

Myself Today

by XXXX

Suddenly I'm not feeling it anymore.
Poetry has become insufficient.
I can't do it like I used to.
I've gone to bars and readings,
attended to boys and sucked on them,
in various ways and methods,
but when I bend over the keys
to pen something about where I am standing
in relation to everything else
the many pains that characterize my existence
standing as points of reference,
I find that I prefer to let things be:
nebulous and uncertain,
no images to portray them
no sounds to call for them,
and no words to both hide and reveal them.
I was so close to him the other day
that I could smell the leather of his car
and the sweetness of his soap.
No cologne: A man of taste and simplicity,
just how I like them.
I tried to kiss him while we watched a movie
and he said: "I'm sorry. I'm not gay."
Typical, I thought.
I attempted to write a poem in my head
as the lead and his love interest
ran away from people shooting guns,
but I chose instead to wallow in misery,
which somehow satisfied me more.
I have not seen or spoken to him since,
nor have I written a good poem.
What an immaculate waste of time to do so.

This I understand now.

