

To Larissa, For the Want of an Ear

I am so broken, my dear.

A party, as an example.
Beautiful women in bikinis.
And it is definitely not that I don't want to.
But this wall has become the necessity to ignore them.
I'm sure they all think I'm gay.

How broken.

Humanity, like all beasts, have but one purpose in life.
To fuck. To propagate.
To get that right piece of action.
And I am broken fundamentally is that sphere.
Completely alien to the concept,
A game I don't know the rules to.
Never did.

How did I get you?
Is that how I lost you?

Can't be fixed.

I tried for 15 years, finally came to this verdict:
I've repaired a ton of damage, but I can't fix this one.
Somehow it's wrong to flirt.
I believe I think I'd be too good at it.
Get some whenever.
Like a jock. Immoral.

I miss your ear so very much

I can't talk to anyone else about this shit.
I think you are gone too, though.
I am guessing that my brother, your husband, would take it
badly if I called at 2:00AM.
And I always worry that you're happy.
I can never fret about filling the vacuum in my soul brought
forth by ignoring most of my humanity.
But I worry about you and my best friend getting along.
Trivial.

Recently, I was endowed with a prophecy

I know the true nature of god.
But sometimes I think maybe it is that knowledge which
forbids certain behavior.
Like the hand of my non-cognizant god saying "no" to sex,
Even though it can't.

Perhaps I have it in my brain that a prophet shouldn't fuck.
I cannot follow the advice I would give to everyone.
All my spiritual discoveries point towards an acceptance of
carnal activity as part of being human.
So why not me?

Perhaps I'm completely full of shit.
Or maybe this really is how it has to be.
So many thoughts, my dear.
I wish I could just hold your hand.