

Text Me Next Year

By. *MJB*

A Double Date

I went on a double date
just after the new year,
and after a nasty break up,
and after lots of tears.

He was clever and nice,
and I didn't think twice
when he asked for my number at the end of the night.

The date I was then,
(broken, ridden with fear)
thought,
"I'll give you my digits,
just text me *next* year"

Ode To The Engineer

If ever you are walking round the dock in evening's light,
you'll find that State St. has a certain glow to it at night.
And if you wander nearer to the college that's around,
I promise you, there's lot of foolish students to be found.
The gentlemen are quite alright at parties, I suppose...
but there is One among them not *one* party scene has known.

He'll buy your meal and hold the door, but try to get to know you more
before he tries to kiss your neck or skip to third base (just to score).

He'll tell you how he's boring
(yet he'll smirk without a warning),
and you'll find yourself adoring
what you hoped you'd be abhorring.

That little engineer in South Hall's dorms near Dobin's landing?
I find that he's the one dear gent who's always understanding.
I find it foolish that a man whose life is math and fact
has been so quick to... help me name a non-existent cat.

In other words, he never tires
of my silly heart's desires,
despite the fact he's used to wires
and knows just when he will retire.

A dreamer needs a planner, and a planner needs a dreamer,
but a dreamer needs a planner who won't turn into a schemer.

My dear- be boring all you want, and I'll keep being wild.
(I'm sure we'll drive each other crazy in a little while).

So in conclusion:

A poet and and engineer
might work quite nicely if they care
to argue kindly now and then,
and mess things up, and try again.

The Fluidity of Trust

You always ask me how I am? You care about my day?
You give two shits about my life? That's fake- no how- no way.

I'm just a servant to you men (too nice for my own good).
You'll love me in the way you want; I'll love you like I *should*.

Sooner or later you'll come to be the man who's hiding just below.
Egotistic? Narcissistic? Some new horror yet unknown?

Don't you see how rude you are- pretending that you really care?
Buying dinner, holding doors, and telling me you like my hair?

Ridiculous- these horrid boys! Seducing us with pretty words...
Making us feel like we're people... making us feel heard.

He's nice to me! The audacity! He thinks I'll fail to see right through him.
Everything's a clever act. He'll leave my life in ruin.

My friends say that I'm being crazy- that you're "well intentioned."
They all think that you're smart... you're funny... "good for you," they mention.

Perhaps... it seems you're being kind (you could even *think* you are),
But I know it's an act you have like every man before.

You only want to show you care so I let down my guard.
You only *think* you give a damn- you'll leave when things get hard.

Yes. Men are special cells, you see, who work to win a prize.
As soon as I crave you in return, my needs will be despised.

Maybe I'll just be alone- a cat, my poems, some tissues.
But oh, how much I'd love to love you!
What a shame- those damned trust issues.

A Sonnet For A Skinny Man I Know

I went to lease my new blue car the day
I realized I should tell you how I felt.
All at once I startled at the way
I saw you living in somebody else.

The man who sold my car was thin and tall.
His face was contoured deep, but strangely warm.
He likely didn't mirror you at all,
and yet it took me back to my first dorm.

Do you recall that night some months ago?
We stayed up playing vinyls and we laughed.
We snuggled into my twin bed just so,
and smiled about the future and the past,

and at the time I cowered from your touch,
but these days I'm just missing you so much.