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untitled

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Happy Hanger horrors. Mrs. Lange and her stupid pile of
screwed-up
Drycleaning tickets (all my fault)
Turns to Nelson and claims:
THAT Jennifer of yours may be smart,
But she aint got one bean of common sense up in that there
noggin of hers
So Nelson turns to me and whispers (but J its so nice
Your absentmindedness cause absentmindedness is the
sort of thing
You just can't fake). It was the night EBrain Rackley blew into
town
With his ying yang pal named Owen
(Who painted me a picture) and Ed said to me
In the darkness of a parking lot "Owen really DIGS you"
And I thought to myself how touching this boy who seemed
Not to have a sexual nerve in his bony self.
But I knew each and every human being on this very earth is
pathetic so
I ran on home and cringed into the mirror at my now out of
control hairdo
Stared into the void of gay men, who
Stared at me with vengeance.
HERE. Have my twat.
(I'll even throw in one FREE box of tampons just TAKE it!)
They slick their hands along their necklines turn up
pert noses and
walk away.
I think
How sad these men are men
Who love each other and have no need for the fulfillment
of a woman.
They hate me. Really, they do.

Continued

I do the dishes now breaking first my favorite mug and
Yell SHIT! but no one's home to hear and then a bowl
Slump down to the cold kitchen ground where a sudsy
puddle waits
and cry
perhaps it's all the coffee?

ENOUGH! Too many strange deformed and maybe even
imagined (but to me
terrificly painful and real) problems to face
Now that Ebrain's packed his bags and Cristopher grabs
my arm
We must cycle off to Cabbage Town to hear the Chowder
Shouters ONE MORE

TIME

Sitting on the swing I feel that all too familiar caffeine addict's
Goodbye zap syndrome lulling in my stomach
I close my eyes to Richard's approach knowing
My mere presence would become table talk at Jimmy's
squoze tight
The chains swung my feet
SMACK into his chest smiling to myself in pity
their timid existence.

J.E. Bostock