

Dinner with Rainy

they are all the same
talk to ya like you're
\$300 wine
finish up
and toss ya
like an empty bottle of Boone's

and each one amazes me
has no clue
oh what? it wasn't good for you?
yes it was . . . come, come now
please

and each one hurts
i've not perfected
the skill of not caring
i'm still human
mostly
though what makes me so
is slowly being eaten
by experience

and teaches me little
i still come back for more
a want of love
or just a suitable substitute
(what should be hours and is 20 minutes)
the woman
scorned and scorned; scorned and scorned
again

is me
me
the one who is slowly being taken apart
bit by bit
by living
by being lived
every day of my life

i am the meal of men and they are never full
i am slowly becoming
the
perfect woman
bon appétit!
and may they choke.

Michelle Liffick