

Tender Obscenities & Other Poems

Tender Obscenities

Now they hover around me in a semicircle
Judge-like
Clothed in black robes
My trial is about to begin

Kiss us again
They say
Kiss us again like you used to
Before the world was cold

The world has changed, I say
I cannot kiss you like I used to
I cannot glide my hand down your cheek
I cannot feel anything

Then repent, they say
Confess your sins
Repent of your wickedness
And list for us the wrongs

I have sinned, I say
I have not loved fully
I did not treasure you
I was not gentle
I was not patient
I was not kind

Make it right, they say
We have other lovers now
We have evolved beyond you
But make it right

I do not know how, I say
You have travelled on
And I am wallowing here
What can I say

Call us back
They say
Call us back
And fill our ears
With tender obscenities

All Together Hungover

Sheepishness

Mixed with basking

As I present myself, hair messy and dark circles throbbing

Walking into a room of friends after a night of drinking

But I love it

When I enter the kitchen

Full of other people that saw me rocking and rolling the night before

My head's throbbing, but I crack a grin full of pride and bashfulness

And everyone laughs the knowing laugh

Mutual admittance of our debauchery

Maybe there's eggs cooking or hot mugs of coffee being cradled by loungers in their pajamas

All together hungover

A girl recounts a dance floor makeup with glee and remorse

Her men's beer boxers shocking my dignity for some reason

Another is too dazed and stunned by the magnitude of it all to even speak

But a peaceful smile still lingers

And you are too wrapped up in your own booze fueled discovery

That is still continuing

As you feel the squeeze of an arm

Still firmly wrapped around you

You Can Always Keep Trying

Take up karate

Get a divorce

Move to Madagascar

You can always keep trying

Eat lunch with a fireman

Smile at a pudgy baby

Make a sand angel on an empty beach

You can always keep trying

Find work as a magician

Drink only water for two days

Chat with the old man from Walgreens

You can always keep trying

Just because you feel lonesome now

Doesn't mean you always will

You can always keep trying

Facts About Your Ex

What could be more useless
Than knowing facts about your ex

But it is inevitable that you still know some
However desperately you try to whack them down they spring up
Their best friends names
Their favorite candy
That story about their old teacher
Such bullshit

How stupid that the brain would continue to trap this data
The loam of years of listening
All this pointless knowledge still dog paddling in some dark pool in my mind's caverns
And yet I forget my own best friend's favorite joke
I forget whole swaths of my childhood or college
And yet I still know her favorite cocktail at that Thai place downtown

Why can't they be purged like a hard drive
Why can't the trite be easily erased

Sometimes you think you've done it
Sometimes you think you've optimized your storage space

And then they crop up years later
The names of every one of her yapping frantic dogs
Like tacky Halloween decorations still hanging on Christmas Day
What could be more useless

A One Way Ticket

Marriage is like a one way ticket to another planet
You hold hands and say goodbye to your life on Earth
The bachelor party is a bash at the rocket's base
When a friend tells you he is getting married you know things will change
You wish him well on his journey
But you know the miles will grow between you

You'll still be able to call
But often the connection becomes fuzzier
You'll hear reports from this wonderful new planet
But you won't really be able to taste the wine they're drinking
They'll ask for stories from Earth with a hungry look in their eyes
Or he'll forget what it's like and your words will ring hollow

He says marriage is like a sleepover every night with your best friend
Except you have get to have sex all the time

If the greatest joy in life is truly knowing another person
And the greatest comfort is being truly known
Then these planets must be full of joy and comfort
But I've heard that a planet can get lonely
A man can find it wretched to be so distant from the rest of life
A man may long for Earth and think the grass will be greener

I see many people try to buy a return ticket
A return ticket can be very expensive

If marriage is so wonderful
Why do I see so many rockets heading back to Earth
Each less one passenger

You may like to buy a one way ticket one day
But before you board the rocket
Make sure you're heading to a planet full of life
With a good atmosphere
A peaceful planet where storms rarely rage
It's hard to know what a planet will be like
What you see through the telescope
Might be different from the air you go to breathe

But when everyone is leaving Earth
You don't want to be stuck there by yourself
So grab a hand, go to the counter
And buy your tickets