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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*