

I Don't Know Why I Bother With You

by XXXX

I think we had parties with cats before—
 you were Mr. Gallant, and I Madame Sunshine—
we would drink tea laced with toilet spray, and
 you would complain: “This tea
is laced with toilet spray!”

We would laugh.

 You are the curling of toes,
 and the scent of human skin.
 The silver spheres of mercury
 from a broken thermometer,
that split infinitely upon the touch.

You are Death in a racy dress—that is why you are so thin,
that is why your finger nails are always a shade of blue.
That is why women fall for you so easily, because
 you are saccharine escape, and salvation.

“Mr. Gallant you are a wonderful kisser,” I said somewhere
 behind that tree, and your briefs were to your knees
 and we were bent over just so
 the sun hits our eyes.

“Mr. Gallant,” I said. “Throw my body in the river.”

