpee and a bacon hotdog.
I think I will write a little piece contemplating
what it feels like for you to buy condoms,
or about how you must clip your nails before a date.
Perhaps I will write about what it must feel like
when you drive in your car after you've spent the day
counting the ways you can insert yourself in her.

I am eating those thin sheets of seaweed you put in sushi.
I sit at the table facing the window with my legs crossed.
I realized tonight that I only write to you when I'm horny
even if my emails do not betray it.
When you're a gay boy in a Catholic country, you learn
how to keep these things to yourself,
even in situations when lesser creatures
would have the desire pouring out of their orifices.

What do I expect to feel if you ever love me?
I cannot tell myself. I have finished my seaweed,
and I still cannot find a way to describe it.
You are not so much that which will fills me,
as you are the emptiness that will allow me to be filled.
With what, I don't know. Something else.
No more Slurpee, either. The man beside me
with wispy gray hair has fallen asleep on his stool.
It is time to go home, but not before staying
for maybe a few minutes just to wonder how you are.
To wonder if you have thought of me at all today.

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