

Heartbreak from the Point of View of a Man Unaffected

focus tightens

music halts

the air conditioner holds its breath

the dog buttons his black lips

it is time to do

what I was put on this earth to do

and it has never felt better

there isn't as much pain behind my words

it isn't a struggle

it is just simple pleasure,

love

I am finally the champion

of my heart

I am finally in the audience

and not on the ground

facing the bull-

I watch two young lovers

part ways

one in

surging relief

as though one million

seagulls had lifted him far and away

the other

in rotten, miserable

agony

it is because she is not

familiar with the pain

she has not yet tasted
the bitter, didactic
blood on her lips

so she tosses around
the words “forever”
and “soul mate”

because she is searching,
search for something
to ease the pain
to stop the bleeding

and I cannot help but pity her

although it only takes a quick glance
at an old poem of mine
to remind me
that I used “forever”
and “soul mate”
writing them with
intellectual superiority
feeling unstoppable
in the face,
in the ugly, unmistakable
face of love

so
you are left
with nothing to do
but cringe
at the car wreck

you reach your arms
out to warn
only to have them
returned to you
mutated
and
unheeded

and this poem
is not simply
she is dumb
and I am smart

it is more of
I have been the fool
and she has not

and she will
eventually eat her words
and need a toothpick
to scrape the
leftover
embarrassing melodrama
left behind in her
raw gums-

it is truly sad
that we all must
go through such terrible
pain

it is truly sad
that the most universal thing
can neither be warned against
or avoided

each one of us
gallantly welcoming love
and each one of us
recoiling into
little children
when the heartbreak comes,
as it always does
in one way or another

it's part
of growing up

you don't believe me?

look closely and you'll see,
every child
has a bloody smile