

in like flynn

that kid
the loud obnoxious one
that everybody
couldn't stand
you couldn't stand him
because he always
made you laugh muffled
choking in your desk
looking up dirty words
blasphemous in the back
of the room religion
class smart ass
butt kicked into
the principal's office
again and again
for talking too much
protesting too much
when your desk got moved
by him because
if you didn't
then everyone would
know that
in the back of the room
in the back of your mind
you wanted to go behind
the snack shack
and make out with him and
god forbid anyone ever
found out you thought it

II

you're not supposed
to think
about the shit
you think about
but you do it anyway
because of that sneaky
surge you get
on the inside
that you can't describe
because there are no words

no words like the invisible
hands that you feel
on the small
of your back
when there is nobody there
but you feel them anyway

there are no hands
like the hands
you can't have

they are always
the best

you

stop me
 from being
 bohemian barefoot
 on threaded rugs

leave me
 ratty haired
 reading eliot
 other elitist
 foppery wilde
 fluff substantiates
 when you cannot

dirty child
 i need streets
 and lunatic muse
 grate and create
 disturbed dreams
 so i can breath it
 see it in the
 fullmoonair
 so white it breaks

concentration makes
 an introvert
 revert to primal past
 present in the now
 of here i am

he breaks me
 in the airfullmoon
 i create

and he is
 not you