

# Not Writing

*by* XXXX

I don't look like other poets.  
People hardly believe it when I say  
"I write poetry, sometimes.

During lonely evenings."

Did I write that line, or did I dream it?  
My allergy medication makes me sleepy,  
gives me tactile dreams.  
In any case: there is nothing else to do,  
no one else to talk to,  
but myself, in verse.

Today, I accounted for every gift I've given him.  
While poking at the calculator, I realized  
I do not love him anymore.  
On my sheets, he is now just an outlay,  
an expensive habit: smoking, drugs, alcohol, preferable  
to chasing boys to get between their legs,  
for them come between yours, once in a while,  
after some persuasion, sob stories of  
loneliness, deprivation, sadness.

No other poems, except about boys.  
What ever happened to literariness,  
to high seriousness?

Fucked out of me.

March 2013: Decided to pen something up again  
after two years of thinking words were unkind to me.

Sometimes I wish you'd love someone like me:  
a stuttering, shameful trainwreck of a queer,

So I sit here trying to write poems all day  
and nothing.  
Whatever it was that allowed me to do what I did,  
it's gone, maybe forever.  
I have said everything, and meant everything.

I used these words to wash me clean.  
Now, not a single blemish remains.  
Only my natural ugliness,  
hideous as the day I was born.

