

*Hot-wired Lovebirds*

the problem with most women,  
believe it or not,  
is that they are whores

they play dumb  
but I know  
what's happening

I'd always get into  
discussions  
with women  
about  
what an ugly  
organ the penis is

and they would always  
go on about  
how beautiful  
it was

I hated that

it is a foul  
peninsula-

My problem is  
I don't have a very large penis  
not small  
just not large

somewhere between  
4 and one half  
and 5 inches

I didn't worry about this much  
seeing that the  
vaginal canal  
is only 6 inches deep  
but then I am faced  
with more challenges

seeing that  
women claim  
not mind  
this or that  
while  
they secretly  
take pity on you

I'm not saying all women  
are like this  
of course

some of them  
truly don't mind  
the imperfections

I am just speaking in  
generality-

I would get these  
purple lumps  
on the inside of my  
thighs

they resembled  
a gelatinous ball  
of some sort  
for they had the same  
consistency  
as a tumor

which is what I thought they were

everything wrong with me  
I immediately thought  
was cancer

I wouldn't  
consider myself  
a hypochondriac  
simply because  
I'm not well versed  
on many

medical conditions,  
just cancer

I would stick  
them  
with needles  
and then squeeze them  
allowing  
blood and puss  
to come out

I often looked  
at myself in the mirror  
after completing  
this act

and it wasn't a  
mystery why  
women  
didn't  
have much  
interest in me-

I am lucky  
to get the women  
that I do

I call them my  
*Hot-wired Lovebirds*  
oblivious to all else  
besides their  
interest in sex

I am their gift  
from god

although they  
never last long  
because they  
do not understand me

they are hollow  
on the inside

I try to have  
them read my poetry  
and  
I can almost  
see their  
brains overheating-

when I think of my mind  
I think of pipes  
with crystal clear  
water  
rushing  
through them

and when I think of the minds  
of my lovebirds  
I see clay,  
orange clay  
inching its way  
through centimeter wide pipes-

they would read this  
very poem  
and not conclude  
that it was  
about them

some of them  
are now  
riddled with  
aids, herpes, syphilis, and chlamydia

however  
I am as clean  
as a newborn,  
but the one  
who is left with the emptiness  
that comes along  
with the harrowing  
aftermath  
of meaningless sex-

*Hot-wired Lovebirds*

I leave the window open  
so you can fly away, painlessly