

Beauty

by XXXX

Now, this boy removed his socks in front of me, on the chair beside my desk where I read my books, and said: "My toenails aren't shaped properly."

"Do not bring your unrealistic standards of beauty in my room," I said. "Like the Ancient Greeks, we praise the circle here."

"The only thing Greek here is that you're a philosopher and you want to insert your penis between some boy's legs," he said, fiddling with his toes.

"I resent that accusation," I said. I was on the bed, on my belly, arranging the sheets of paper I printed my poetry on. I intended to edit them but got stuck in the process of arranging them according to merit. I shuffled them still. "And do not even think that would be any fun. I'm not even a philosopher."

"I happen to enjoy putting my dick in anything that produces friction, if I grind hard enough," he said. He finally gave up on his toes and sat beside my bed. He watched me look at my poetry.

"What are you doing?"

"Literary endeavors," I said. "Tell me, when I am dead do you think they'll read my works or interpret them?"

"I bet they will make you mean so many things you will end up meaning nothing at all!" he said.

I didn't expect that response. "Thank you. I didn't know you felt that way. If you wanted to grind your penis on me I will gladly oblige."

"No thanks," he said.

"Are you sure? I've been told my skin is especially rough as a result of some genetic malady," I said.

"Positive," he said.

