log in

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Abstract
answer yes when asked are you still recovering
from something in your past. don’t accept no
as a response. no
i’m not here to find true love.
no i’m not here for casual sex.

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answer yes when asked are you still recovering from something in your past. don’t accept no as a response. no i’m not here to find true love. no i’m not here for casual sex. we’re all living in the same city but some of us are pediatricians, some of us drive downtown every day, some of us are finishing up our BSs in physics, someone’s doing all the new graffiti. it’s been two dozen years and i still haven’t met a single astronaut, a single architect. i met one millionaire, and he was cheating on his girlfriend with my girlfriend at the time. don’t answer which stereotype were you in high school? is your life one long blur from age zero to last night? reply to the graphic designer, reply to the pediatrician, reply to the scruffy guy
who lists *buffy* in his
interests. ignore *hey girl what’s up* and ignore
dude who ran three 5Ks and reply to
*are you looking to have some fun?*
with *of course not.*

reply to the pediatrician
who says she doesn’t understand poetry
but believes in true love.
wait four days before asking
if she’d like to get coffee.
*how long are your*
*relationships usually? how often do you*
brush your teeth? answer no when asked
if you’d be upset if your lover
had a same-sex past. do pediatricians
drink coffee? everyone seems
to do outdoor activities.
add a picture of yourself
doing outdoor activities. all the pictures
where i’m not just smiling
into a screen were taken
by that ex-girlfriend. all
the pictures of me more recently
are too far away to see my face.
we’re all in a five-mile radius
of my front door. skip
the question *are you a good*
liar? come back tomorrow to
select yes. never hear back
from the pediatrician, never
get coffee two miles from
your house, walk around downtown
peering into office buildings, eat
ice cream by the fountain, try to seem
interesting. go home and you’ve had
three visitors, two new messages,
a *hey there* and a *you know what
i meant by fun, right?*
A poet from small-town Kentucky, Laura Brun got her BA at the University of Southern California and her MFA at the University of Pittsburgh. She’s currently serving lattes at a coffee shop downtown where she’ll ask you if you want room for cream in your coffee or whipped cream on your espresso drink or a copy of your receipt. You want one of these things.