

Nice guys finish last, but they finish

I spent 2 hours
this evening
talking to a woman

she told me
everything about herself
over a bottle of
Ravenswood

she was very beautiful
with comic-book character features
a skull tattoo on her back
and breasts like two grapefruits
a slice of each visible through her
low cut blouse

but then
as we were talking
what seemed to be a member
of the Hitler Youth,
a tall, muscular, blue-eyed, blonde
came in and swooped up
the conversation
like a vulture

and without speaking 3 words to her
got her telephone number
and took her away from me
leaving me alone at the bar

now,
I'm not a pretty guy

I have a body
and a face
that takes getting use to

hair covers me
like a rash

so my beautiful women

are few and far between

but goddamn
it was like being KO'd in the first round

and all of a sudden
I finally knew
how it all worked

women really weren't
interested in genuine
people

they just want
a prick or a cunt
or both
depending on
what they feel like that morning

and it's truly depressing
when you finally realize
that love is just an angle
designed by hustlers

a way of improving the odds
on getting some ass

sex was just numbers

that women
were just like
dice in a dirty alleyway-

I soon left the bar
and went home

and I have nothing other to think of
than the woman I love
but for some reason am not with

maybe it's my cowardice

but I plan to see it through

even with the world telling me
that one day she'll take off her wonderful mask
and underneath will be a whore

but I fight it
I don't want to believe it
there must be someone else
out there like me
who uses their heart

now,
I wouldn't say I'm a nice guy
but nicer than most
and I'm finishing last
but at least I'm
finishing