

LIFE IS SO DRAMATIC SO DRAMATIC SO DRAMATIC SO DRAMATIC

"well look," i say, "if you should happen  
to change your mind, you know how to get in touch  
with me." and i give her a peck on the cheek  
and head back towards the bar,

where i hope that the redhead  
that i used to go out with  
hasn't left with someone else yet.

but the one standing next to the sports car  
calls after me, only half tongue in cheek,

"aren't you even going to look back,  
just once, contemplating what might have been?"

so i look back long enough to say,  
"i pay \$31.80 a month for cable t.v."

she's a promising writer,  
and the ending i've provided her with  
is actually a better one for a contemporary story  
than the romantic one that she was hoping for.

but i guess she doesn't realize that, because,  
as i open the door of the bar  
to discover that the redhead has gone home,  
i hear from the parking lot  
the threadbare burning of her tires.

LIFE IS HARD

it's getting harder  
to read (or write) fine print.  
it's getting harder to match  
names with faces.

it's getting harder  
to think of anything new to say.  
it's getting harder  
to pretend everything's gonna be all right.

it's getting harder to laugh,  
not that things are any less laughable.  
and not that things are any less sad,  
but it's getting harder to cry.

our bones are getting more brittle.  
the arteries are hardening. so are the eyeballs.  
only one thing isn't getting harder.