

# 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.

