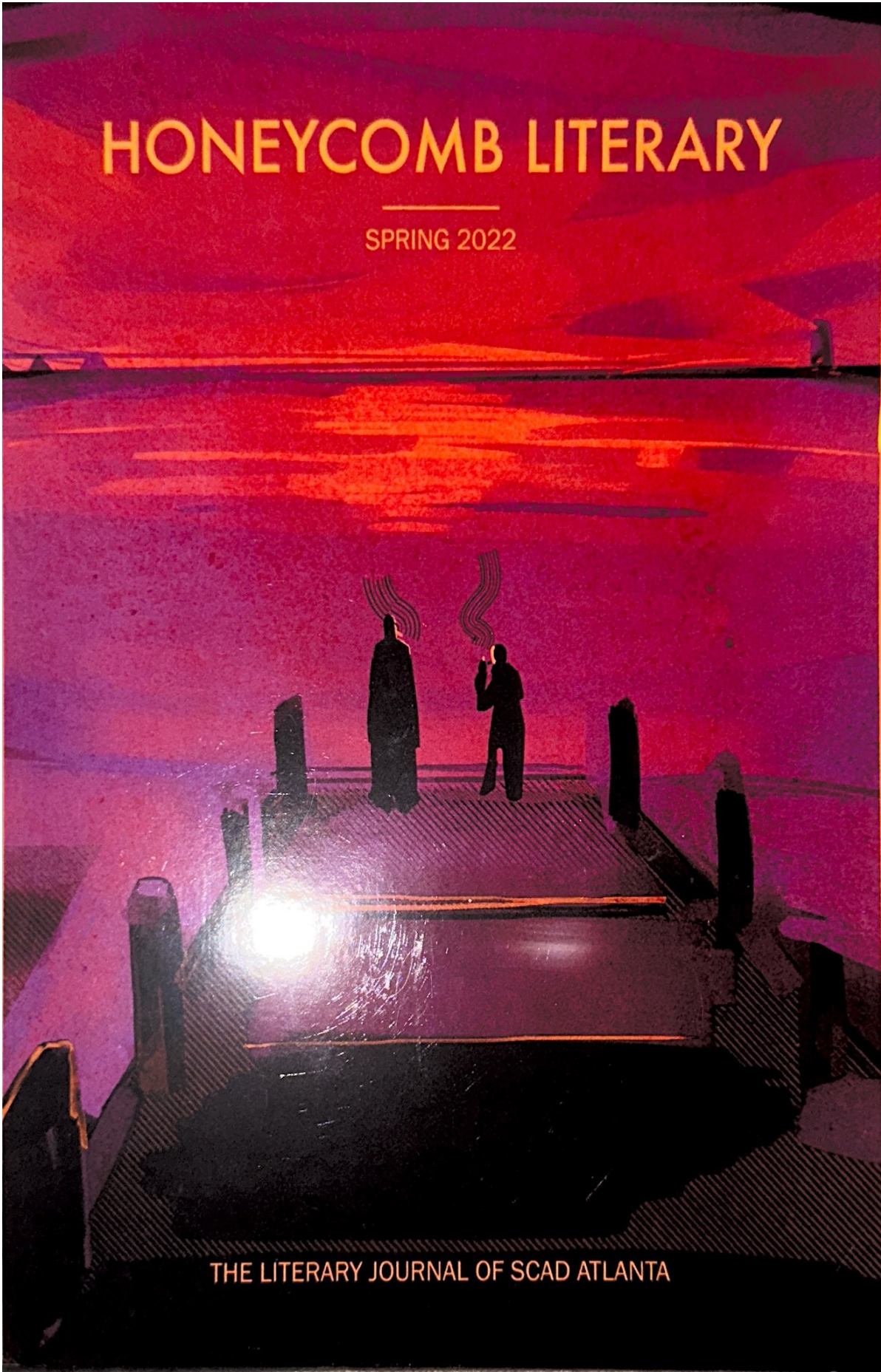


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One Night Six Months Ago

—
AVIV TOMÉ

You get tangled between the wires of my short-circuit
brain.

Play pretend for a little longer—
this won't go anywhere.

I hold an imaginary red buzzer, waiting
to push it.

I want to push it.

Confetti falls from the ceiling as you tell an awful joke.
Finally, you won the title of One-Night Stand!
Laughs are the only thing I'll fake with you.

I invite you to my studio above the neon-lit bodega.
We pour ourselves expensive sake,
we both lie and say we like the subtle taste.
It tastes like the free cucumber water in hotel lobbies.

To mimic a connection,
you ask me about my favorite authors.
I hush you with a kiss and whisper that we don't have to

talk.
Your features soften and I read it as relief.

But you still comment on the trinkets on my shelves—
Your sister also collects vintage tin cans.

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Your sister also collects vintage tin cans.

Excuses float around my bed as I politely try to kick you
out.

I snore when I sleep,

I wake up every three hours to pee,
I wake up every three hours to pee.

I don't want you here.
I don't want you here.

You mention the cold weather and how good
my sheets smell.

Just for tonight, you can stay,
Just for tonight, you can stay.

This was six months ago.
This was six months ago.

It's hard to be romantic when love looks like smoke
filling my kitchen, setting off the annoying fire
alarm and pissing off my neighbors.

You wanted to surprise me with dinner,
but you forgot to set the timer.

At least you remember my favorite dim sum order.

I've grown used to your company and constant attention.
Boredom pushes me to suggest we go away for the
weekend,

to that cute cabin in the woods you've been ranting about.
I'm micro-dosing on good sex and mediocre conversation.
I still don't get your sense of humor—
but I smile when your eyes light up at the suggestion.

