

# 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.

