

A Handsome Boy Spends a Wednesday

by XXXX

It distresses me that you will never lust after me
the way you did for that girl
who had her hands around your belt
two evenings ago—

and when I made tea for us both
so we can talk about the nice film
we caught by chance on HBO,

I said a prayer and pretended
the spoon banging against the glass
was a church bell:

God, toss this ugly queer a boner.
I will even catch it with my mouth.
I stirred longer that I should have.

While talking to him, I delighted
in his presence, but thought it pitiful
that we must spend it like this,
clothed and not fucking.

What a vile existence he and I live!
Drinking tea, speaking of cinema,
and not fucking!

