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Jilted

John Dunn

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Jilted

i.

He met a girl.
She was perfect
And he was in
Love. All was well
Until he realized
That perfect was just
An adjective, begun
With the pursing of
One's lips, and love
Was an extended
Tango. The last time
He tangoed he pulled
A muscle; this was
Much the same.

ii.

Finally ready to sleep with her;
He had just crawled into their bed when
She mentioned something about
The lawn needing mowing. So,
He readjusted his fig leaf and,
With the hairs on his arms bristling,
Tramped out of their garden.
Muttering under his breath.

iii.

I have put on my knee-length trench-coat
and am walking behind you two steps to one.
Then, as I listen to you drip charming thoughts,
a pebble becomes lodged in the tread of my shoe.
Bending over to pick it out, it tells me there are
many more where he came from. I look up and
you are far down the path whistling something with
a hint of red in it. As I run to catch up, the street
vendor, selling baseball caps, and the pebble look
after me with pity and nod to each other knowingly.

iv.

Maria always crossed her fingers when talking about
Herself. Silently hoping, by some strange twist of fate with
Perhaps a splash of luck, that someone else might find her as
Interesting as she (and her father) did. And, as this new face
Gazed across the table at her, it couldn't help but wonder
About her schizophrenia. With luck and fate in the right
Proportions, resembling a cocktail, it was intrigued
By her habit and became quickly entranced by her twisting
Digits. Unfortunately, she had no space for him
Between her embracing fingers.

By John Dunn