

## The Pitfalls Of Getting Too Personal

Damn—and we're sorry and we're holding onto it;  
touching the writhing thing, disgusted by the slime,  
laughing because that's what we do when we're petrified unless we want  
everyone to admit we're crazy, reluctantly of course, reluctantly crazy,

sanity being clean and knife-less, without speckled edges, sanity being a closed door with  
impossible crystal knobs, a young boy furiously jerking it eager  
to see something that will ruin him because that is what boys do they ruin themselves  
which we know for sure because for sure the inverse is true;

girls ruin things, girls stare recklessly into your face and watch the wax melt  
and you were unprepared for the world to see the underneath but now it has  
or at least she has and she is the world so what does it matter—

don't ask me why I'm nervous—it's obvious, I think—it all started  
when I was born without a chance to anticipate it and anyway  
how are we expected to be comfortable at a party we showed up to already  
crying and naked?

That's about as embarrassing as a first impression can get and it'll take  
a good 100 years to wipe that slate clean,  
by which point we're now staring at an undulating television monitor  
waiting for the wax to harden again.

There are so many excuses and optimistic fortune cookies that argue otherwise but at  
its cyanide center life appears to be a series of parties where you only know one person  
but that person knows ten other people and they don't want  
to spend the whole night talking to you, so you try  
to mingle and chuckle at unfunny jokes on the icy outskirts of small circles of guests  
but you always laugh a little too hard, a little too loudly, a little too long

after everyone else has stopped.