

*Jokes for the Jester*

I often wonder  
if I chase the woman  
that I chase because I can  
truly not let go of her  
or  
because I know  
it helps the art

I wonder if  
I know we'll never be together again  
or  
if I want it so badly  
that I actually believe  
we will be

her new lover,  
he's young and he's black  
and he calls me up,  
"I want you to do a reading!"

I think about it,  
I could use the money  
and I could use the exposure  
but it isn't worth it-  
I never call back

I think of her  
up there in the mountains  
getting accosted by penises  
much larger than mine  
and I want to hate her  
but I don't.

I'm very mixed up,  
so I phone her some weeks later,  
"Did your *friend* find someone  
to read in my place?"

"Oh yes,  
He's come all the way from New York, and  
he's much more famous than you."

I guess the jokes on me.