

**Nothing Personal**

girls are  
always more fun  
when  
they smoke  
cigarettes

## I Miss Pete

Evening in the city. Quiet.

She turns to him and says

"Oh Pete, I want to feel what you feel."

... feel what I feel? ... ok Barb go outside and

SLAM YOUR HEAD AGAINST THAT TELEPHONE POLE thats how I feel.

## Second Coming

First came the boyfriends. Or rather, the dates with boys.  
I said nothing. Not really my business, and surely  
this will blow over.

Then came the lessons. Ballroom dance.  
Still I said nothing. Two incidents is not a pattern. Besides,  
look at that smile, look at that enthusiasm.

Then came the little privileges: the being called "miss",  
the using the womens' restroom, the new clothes,  
the mood swings.

After the weight gain there was nothing left for me to speak to,  
the new curves evidence that alien substances  
had already eaten what was inside, sucked it out  
the way a fungus can drain a tree  
before the first mushrooms appear on its bark.

Does she see the regret in my eyes, as she stands at ease  
wearing a white satin dress, eyeliner,  
push up bra to show off the new additions,  
touch of stubble on her chin?  
Of all things that stubble is the reassurance that the world  
is not upside down but moving forward strangely as always.

**Note from yet another breakup**

No she says, that second pizza  
was essential to your plan you knew  
the little bear wouldn't accept  
another mom so you brought it to  
poison him and get him out of the way.