

Untitled: #21

by Shawn Stroud

How funny;
That after it all
I'm not

As adult about you

I thought
No—I knew didn't I—
my dreams

Hadn't
been answered. By anyone. . .
not even by

Me.

So Picasso's "Blue"
can't touch me—do I grok
sadness?

But behind
my meaningless banalities
I'll cry tonight

It's so funny
to play unrequited
lover.

Since I thought I'd grown up
could take rejection. . .



Funny.