**Radio**

the antennae are invisible

but i promise you, they are there

don’t think anything

will ever pass me by

next to me

a man is thinking

what will i tell my wife?

maybe she’ll be busy, not notice me come in

i can put the shirt in the garbage

what have i done? i’ll have to lie

for the entire rest of my life

over there

a woman ponders

what did i give up? where is the me

in all the piles of them?

i need time, i need space

where is my einstein

to rearrange the obvious?

in the corner

a young couple, lost in each other

i hope this isn’t stupid, that i’m not

getting in over my head

still, it’s so much fun, how can it be wrong?

and nothing lasts forever, does it?

promise me

and her

i caught her looking

she likes my profile, noble as it is

but not the directness with which i return her glance

there is a taste in her mind’s mouth

which is not the taste of me but

desire and repulsion, suddenly i’m lonely

don’t look at me like that

i never asked to be here, to be me

i can hide the antennae

but not the idiot love

so sue me