

## Untitled: #21

*by Shawn Stroud*

How funny;  
That after it all  
I'm not

As adult about you

I thought  
No—I knew didn't I—  
my dreams

Hadn't  
been answered. By anyone. . .  
not even by

Me.

So Picasso's "Blue"  
can't touch me—do I grok  
sadness?

But behind  
my meaningless banalities  
I'll cry tonight

It's so funny  
to play unrequited  
lover.

Since I thought I'd grown up  
could take rejection. . .



Funny.