

# Cyrano

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## IN PROGRESS

I am writing this poem to impress you  
Or at least to get your attention at least for a second  
away from that pretty idiot's face

He may not be an idiot  
But that's my impression  
Though I've never met the man

If I'm jealous and biased its because I'm certainly hideous pitiable and celibate involuntarily  
Why is it so hard to even speak to you in plain conversation?  
Your time is all taken up by him  
Fucking probably

Perhaps plain prose is no good and an acrobatic alliteration or assonance will earn me your ear or even a passing glance  
But no I know I'll never be better than an afterthought no matter what I write  
or whether I express sublimely in lively cadence the most eloquent phrases on matters lofty and amorous  
or nervously chatter and stammer scrambled and in shambles a sort of rambling nonsense which runs on and on and on

He can run on and on and on though with you for miles  
while I have nothing—the ink running from my  
(four inch crooked pen is  
To you An aborted fetus  
Or an  
abhorrent looking Venus  
Fly trap  
You gorgeous looking Venus)

Why's it that I'm so insecure about this?  
My ugly body versus his pretty face

It must be a conspiracy by pornographers to efface my confidence and replace  
it with doubt  
Surely I can take you out and share my secrets with you

my beautiful prose beats his beautiful nose

I'm meaningful company  
I can be spiritually (intimate) with you

—And grope your perfect ass clutch your perfect tits and rub your clit—

clearly  
It's just a conspiracy by pornography to make it seem I can't be with you

you perfect wet dream

He's a perfect wet dream Too  
Is it like porn when He fucks you  
You have so much fun with him don't you  
...(but ) I can be fun too

I can be fun  
I can be fun  
Run your tongue  
Over my unstresses and stresses Which come Tumbling from my Subconscious  
teeming with sundry thoughts of love drunk debaucherous Scenes (Expressed  
in a cleverly constructed and dense stretto of rambunctious dancing syllables  
infinitely malleable to my masterful skillfulness) Yes  
Put these on your tongue  
Surely they are more pleasant than his cum  
They won't run and slide around like a white wet slug...

Empty Dreams really  
Just flowy words  
Dammit there's no point to florid verse

Shit it's only language you don't care about language you want a big cock  
in your cunt

() An eternal poem can't compete With a fleeting moment of ecstasy occur-  
ring between sheets  
Even if this metre is repeated  
For centuries  
Or Forever

Go

Fuck the man  
have together your better orgasm