

Couplets Regarding an Impasse

by XXXX

Life is easier for the handsome.
They are more pleasant to deal with.

"I'll come visit," he said.
"If you can bear an odd European."

It smells like mayonnaise. It's 4AM.
All I have to show for it is this stupid poem.

In my dreams I wear the body of beautiful boys.
My words are always dedicated to one or another.

Sometimes I wake in the middle of the night,
and only pretend I need a glass of water.

I cut myself with the pages of books,
and my soul is mutilated beyond recognition.

I've never cried the way I have last Tuesday.
He said he's never seen anything like it either.

Tears on his shirt indistinguishable from his sweat,
and absolute fear indistinguishable from misery.

