

DISTRACTIONS

With Eyes Closed Tight

She was always there whenever I'd look.

Staring at me with those sad eyes as if I could do something to stop her pain. I'd hurt as much as she had ... but did she care?
No.

She was selfish, that's how she'd lost him.
Now I can't lose her.

She's always watching me.
And that look ...
... oh that look she'd give me ...

... as if her whole world had been torn apart. Her eyes would rip into my heart and stab and stab and stab ...

But I fixed her.

I guess I'd just looked into that mirror one too many times, saw those tears running down her face, and went crazy.

Fortunately the price of insanity is easier to deal with than being alone.

I fixed her good.

Now I can't see her.

I can't see anything ...
... and my tears taste like blood.

Anonymous

The Adventures of A.H. Man: A Night at the Petting Zoo

I've missed you
and how your body demands attention
and your mind hides behind it
like the fat kid in gym class,
and how you've mastered
that seductive lobotomised look
but hey isn't that new lipstick.

And of course you're totally shocked
but slightly interested
when the conversation (and I use the term loosely)
turns to sex.

Never one to just say
hold me,
and as subtle as a fart
you get to it.

And I, being an
Asshole

briefly peruse your contract
and sign my name on your dotted line.
Then, when the silence begins to scare us both,
you say good-bye with the sincerity of a game show host.
And I leave with a version of the home game
and some lovely parting gifts.

A.H. Man

