

The Messenger

Volume 1990
Issue 2 *The Messenger*, Fall 1990

Article 4

Fall 1990

Subtext

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Recommended Citation

McMillan, S. K. (1990) "Subtext," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1990: Iss. 2, Article 4.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1990/iss2/4>

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Subtext

Leave.
Go away.
No, please stay.
Casual conversation drives me mad.
Let's really talk,
Let's slit our hearts
And let them bleed on this table
(So perfunctorily set and neatly arranged)
There's so much I long to tell you.
It's like a knife down deep in my womb,
Working its way up,
Cutting through my throat to be free.
These things I hide slice away at my soul,
Mangling what will never be whole
Until you see it.
(Adjust your tie and call the waiter)
Let's drive the world mad,
Turn it on its ear,
Make all the love and war in one blow.
We speak in metaphors
And with quick-tongued grace,
But I want to say
That you set my bowels on fire,
And I want to fuck you
In this pristine landscape
(With the waiter watching
and the wine dribbling onto the white tablecloth)
I want to live, you see.
I want you to know how real I am.
(In the dimmed lights of this ritzy restaurant)
Love me.
Fuck me.
Hold me until the world stops spinning
And the stars fade into the brightening blackness.
(And leave a nice tip for this over-priced meal)

S.K. McMillan
WC '91