

Editing Academic Papers at 2AM

by XXXX

To stop myself from imagining myself
kissing you on your face, feeling your
eyelashes on my lips as I pass over them,
I imagine myself murdering you with
an axe instead, hitting you on your head,
like in that scene from American Psycho,
on the bathroom floor, by the toilet.

It is a hideous sight. I don't think it works.
When I do, I move my hands to my mouth,
trying to remove stray eyelashes caught
between my lips: I put one on my finger
and make a wish, and it flies out the window
toward the sun. You are such a handsome boy.
I don't want to know your favorite color.
I've no interest in your talents or preferences.

I'll be honest. That's not what I'm here for.
That's not what anyone is here for.

