# **Even the best boyfriends have to fart sometimes**

I wish that i was a shining god

or demi-god, flashed with evening light

not this careless bucket of thorns and sinew

sewn through with the round wound string

and stitched so unevenly by a drunken surgeon

to leak my fleshly fluids in the street

or could be that perfect knight of tale and proverb

but here i am, imperfect and happy

and though i know that i am not half

of my drugged imagination, still

i am closer by reason of this stuff:

gas and blood and structure

and i do claim you

in right of gentle skin