

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