

After Holidays

by XXXX

I am bound behind the bars of my own domesticity,
by this banana, and pea soup, and wilted cabbage
for dinner tonight & maybe lunch tomorrow,
if I dine alone. I used to bring boys back
from school dances for a glow job—a poem
followed by a stark discussion of literature,

because some men have long penises
and I have a large vocabulary, but can only
recite one word at a time, a phoneme per
flick of my tongue against my teeth,
or violent explosion of air from my lips.

I went to a gallery a few weeks ago,
and there was free food,
and if you walked around to see all the art,
you'd find that spilled paint means nothing,
no matter what it appears like.
I go there for the food, and say:
This art reminds me of my youth.
The nachos made me say it more than anything.

For no other reason than I am an animal,
I wake up some nights desiring your body.
My biology urges me that you are my destiny,
but the body is dumb and must be dominated
by the Mind, who sings to me thus:
He don't want you cos you has no pussy.
He don't want you cos you has no pussy.
He don't want you cos you has no pussy.

