

Friday Out

by XXXX

Seeing her in black
with his arm around her
from the other side
of a glass door.
He gave her a beer.
She might've been thirsty,
uncomfortable.
He was there to make her feel ok.
Why her?
I want to run her over.
That won't fix anything, I know.
But it will break her.
I am a modest man: That is enough.
Why not me?
I can make it look like an accident.
I am so stupid
if you give us enough time
it will probably be the result of an accident.
I can make him happier.
At last I will try harder.
What are you looking for?
I will look for it, too.
When I find it, I will swallow it.
It and I will be the same.
He must from time to time
search for it within my anatomy
using his body.
I will enjoy that.
He gives her a kiss on the cheek,
and I can hear the fracturing of empty spaces.
Suddenly, every pore in my body
is a bullet hole.

She has done nothing to me,
and for this I demand retribution.
During these moments
I do not fear the temporality of my body.
I fear more than anything
the eternity of my soul.

